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WESTERN STORIES OF THE EAST: AN EASTERN CRITICISM.*

Among the most notable achievements of modern English literature are the attempts which have been made to reproduce and represent the life of the many races with which our imperial position brings us into contact. How far has this been successful? Our readers may be glad to read a criticism, written by one who knows India and England well, and can write with the authority which membership of one of the chief races that have been portrayed may give. As writers of distinct genius—a genius with perhaps very marked limitations, but still real genius—Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Steel are pre-eminent, and it is their stories of Indian life we propose to criticise.

In the description of Punjabi peasant life Mrs. Steel has no rival. The "gift of gifts," as her own old "Tiddu" would call it—the power to take a man's heart out of his body, and put

it back whole and wholesomer for the taking—is hers here, and hers in no small measure. And even Rudyard Kipling must hush himself in the presence of this "breath from God," this instinct, this insight and sympathy. It is only natural, therefore, that we should find her best work in her books of short stories—*In the Permanent Way* and *From the Five Rivers*. For these deal almost exclusively with the Punjab, the part of India where she lived, and learnt to love the East.

The patient, dignified, dogged submission of the peasant, the unperplexed throwing of himself upon God, the curious allegiance to Fate and the Master, the cunning and simplicity, the nearness to Nature and the Earth-Mother—all are wonderfully, beautifully portrayed. Is not this peasant of hers—remote, sturdy, strong, patient (stolid if you will), slow-minded as his own oxen, standing there by the heap

* 1. "From the Five Rivers" (1893). "The Potter's Thumb" (1894). "On the Face of the Waters" (1897). "In the Permanent Way, and other Stories" (1896). "The Voices of the Night" (1900). "The Hosts of the Lord" (1900). By F. A. Steel. (London: W. Heinemann.)

2. "Plain Tales from the Hills." By Rudyard Kipling. (Calcutta: Thacker and Spink, 1888.)

3. "Soldiers Three, Stories of Barrack-Room Life" (1889). "In Black and White, Stories of Native Life" (1889). "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1889). By Rudyard Kipling. (Allahabad: Wheeler and Co.)

4. "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1890). "Sol-

diery Three" (1895). "The Naulahka" (1901). "Kim" (1901). By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

5. "The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling."—Edition de Luxe: Vol. I. "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1897). Vol. II. "Soldiers Three and Military Tales," Part I. (1897). Vol. III. "Soldiers Three and Military Tales," Part II. (1897). Vol. IV. "In Black and White" (1897). Vol. X. "The Naulahka" (1898). Vol. XIII. "The Day's Work," Part I. (1899). Vol. XIV. "The Day's Work," Part II. (1899). Vol. XX. "Kim" (1901). (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

of yellow wheat showing golden against the silvery surface of the threshing-floor, or there by his open door, looking with the eyes of the earth-serf away over the dry, brown land, while the sun's rays shine dull through the heat mist, looking out for the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and waiting, waiting—is he not a study of agricultural India, in whatever quarter of the peninsula, and of her greatest problem? Or take the women—typical these of every grade of Eastern woman—with their selflessness, their sacrament of wifehood, their passion of motherhood, their elemental capacities for good and evil, their gentle domesticity, their fierce unreasoning jealousy, their religious fervor, their flashes of shrewd capability. Even the originals must recognize their portraits in this gallery.

There is the Punjab *jat*—the old man with the thin white beard tucked away behind his ears, sitting among his ripening maize, catching rats and a chill. The rains had failed, and made payment of revenue difficult; so, in his simple faith, he determines to go and prove the state of his field to the Lat Sahib.

"This is because Parameshwar sent rats instead of rain. Take your share and ask no more" was what he meant to say. Dittu, the new man, laughed scornfully.

"Better take a rat also, since all parties to the case must be present by the law." They know much of law, these peasant *mahajan*-ridden folk. Do not their very souls represent a usufructuary mortgage? And "even the babes and sucklings in a Punjabi village nowadays lisp in numbers of petitions and pleaders."

And so the rats were caught, and waited in the earthen pipkins with the rag covers; waited—their bright little eyes themselves a petition for justice—till the old *Jat*'s chill and fever

should have passed, and left him free to make his journey.

And then that journey, by peaceful ways through towns almost foreign with their Western innovations, into the thick of a great *darbar*, with soldiers in uniform and the sound of the massed bands. Not even here did his faith fail him; he would stand by the flagstaff and wait—his turn would come. But God intervened, and that claim for justice was postponed to another and a greater *darbar*.

"Uma Himavutee," "The Sorrowful Hour," and "Ganesh Chand" are athrob with the passion of motherhood. The lines of the little tales are powerful in their simplicity. The harvest comes to the earth, but for Uma and Saraswati and Veru there is no ingathering. "There are too few of us. . . . The land needs more."

These Indian women know how to recognize another's claim. And whose could be greater than the Earth-Mother's? Somehow the land must have—"the more." If neither gods nor devils will hear, there is the approved way. Multiply the life-bringers; and 'tis done. In "Uma" the pathos of the sacrifice finds its reward in the glad certainty that love dies not, even though love never reach its incarnation.

"I have been seeking thee since nightfall, wife," said Shivo, finding her asleep in the harvested corn, hiding herself from the triumphant motherhood of her rival. "I feared—I know not what—that thou hadst thought me churlish, perhaps, because I did not thank thee for *thy son*."

Something to love and worship must she have, this woman of the East. If not husband or child of her own, child of another will do as well. So *Fakr-un-nissa* (Glory of Woman in very truth), the gently born Mahommedan lady, gives—what was more than life to her—her seclusion to save the errant

Yasmin. (Perhaps it takes a *Purdahnishin* herself to grasp the magnitude of that sacrifice.) And so little Fatma gives her life (that were little), and her chance of love and motherhood (God alone can measure that), for the deserted children of an ungrateful sister.

One and one make two: and two are what
He chooses to make them.

The story is worth reading for a solution of that enigma alone.

But the world makes more puzzles than these simple contests with life and death. "Fate and faith and fight" complicate matters. The menace, or supposed menace, to religion was ever a good war-cry, East and West. And Deen Mahomed in "Shub'rat" and Raheem in "The Tourist Ticket" give us types of the fanatic which should be a revelation to the latter-day West, where religious tolerance has killed religious zeal, where the gain in breadth has meant a consequent loss in intensity.

Of local customs there are not many descriptions, but such as we find are wonderfully faithful and graphic. The birth ceremonies recur often—the swinging knife, the water-jar; then the exposure of the dead baby-girl to jackals, her feet away from the village, in order that she may go over the edge of the world and send back the long-sought son.

Thus we drive you forth, O daughter.
Come not back, but send a Brother.

Or the reference to the *Churail*—the ghosts of the dead, who carry an unborn life.

In the longer stories there is power, certainly, but looked at from the point of view of a representation of Indian life and thought these stories are, as a whole, far below the average of the short tales. Yet every now and then comes that unmistakable flash of gen-

ius, and the flame of the Eastern spirit glows through the horn lantern of the West. So in *The Potter's Thumb* the heart goes out to the old potter, with his eyes of light, and his wheel, and his weird parables.

It was a woman seeking something.
Over hill and dale, through night and day, she sought for something.

Or, in *The Voices of the Night*, to the pathetic, crippled, selfless old Khojee, in her quest of the *itr-i-khush* (essence of happiness). Or to Amma, the water-rat, or Newasi, the saint of the roof-tree. So, too, one's acquaintance with the East applauds her Zeenut-Mahl, type of the strong, clever schemers of her age and race; or Akhbar Khan and his suppliant *gareeb-parwar*; or *Roshan Khan*, hybrid muddle of Western training and Eastern passion.

But, on the other hand, wherever she introduces the West she strikes a wrong note, she spoils the harmony. It would seem that you cannot focus East and West together, even though your lens cover the group. This is what is wrong with Mrs. Steel's and Rudyard Kipling's hybrid flirtations. With both these geniuses the fault is—the imagination. Brick and mortar, Indian servants, the life of the bazaar, of the field, of the road—things they have seen, and known, and can see—are written down inimitably—written so that all the world sees them leaping into being from the printed page. But the life behind closed doors (this with one glorious exception, in the case of Rudyard Kipling), the complexities of the innermost soul of the reserved East—this neither of them really touches. Rudyard Kipling again reaches nearest, as in his delightful *Lama*; but even here we have nothing but an epileptic fit for finale.

In detail the fault of both Mrs. Steel and Rudyard Kipling is the same—the exaggeration of the unpleasant in In-

dian life. Mrs. Steel's longer stories, like Rudyard Kipling's, abound in pictures of the lady of the bazaars, the Haneefas and Dilarams, the "Miss Leezles" and "Flowers of Delight." And the methods and motives of these women are transferred to the ladies in palaces, or to the gentle little child-wife in an ordinary Hindu household. But there is a great gulf fixed between the respectable and the not respectable in Indian life; the Dilarams and "Flowers" are not so evident as we are led to suppose. I doubt whether English ladies ever see them; certainly Indian ladies never do, except in some parts of the country, where they are admitted to dance in the Zenanas, and then they are seen only as the Londoner in the stalls sees the dancers on the stage of a theatre. Indeed, they are less emphatic, probably, than the corresponding class in England. For they are never intruded upon society, upon womenkind. They are a profession, a caste, and the less objectionable for bearing their label. At least you know with whom you have to deal. They sell so-called pleasures, certainly; but they never pretend to *give* when it is a sale. And in the absence of hypocrisy lies their extenuation. Their profession is to dance and amuse men. In the olden days they amused men in less animal ways; their intellectual and social qualities were undoubted, and, in fact, they were the *hetairai*, or female friends, of the society of the old Western world. As says a Sanscrit scholar: "A courtesan of this class inspired no abhorrence; she was brought up from her infancy to the life she professed, which she graced by her accomplishments, and not infrequently dignified by her virtues. Her disregard of social restraint was not the voluntary breach of moral, social, or religious precepts: it was the business of her education to minister to pleasure." And the old plays tell us that from this

thralldom of caste there was even, sometimes, freedom. A virtuous life met with its reward in an admittance into the Society of the Velled, and the king it was who had the right to adjudge her entry. "With your worth," ran the formula, "the king is well acquainted, and desires to hold you as his kinswoman." And the king's messenger would throw the veil of modesty and seclusion over the lady, released thus for ever from the ranks of the outcast.

In these latter days the manumitter is wanting, so virtue has the fewer incentives; but with the laxity allowed to a Hindu—borrowed, no doubt, from Mahomedanism—in the multiplication of his legitimate womenkind, for cause shown, the class of *hetairai* has almost disappeared, is less refined, and intrudes itself the less upon the lives of either men or women.

In fact, there is not so much evil rampant in India as Mrs. Steel and Rudyard Kipling would suggest, and for much that does exist the English soldier in cantonments is responsible, though it can hardly be wise to familiarize the public with these unpleasantnesses. To tell sinister stories no doubt attracts a public of a certain sort. These stories cannot be told about the wives of India; they are therefore told about the one class who have nothing to lose, and attributed to all Indian women of whatever class. The Indian visitor to London would be just as wrong if he argued about the typical English lady from a Galety girl.

It is ill sport trying to unmask the unmasked. But Rudyard Kipling does on occasions go further still. He tells such stories of little Hindu widows and of wives in palaces—a hopeless misrepresentation. Then the imputations and suggestions of the improper, even in the simplest of situations, are not true. The Western ob-

server presumes the worst from even a barred door.

Take this extract from *The Voices of the Night*:

"It was a joy indeed," says Mrs. Steel, "when on Sundays the green box of wheels, instead of taking Hafiz Ahmed to Court, took her back to the close familiar city—to the evil-smelling bazaars below and the scented sensual woman's life above—so full of laughter and quarrels, so full of sunshine and seclusion, with its unending suggestion of sex."

Now, "suggestion of sex" means one thing to a Western, quite another to an Eastern. The East is *elemental*. If it considers that a woman's place in life is as a life-bringer, it is from no ugliness or coarseness of imagination. It is civilization, so called, which conceives the unpleasantness. The Eastern woman takes the miracle of God's human creation as simply as does the animal or flower life around her, after its kind.

Mrs. Steel is wrong to emphasize the "lack of reserve in the mind, by which Nature compensates herself for the seclusion of the body, and which makes those who have real experience of the work of the Zenana system put their finger on it as the plague-spot of India." This is not true. The elemental, as we have said above, knows not the taint of the civilized. The lewdness, the continual "suggestion of sex" in the conversation of prince or peasant, queen or waiting maid, is certainly wrong. Once again it is imagination which is at fault. The Western imagination let loose in Eastern surroundings can conceive nothing but the unlawful. How can it be otherwise? The stage properties of what to a Western must be romance evolve romance of whatever sort, and the most common to the Western mind is apparently the third person in a domestic drama.

Another mistranslation is the gossip

of the palace. Indian women, the women of respectable homes or of palaces, do not, as a rule, know the details of life in the English quarter. They do not care enough to know. The Eastern is a remote individual, non-curious, self-contained. The nations live side by side, but the *Purdahnishin* has as little knowledge of her Western sister as the Western of her.

Mrs. Steel has, no doubt, in mind the servant and bazaar class of gossip. The ayah, who knows to a detail what every lady in cantonments thought or wore, said or did, for any given time; how much she spends on her dally catering, and whether there have been "words" between her and her husband; also all the bazaar talk of men and events. But the type of Indian woman who has never had domestic relations with the West is very different, and should not be judged by the servant class. Of her—with the exception of Rudyard Kipling's Great Queen in *The Naulahka*—we got no reliable picture in the works of either of these great writers. Sometimes the *entourage* is good, as with the *Nawabin* in her dilapidated old palace (*Voices of the Night*). Noormahal croons the right songs to her sickly little boy, pampers and coddles him in true Eastern fashion. Khadeejee, lying on her string bed, embroidering tinsel caps, is typical too; and poor old Khojee, sole servant in that servantless house, sole bread-winner, sole comforter and burden-bearer, is almost, in spirit, a constant Eastern quantity.

But when you come to the interpretation of their actions you get, every now and then, a hopelessly mistaken impression or annotation. Take, for instance, this. The Nawab Jehan Aziz has come to see his neglected wife and child, and sits with the little Sa'adut on the cushion of state. The likeness between the two was in a way ghastly, partly because the child's face

showed so much more suffering than the man's.

Noormahal, watching them with empty arms, noticed this with a fierce unreasoning jealousy. Yet there was a deeper, fiercer jealousy than this in the big brooding eyes, which took in every detail of the man who, scented, oiled, was all too perceptibly attired for conquest elsewhere. She hated him, it is true, but in India the marriage tie is not a sentiment—it is a tangible right. And so, still young, still comely, Noormahal felt none of the passionate repulsion which a Western woman would have felt. Her wish, her claim, was to force her husband back to her with contumely. Was he not hers, to be the father of other heirs, if this one found freedom?

Now, as a Mahommedan, Jehan Aziz had the right to multiply his wives fourfold, and he would. None would know this better than Noormahal. And if she felt no repulsion at the signs of preparation for conquest elsewhere, it would be not because she did not care, nor because—as here suggested—a Western woman is of a finer or more sensitive make than an Eastern, but because the latter would know that the man was but claiming his right, and she would bow to the inevitable.

Then take *Laila* (in *The Hosts of the Lord*), half Italian, half Mahommedan, living as a European lady in an old Indian palace with a Romeo and Juliet balcony, her chaperon an ex-fencing master and Italian priest. She entertains English folk after the Western manner; lives, eats, worships, plays as a European, and at the same time is sought as wife by an orthodox old Mahommedan great-grand-dowager for her cousin, the soldier Roshan Khan. You will find no *Lailas* as recognized descendants of Nawabs in India, full as the country is of anomalies, and certainly no orthodox old ancestress willing to acknowledge them and to traffic with them.

Yet, when all is said and done, we learn so much of Indian life and conditions in these longer stories from occasional flashes such as this one, that we may well forgive the great body of lapses. It is the opening scene in *Hosts of the Lord*. The doctor missionary girl with the red-gold hair is standing on that same palace balcony, overlooking the river, as she talks to young Lance Carlyon, a stranger. They watch something drifting down stream:

"It's a dead girl, Mr. Carlyon," she said in a low voice. "She was in my school. Her people were very bigoted—Brahmins in a temple—but they let her be taught to read, because she was betrothed to an educated man. Last year she was married—she was but a child still—and I have only seen her once or twice since. Then"—the voice paused a second—"she was very frightened, poor little Premi, at what was coming. 'I shall die, Miss Sahib, I shall surely die,' she said to me the very last time I saw her; so I promised. . . . But when the time came they would not let me in. I—I went to the husband; he is an educated man; you may have heard of him—Ramanund, a great speaker; he writes, too, and all that. But he said he was helpless with the women; and I am not sure either if he wished it himself—they don't know their own minds. So poor little Premi and her baby—oh!"—she broke off with an infinite pain in her voice—"it is so hard—so hard for both."

The pathos of that, and the simplicity, are hardly equalled throughout the book.

Westernized India is well done too. There are the "Ramanands," who appeal really neither to East nor West. These are the men who have drifted away from the old things, and but imperfectly grasped the new. They escape from the deadlock—if they are but poor creatures, in a very frenzy of petty sedition or press agitation; if they are worth something, like the pitt-

ful hero of *Voices of the Night*—Krishn Davenand—by some one great self-justifying act, which takes them past all present puzzles for evermore. But, alas! the occasion for such acts comes so seldom. Krishn Davenand gave his life to save a train wreckage . . . and so won freedom. The majority have to go blundering on, unaided by earthquake, or plague, or mutiny, or any other divine visitation, to bring them their chance; and the problem remains—How are such to be helped? It is for those to solve who have made the anomaly.

On the subject of Rudyard Kipling it behooves one to show one's feelings and hide one's opinions. The England of the present age is a forcing-house for Imperialism; a forgotten playground for domestic philanthropy; a paradise for cheap journalism. And Rudyard Kipling, who makes the nation's pet songs of Imperialism, who domesticates the West in the East, and knocks at the door of the home country only to sympathize with war taxation, is the Great Jove of this paradise. The voice of the people has adjudged him his divinity; and who dare dispute it? Or, if one dare, as we are told to do, here and now, who would believe?

"It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak, and another to hear." Or, as Rudyard Kipling himself has so aptly said: "Truth is a naked lady, and if by accident she is drawn up from the bottom of the sea, it behooves a gentleman either to give her a print petticoat or to turn his face to the wall and vow that he did not see."

Yet, now we remember, the age is fond of unvellings on occasions; it deems "print petticoats" an affectation; it never turns its face to the wall—nay, rather, it prides itself on seeing things where things were not to be seen. And let it look now, for, in truth, Rudyard Kipling as he is, is a

greater person than Rudyard Kipling as his indiscriminate admirers would have him.

Of his sayings, many have the true imagery of the East; some are more illuminating than page upon page of the average man.

Take a few at random:

The mind of a man is like the *numah tree*. Fruit, bud, blossom, and the dead leaves of all the years of the past flourish together.

Or—

Everything in India crystallizes into a caste sooner or later—the big jute and cotton mills, the leather, harness, and opium factories, the coalpits and the dockyards—till in the third or fourth generation the heads of these concerns control not only cheap labor, but inherited instincts which no money can buy.

When the country "creeps into his blood" he is inimitable, faithful alike to the extravagances of Nature and the economies of man. He is talking of the hill country of the loved North:

The monkeys sang sorrowfully to each other as they hunted for dry roots in the fern-wreathed trees, and the last puff of the day-wind brought from the unseen villages the scent of damp wood smoke and rotting pine cones. That is the true smell of the Himalayas, and if once it creeps into the blood of a man, that man will at the last, forgetting all else, return to the hills to die. . . . Oh! the hills, and the snow upon the hills!

Or this, of the monastery in North India—the "Chubara of Dhunni Bhagat":

No one remembered who or what Dhunni Bhagat had been. He had lived his life, made a little money, and spent it all, as every good Hindu should do, on a work of piety—the Chubara. That was full of brick cells, gaily painted with the figures of gods

and kings and elephants, where worn-out priests could sit and meditate on the latter end of things; the paths were brick-paved, and the naked feet of thousands had worn them into gutters. Clumps of mangoes spouted from between the bricks, great *pipal* trees overhung the well-windlass that whined all day, and hosts of parrots tore through the trees. Crows and squirrels were tame in that place, for they knew that never a priest would touch them.

The wandering mendicants, charm-sellers, and holy vagabonds for a hundred miles round used to make the Chubara their place of call and rest. Mahommedan, Sikh, and Hindu mixed equally under the trees. They were old men, and when man has come to the turnstiles of Night all the creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colorless.

In *Kim* there are many such charmingly descriptive bits—as, *e.g.*, the picture of the Great Trunk Road, with its many footsteps going up and down, up and down the highway of life. And here, in a different style, is his reproduction of a rest-house: "One table, two chairs, a rack on the door for clothing, and a list of charges."

Of his *portraits* of men, Gobind in the "Chubara" is as good as any, Gobind the one-eyed. Or the Lama in *Kim*:

He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse blanketing, and not one fold of it could Kim refer to any known trade or profession. At his belt hung a long openwork iron pencease and a wooden rosary, such as holy men wear. On his head was a gigantic sort of Tam-o'-Shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Fook Shing, the Chinese bootmaker in the bazaar. His eyes turned up at the corners, and looked like little slits of onyx.

This Lama is one of his nicest Indian Creations. Kipling has caught the simple childlike trust, the dignity, the aloofness of the Indian mystic. His belief in "merit"—"on account of the

merit which I have gained"—was his easy solution of every blessing. And yet the phrase was used without any thought of self. The wheel of things evolved—him, and so, even for him, existed the sendings of the gods. Altogether "impersonal" is he about things, whether material or divine. His very beggings are detached. Then listen to him, either in *tête-à-tête* with Kim or teaching the devotees at the Temple of the Tirthankers:

I am bound by the illusion of time and space.

We be but two souls seeking escape. . . .

Long and long ago, when Deva was King of Benares—let all listen to the Jataka.

And then followed the story of the beringed elephant who sought, with hate and anger in his heart, to wrench asunder the leg-iron that bound him, till at last he forgot his agony in tending a motherless calf.

Thirty-five rains the ringed elephant befriended the younger, and all the while the fetter ate into the flesh.

Then one day the young elephant saw the half-burned iron and asked what it might be.

"It is even my sorrow," said he who befriended him. Then that other put out his trunk, and in the twinkling of an eyelash abolished the ring, saying, "The appointed time has come." So the virtuous elephant, who had waited temperately and done kind acts, was relieved at the appointed time by the very calf whom he had turned aside to cherish.

It is the simple legend of himself and Kim. Sometimes, indeed, the red mist of anger overcomes even him, and he speaks as the Abbot of Suchzen, wont to command men:

"I say there shall be no killing . . . Anger on anger, evil on evil. Let the

priest-beaters go in bondage to their own acts. Just and sure is the wheel, swerving not a hair."

But he repents even this flicker of self assertion:

"My soul went free," he says to Kim at the last, "and, wheeling like an eagle, saw, indeed, that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to the water, so my soul drew near to the great soul which is beyond all things. . . So thus the search is ended. For the merit that I have acquired the River of the Arrow is here. It broke forth at our feet as I have said. I have found it. . . Son of my soul, I have wrenched my soul back from the threshold of freedom, to free thee from all sin, as I am free and sinless. Just is the wheel. Certain is our deliverance. Come."

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won salvation for himself and his beloved.

Many Lamas do not, alas! wander over the hills into India, seeking the River of the Arrow, but that such as come may wear the soul and semblance of Teshoo Lama of Suchzen we will all pray.

Kim has many another good portrait. There is Mahbub, the red-bearded horse-dealer, with his gibberish of pedigrees and colts, his love for intrigue and for Kim, his reliability and unscrupulousness, his consistency with his own peculiar type. "I am a *Sufi* . . . but when one can get blind sides of a woman, a stallion, or a devil, why go round to invite a kick?"

There is, too, the old soldier, in his decrepit dignity, prating of the wars of the past, sniffing at the chance of war in the future; and the Jat, passionate father, thrifty agriculturist. There is, too, the Babu, Rudyard Kipling's only lovable picture of the Westernized Eastern. "The fearful man," who outdoes the courage of the bravest. We follow with interest and amusement his bestockinged legs—"shaking"

are they "with fat"—and his red umbrella, whether he be fooling Russians on the hillside or, "resourceful as Fuss-in-Boots," selling drugs to an old woman whose grandson has the colic, and collecting material for his ethnological papers from the Red Lama and "ventriloquial necromancies." Truly is the India of the road Rudyard Kipling's special province, and he describes it perfectly.

But what of his women? Naturally, in a tale of the road he can rightly describe but one kind of woman, and that his favorite kind. Such are blind *Haneefa* of the bazaars, who works a magic on Kim and prepares him for the road, or "The Flower," also of the bazaars, who sits at the gate of the Harpies, and nurses the heads of her lovers, while her accomplices search their houses for their destruction. To this class reference has been made above. Incidentally we have in Kim two other women, the *Maharanee* from the fruit trees behind Shaharanpur, and the *Woman of Shamlegh*. But let not either be taken as typical. Women, especially when old and widowed and childless, do travel about India on pilgrimages, even in the secluded North country; and there are shrews and inordinate talkers among all races. But we cannot admit this portrait to the gallery of the typical *Purdahnishin*—the mistakes in detail are too many. The *Maharanee* would not, for instance, "bed" at the common *parao*, among folk of every caste and class—even dancing-girls, forsooth. The freedom of her speech on the road is also overdone. She would be very much on her dignity before the servants of her son-in-law. Then she would not be ruling the home of a son-in-law, except in the absence of all his own "ancestral" women-folk; and of these we are distinctly told there were many in the back regions of the palace. The mother of *the man*, not the mother of *the*

woman, is the great factor in an Indian household. We enjoy her, and not least her licentious tongue; but she stands for herself, not for her kind. And the same is true of the Woman of Shamlegh, the "afterwards," as Kipling takes pains to explain of that Lisbeth who was "Kerlistian," and spoke English, and made music on a piano in the Mission House.

Bisesa in "Beyond the Pale" is another misconception. "A Hindu widow of fifteen, who prayed the gods day and night to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone." Most Hindu widows bemoan the fact that they may not be "suttee." And Bisesa is unusual in more ways than one. She caps the quotation of an Englishman from *The Arabian Nights*, and that was how their friendship began. He stumbled on to the cattle food in the cow-byre in Amir Nath's gully one night, and sang "The Love Song of Har Dyal." As response came that little voice from behind the dead wall pierced by one grated window. The seclusion is strict; the houses of the *Purdahnishin* have no openings on to the outside world, the heart of the city, close-packed with humans, living almost shoulder to shoulder. Nevertheless, the Englishman—Trejago was his name—can find opportunity to sing love-songs to the little widow and flirt with her night after night. He even makes entrance through the window, helped by the old duenna. The widow of fifteen writes him object love-letters, telling him by the sign of a broken bangle, hall-mark of widowhood, that she is husbandless; and yet, notwithstanding these same widowed arms, bare of ornament, she tinkles her bangles at him.

Equally improbable is *Dunmaya*, the Hill woman, who in six months mastered the ways of her English sisters, and, dressed in black and yellow garments of English manufacture, enter-

tains her husband's early love—an Englishwoman. An Indian woman will submit to a known rival. I doubt whether there is one, in the length and breadth of India, who would recognize the unknown rivalry of a Western. Then *Sitabai*, the Gipsy Queen in *The Naulahka*, who speaks and writes and flirts in English, and makes appointments by midnight with Englishmen, is an impossible creation; and all the clever intrigue, and poisoned fruits, and jewelled daggers, and scent of musk and jasmine, won't make her Oriental. If a gipsy were admitted to queendom, she would be trebly barred and bolted inside the women's apartments.

Yet Rudyard Kipling knows better than any of these. In the same breath as his Gipsy Queen he gives us the Great Queen, Maharaj Kunwar's mother, the only description at all typical or near reality of a well-born Indian lady that we find anywhere in his writings. The poor lady has been superseded, but has laid aside none of her dignity, and prepares herself to receive with all ceremony, never dreaming of reproaches, such visits as the Maharajah may be pleased to pay her. Should she weary the lord of her life with her sorrow? Loving is giving. He should give where it pleased him. It was his birthright as a king. For her, she could give to one only. Thus her wife-heart. . . . And her mother-heart? Hear the message sent to the doctor lady by the hand of the son whose life the Gipsy Queen has more than once attempted. The little Maharaj brings Kate a crude black and yellow comforter, with a violent crimson fringe, clumsily knitted:

"My mother, the queen—the real queen—says: 'I was three months at this work; it is for you because I have seen your face. That which has been made may be unravelled against our will, and a gipsy's hands are always

picking. For the love of the gods look to it that a gipsy unravels nothing that I have made, for it is my life and soul to me. Protect this work of mine, that comes from me, a cloth nine years upon the loom."

The language this of the enigmatical East, accustomed to speak while foes lie in ambush. And, again, notice her impenetrability when Kate refers to these same dangers. She is speaking in the palace, and walls have ears:

"I know nothing. Here, behind the curtain, no one knows anything. Miss Kate, if my own women lay dead out there in the sun at noon I should know nothing."

and again:

"I think nothing. What have women to do with thinking? They love and they suffer; . . .

"I am in the dark . . . and the darkness is full of danger," is the utmost she will allow.

The charm of the sketch lies, unlike his Maharanee of Shaharanpur and most of his other women, in its not being overdone. For although the air is electric with suspicion and with dangers which would clog all the instincts of the average Western woman, would affect her nerves and make her jump at the shadow of her dearest friend, the Eastern keeps her instincts true. Kate she trusts whole-heartedly, after but a sight of her. And the final scene between them is alive with human passion and love, and one of the finest bits of writing to be found anywhere in Kipling's books.

When a man can write like that it is a pity that he should multiply bazaar women, and Sitabais, and Bisesas. It is a pity—is it not?—that he should so constantly suggest what is lewd or commonplace and vulgar. And it is wrong of him; for he is not ignorant; he understands how Easterns regard their women-folk. Listen to the list-

less, sodden Maharajah in *The Naulahka*, when Tarwin hints that the Gipsy Queen has attempted to poison the Prince:

"Am I a king or a potter, that I must have the affairs of my Zenana dragged into the sunlight by any white dog that chooses to howl at me? . . . By God! I am a Rajput and a king; I do not talk of the life behind the curtain."

The Maharajah shuddered. That an Englishman should mention the name of his queen was in itself sufficient insult, and one beyond all his experience.¹

Kipling's Westernized flirtations are out of focus, hopelessly out of focus, for every reason. It would be well if he ceased to write of any but savage loves, when he writes of Eastern women. This he can do gloriously. Read "Dray Wara Yow Dee," and judge for yourself—that tale of the Afridi horse-dealer, how he found his wife flirting with another, and killed her and him straightway. Thus Indians rule their households. The Indian of culture shuts his women up to prevent misunderstandings; the savage Indian, or the Indian who cannot afford the luxury of seclusion, leaves her free, but revenges himself by a bullet or a snapped-off nose. This is better than the publicity of the Divorce Court, he will tell you.

The Afridi in "Dray Wara" has returned sooner than he was expected; he is telling his own tale:

"Coming up the gorge alone, in the falling of the light, I heard the voice of a man singing at the door of my house; and it was the voice of Daoud Shah, and the song that he sang was *Dray wara yow dee* (all three are one). It was as though a heel rope had been slipped round my heart and all the devils were drawing it tight, past en-

¹ Marlon Crawford, it will be remembered, makes an American traveller discuss his wives with a Mahommedan in the publicity of a hotel.

durance. I crept silently up the hill road; but the fuse of my matchlock was wetted with the rain, and I could not slay Daoud Shah from afar.

"Moreover, it was in my mind to kill the woman also. Thus he sang, sitting outside my house; and anon the woman opened the door; and I came nearer, crawling on my belly among the rocks. I had only my knife to my hand. But a stone slipped under my foot, and the two looked down the hillside, and he, leaving his matchlock, fled from my anger, because he was afraid for the life that was in him.

"But the woman moved not till I stood in front of her, crying, 'O woman! what is this that thou hast done?'

"And she, void of fear, though she knew my thought, laughed, saying:

"'It is a little thing. I loved him. And thou art a dog and cattle thief coming by night—strike!'

"And I, being still blinded by her beauty—for, oh, my friend, the women of the Abazal are very fair, said, 'Hast thou no fear?' And she answered:

"'None; but only the fear that I do not die.'

"Then said I, 'Have no fear.' And she bowed her head, and I smote. . . .

"*Dray wara you dee! Dray wara you dee!* The body without the head, the soul without light, and my own darkling heart—all three are one: all three are one!" . . .

Or take "Through the Fire," of the same class. Suket Singh, the soldier, makes love to Athira, the wife of Madu, the charcoal-burner. He has excuse in that Athira is beaten near to death by her Madu, and the soldier Suket is the paid champion of the oppressed by reason of his very uniform. So he carries Athira off with him to protect her the surer.

"There'll be trouble in the lines. My wife will pull out my beard; but never mind," said Suket Singh, "I will take you."

There was loud trouble in the lines, and Suket Singh's beard was pulled out, and Suket Singh's wife went to live with her mother and took away the children.

"That's all right," said Athira. And Suket Singh said, "Yes, that's all right."

And they were very happy till Madu, with the help of a wizard and the Council of Kodru, sent her brother to bring Athira back, or to curse her.

"If you do not come," had said the brother, "Duseen Dazi will send a curse, and you will wither away, like a barked tree, in the springtime."

And Athira really did begin to wither, "because her heart was dried up with fear, and those who believe in curses die from curses." So, as the shortest way out of the curse, she and Suket Singh laughed softly, for they loved each other, and they went up to the hills of her old home, to Madu's cottage where he had somehow unconsciously put matters in train by piling up a great stack of firewood. Athira mounted the stack, and Suket Singh's gun did the rest. "Then he lit the pile at the four corners, and climbed on to it, reloading the gun. . . ." "The Government should teach us to pull the trigger with our toes," said Suket Singh grimly to the moon. That was his last public observation. Then Madu finds the pyre, and a note attached to a pine-bough adjacent. Said the note:

"Let us be burned together, if anything remain over, for we have made the necessary prayers. We have also cursed Madu, and Malak the brother of Athira—both evil men. . . . Send my service to the Col. Sahib-Bahadur." . . .

And Madu?

"The base-born has ruined four rupees' worth of charcoal wood," he gasped, as he stood by the ash-heap.

"But who will pay me those four rupees?"

What is our conclusion then? How far do Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Steel give a true impression of Indian life and thought?

As to the servant class of Indians, a class with which of necessity they are best acquainted, both are excellent. An Englishman who once lived in Bombay wrote various books on the Indian servant. "E. H. A." he called himself. All Anglo-India read these. "A true picture of the country," it said; and one Memsahib after another put her finger on this washerman and that groom. "My own servant," she said, "writ large." Rudyard Kipling outdoes "E. H. A." in his special province. Take this, from "Moti Guj the Mutineer." It is a plantation story, with its full tale of elephants and mahouts. Deesa, the chief mahout, wanted to go away on leave for a bit, that he might get drunk in comfort and without witnesses.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago; and she died once before that, when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of native-dom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines."

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter.

"Chihun, has this man a wife?"

"Hi!" said Chihun. "No! not a woman of our village would look at him. They would sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into a difficulty in a

minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak Heaven's truth," said Deesa. "I haven't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

Now that tale of domestic woe, that unblushing succession of detected incidents, is inimitable. Yet not Rudyard Kipling, nor "E. H. A.," nor Mrs. Steel, when describing Indian servants, are describing India. And people who learn of India from books alone should be on their guard against imagining the type to be *national*.

Further, Rudyard Kipling writes charmingly, as we have said, of the life of the road, of policemen and manufactured evidence, of horse-dealers and Sikh soldiers. He knows, in fact, *the India that England has made*, as Mrs. Steele knows the Punjabi and his fields.

But of the real India, the reserved India, the India behind closed doors, the mystic, subtle-minded, courteous, dignified, perhaps disdainful India—the India to whom a thousand years are as but a day—of this they know little or nothing, though both occasionally get a glimpse, an inspiration. They try to describe the garments and houses and habits of this kind of Indian, and they go hopelessly wrong; they try to follow the workings of the Indian mind, and they are guilty of gross (if unconscious) misrepresentation. Mrs. Steel's ladies are always letting their "white vells fall in billowy curves, like a cloud, about their feet." Perhaps she does not realize that this would leave some of them in the nude. Her *Purdahnishins* think and say things behind their closed doors about which she blushes even to think. Why should the door be closed but for the contemplation or perpetration of atrocities, is her comment. Rudyard Kip-

ling tries to describe an Indian palace—and it, may be, nay is, a good setting for intrigue; but the very framework of his intrigue is mistaken. His Englishman rides into a courtyard flanked by the women's quarter. But the architecture of an Indian house separates completely *the outside* (the men's quarter) from *the inside* (the women's quarter). No stranger, least of all the stranger of another race, would be admitted into the women's courtyard. The Rajah himself would not be sitting there. Rajahs go, with all ceremony, to visit their womenkind, who seldom see them in "undress," listless and sodden. So the countless whisperings and rustlings behind green shutters, upon which hangs so much in the story, would be outside the experience of Tarwin Sahib. Sitabai would not hear his confabulations with her lord. Moreover, although this, I grant, is a little matter, Indian silks do not *rustle*. It is one proof of the fact that they have no admixture of cotton in their manufacture. The "rustle" is the property of the shoddy silk markets of the West, and is—Kipling forgets—the peculiar perquisite of the fiction of West-End drawing-rooms. Again, India is not peopled with swashbucklers who talk in the Communion Service, or with women who are unfaithful as a nation, and lure men to their misery.

Beware of generalizing from either Kipling or Mrs. Steel about that com-

plex part of the Empire which lies beyond the seas. Yet no man or woman can know everything of a continent, especially when the type of human who dwells therein differs almost as the unit. And for their special province—Kipling for *the road and the bazaar*, Mrs. Steel for the Punjab agriculturist—they are inimitable, incomparable, even to the very dialogue, which, in the main, is excellent. And here, as elsewhere, where Kipling is good he surpasses Mrs. Steel. She overloads her dialogue with quotations from proverbs; chiefest is he among those "who string pearls with their tongue." His creations at their best talk with the right restraint, the right interjection of a parable or proverb, with the proper accent, imagery, and gesture. Sometimes, indeed, the "boats of their souls" behave as no boats would in any vernacular. But that this "Son of the Road" may often again write of the road, and that Mrs. Steel may return to the early manner of the Punjab tales, is the prayer with which every reader, Eastern or Western, indiscriminate admirer, intelligent appreciator, or ruthless critic, every loyal member of the Empire, of Indian or English birth, who yearns that the two races, linked in such strange destiny, may learn to know one another, must put down the books of these two chroniclers of the Indian Empire.

Church Quarterly Review

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age has passed away,
 So sings the pessimistic sage;
 He calls his hours of youthful play
 The Golden Age.

And was he happy? I'll engage,
 No happier than he is to-day,
 He grumbled in his narrow cage.

The Past lies rotting in decay:
 There let it lie, and turn the page:
 The Future beckons, bright and gay,
 The Golden Age!

E. H. Lacon Watson.

RADIUM.

Nearly every reader of the "Cornhill" must have learnt from the newspapers that though the twentieth century is still so young, France already has done something calculated to make its opening years memorable, by presenting to us a new element which is as unique in its properties as phosphorus must have been to King Charles II. in 1677, or the metals sodium and potassium to Sir Humphry Davy's audiences in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution at the end of the first decade of the last century. Science properly is of no country, and our colleagues across the Channel have sometimes been criticized pretty sharply for claiming chemistry as a "French science," in virtue of the work of Lavoisier. But we must all concede that radium is indeed a French element, for not only was it detected and isolated by two French chemists, Madame Curie and M. P. Curie, but their discovery was the direct consequence of the previous recognition of the Becquerel rays, and the property of matter known as radio-activity by another eminent Frenchman, M. H. Becquerel.

The story of radium and the radio-activity of matter probably has not yet run beyond its very earliest chapters—has, indeed, scarcely got beyond its prologue. But already, as we shall see, this great discovery opens out to us new paths and new horizons—new

paths which ten years ago we did not even imagine to exist; new horizons which, as yet, are shadowy and almost beyond our range of vision, but which clearly, as we feel, offer illimitable fields for exploration to those who are able to press on towards them. French contributions to science, though not so voluminous as those of her great and painstaking neighbor, have always been illuminating in a high degree. This latest gift assures us that French science remains in the twentieth century, as in its predecessors, a star of the first order of magnitude.

In the pages which follow it will be necessary from time to time to use the ideas and language of various current hypotheses; and as the truth of some of these hypotheses may be open to question, as they are working hypotheses in fact, I may be excused if I remind my readers in advance that "our journey is not to these, but through these," that they are but tools forged for our work, and will be cast aside as soon as better ones are within our reach. We must, in fact, not judge M. Becquerel, Madame Curie, M. P. Curie, and their colleagues by the tools they have employed, but by the work they have done with them. It may be that none of these hypotheses will ultimately prevail, that much more commonplace explanations will replace them. But never mind, radium

and radio-activity are not only new, but also true, and we may be sure that the study of these new, true, and wonderful things will lead us, sooner or later, to recognize other truths equally important, and perhaps equally unsuspected and astonishing.

Up to the present the amount of radium that has been obtained in the state of a pure salt is very small. When Madame Curie determined its atomic weight a year ago, all that was available for her work was about one and a half grains of the chloride; and to get this it had been necessary, she tells us, to work up the greater part of the stock of impure radium then in her possession.¹ But with this small quantity Madame Curie was able to determine that atoms of radium are about 225 times as heavy as those of hydrogen, and that radium, in its general chemical characters, is a member of the same group of elements as calcium, the metal present in the builders' lime which we make in vast quantities by roasting chalk and other limestones.

But though the salts of radium and those of the allied metals are much alike in many ways, the difference between them is in reality prodigious, as we shall see immediately. In the first place, radium salts are self-luminous or visible in the dark, like phosphorus, though from a very different cause. Secondly, when a radium salt is brought near a cardboard screen coated on one side with the platino-cyanide of barium, the platino-cyanide glows with a green light as long as it is under the influence of the radium, but no longer. Thirdly, radium salts impart a remarkable phosphorescence to the preparation known as Sidot's hexagonal blende, sulphide of zinc, and in this case the effect persists for a little while after the removal of the source of ex-

citement. Sir William Crookes has given a most interesting account of this last quality of radium nitrate in a paper read recently before the Royal Society. He tells us that glass vessels which have contained radium salts become radio-active, and remain so in a most persistent manner, so that even after being washed they will cause a screen of the hexagonal blende to glow as it does in the presence of radium itself, and that diamonds brought into the neighborhood of radium nitrate glow with a pale greenish light, just as they do under the influence of cathodic bombardment in a radiant matter tube. If minute particles of the radium salt come by accident into actual contact with the blende screen, its surface is at once dotted with brilliant specks of light about the size of small mustard seed, even though the particles themselves are too small to be detected in daylight. Under a lens magnifying about twenty diameters these specks of light are seen to consist of a dull centre surrounded by a halo; from the centre of each speck light shoots out at intervals in every direction, and the surface of the screen around the halo is bright with scintillations. If a piece of radium nitrate is brought very near the screen, the scintillations are so close together that the surface of the latter, when examined through a lens, looks, as Sir William Crookes expresses it, like "a turbulent luminous sea"; but if the distance between the radium and the screen be made greater the scintillations are fewer, and the effect is that of stars on a black sky. Finally, if the salt touch the screen, the spot touched remains bright with scintillations for weeks afterwards.

Thin sheets of glass or of aluminium placed between the screen and the

¹ No doubt a good deal more exists now. Pure radium salts have become, in a sense, articles of commerce, for they can be pur-

chased by the milligram—by millionaires—but the total amount of them in existence must still be a mere matter of a few grams.

radium salt stop the scintillations, but do not destroy the power of the salt to produce phosphorescence. When the cards carrying the chemicals are placed face upwards above a radium salt, so that the emanation from the latter must pass through the card to reach the sensitive surface, the platino-cyanide screen still becomes luminous under the influence of the emanation, but the blende screen shows no scintillations. Thus it seems clear that the emanation which scintillates cannot pass through card. But since this emanation must be arrested also by the card bearing the platino-cyanide of barium, and since the platino-cyanide is nevertheless rendered luminous, it would appear that we have to deal with at least two distinct emanations from radium, viz. one which produces the scintillations detected by means of Sidot's hexagonal blende and cannot pass through cardboard, and another which does not scintillate and can pass through cardboard.

When radium salts, or mixtures rich in radium salts, are brought near the closed eyes or to the temples, a peculiar sensation of light is perceived, not only by those who possess efficient eyes but even in some cases, it is said, by the blind, a fact which, if true, may explain some of the vague accounts of new remedies for blindness which have appeared recently in the newspapers. But those who may have opportunities of handling radium, or any other strongly radio-active substances, will be wise to be very careful in making experiments involving the eyes, for exposure of the skin to radium rays is apt to be followed by redness and irritation, and finally by ulcers which are slow to heal. Nor is it necessary that there should be actual contact to produce these unpleasant effects, for on one occasion an observer who had carried a few grains of a barium salt strongly impregnated with radium in

his waistcoat pocket for a while was troubled afterwards by a sore which took nearly a month to heal, although the radio-active body had been packed in a glass tube in a cardboard box wrapped in paper, and was further separated from his body by at least two layers of cloth.

But the most wonderful property of radium has been made known to us within the last few weeks by M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde. Speaking generally, we may say that every body on the earth's surface tends to assume the same temperature as its surroundings. If it be hotter than the other bodies near it, then it will give to the latter more heat than it gains from them, and so it will gradually cool till both are at the same temperature. If it be colder than its surroundings, on the other hand, then it will gain heat more quickly than it loses heat, and so will rise to the temperature of the other bodies in or about its neighborhood. The most unscientific of us, in effect, acts upon the assumption that this is the case when he uses a thermometer to take the temperature of a cellar, or when, feeling ill, he takes his own temperature. Only when there is some source of supply to compensate for the heat lost by radiation, as, for instance, in the case of a living man or animal, in whom heat is generated by the oxidation of the food, or in ordinary cases of chemical change, as in a fire, or when heat is supplied to the body by electrical or other means, can its temperature be maintained for long above that of its environment. But radium seems, for the moment, to be an exception to this general experience, for M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde, by placing one gram ($15\frac{1}{2}$ grains) of a sample of radiferous barium chloride, containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, in a small bulb together with a thermoelectric couple (a kind of thermometer)

have found that radium by no means takes the temperature of the surrounding air, but, on the contrary, remains steadily about one and a half degrees centigrade hotter. From this, and from the results of other experiments, it is calculated that the two grains or so of radium chloride used in the experiment give off enough heat every hour to raise the temperature of its own weight of water from 0°C. to 84°C. , a temperature which is not so very far from the boiling-point, 100 degrees, of the latter substance; whilst, from the results of other experiments in which a nearly pure radium salt was used, they calculate that in each hour the amount of heat evolved by an atomic proportion of radium (225 parts?) is not so very much less than that produced by burning an atomic proportion of hydrogen.²

The surprising character of these observations will be better understood when I point out that the oxyhydrogen flame is one of our most intense sources of heat, and that when the hydrogen has once evolved its 34,000 units of heat it is changed, with the oxygen consumed, into water, and is then incapable of yielding further similar effects. But the radium, on the other hand, is not, it would seem, thus limited in its powers. This can evolve as much heat in a second hour as in the first, as much in a third as in the second, and so on, if not indefinitely at any rate for a very long period, so that a single portion of 225 grams (about half a pound) of radium would apparently be able to give out heat enough in a single year to raise nearly two tons of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Moreover, there is at present no reason to suppose that its power would be reduced in any considerable degree at the end of one year or of several successive

years. But we must not go too fast. We have, as yet, no definite proof that the radio-activity of radium is thus inexhaustible, and therefore we must not forget that these statements are only deductions from the facts as far as we know them; though it must be added that they receive some support from the circumstance that the radio-activity of certain compounds studied by Becquerel has remained practically unimpaired in the dark for a period of several consecutive years.

At an earlier stage, before the above astonishing facts were known, and whilst those who were studying radium only possessed specimens of this element in a highly impure state, it was thought possible that its power of emitting radiations which act on photographic plates continuously for years without any diminution in their intensity might possibly be due to chemical changes among its atoms; but, if the above statements be correct, we can no longer believe these radiations arise from any ordinary chemical change, and hence various alternative explanations have been brought forward. Thus it has been urged that radium may be able to absorb and transform external radiations which have hitherto escaped recognition. Sir William Crookes has suggested that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight may have the power of drawing upon the store of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air; and, quite lately, Professor J. J. Thomson has made yet another suggestion, viz.: "that the atom of radium is not stable under all conditions, and that among the large number of atoms contained in any specimen of radium, there are a few which are in the condition in which stability ceases, and which pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do so a large quantity of energy." If in this change they emit much energy as Becquerel

² The numbers are, for the radium 22,500 units, for the hydrogen 34,000 units.

radiation the radium would be radioactive and remain so until all its atoms had passed through the unstable phase. But before we pursue our subject into these speculative regions, it will be interesting to know more about the facts themselves. We will, therefore, now pass on to the beautiful researches which led to the discovery of radium and its companions actinium and polonium.

Probably many of my readers have seen at some time or other chemically-prepared screens highly illuminated under the influence of the Röntgen or X-rays; and all must remember examples of the photographic or radiographic silhouettes taken by their aid for surgical purposes. The discovery in 1895 of these Röntgen rays, and of their action on fluorescent and phosphorescent screens, and on photographic plates, naturally suggested further experiments, with the result that it was found that certain chemical substances emit a sort of invisible radiation or emanation. By far the most interesting of these discoveries was that of uranium or Becquerel rays by M. H. Becquerel early in 1896. Becquerel's first recorded experiment was as follows: Having wrapped a photographic plate in two layers of stout black paper, and assured himself that it could be exposed to the sun for a day and yet remain unaffected, he placed upon the upper side of the paper covering some crystals of a salt of the metal uranium, and exposed the whole for some hours to sunlight. Afterwards he developed the plate in a dark room in the manner familiar to photographers, and found he had a black silhouette of the crystals, or, in other words, that something photographically active, like light, but able to penetrate layers of black paper which were quite opaque to light, had been given out by the salt. When thick metallic screens were interposed between the layer of

salt and the photographic plate, their shadows appeared on the plate, showing that the new radiation was less able to pass through these than through black paper. But in his next experiment, M. Becquerel found that aluminium in thin sheets was transparent to the new rays like paper, for when the salt was placed upon a thin sheet of that metal above a photographic plate, a silhouette was again obtained; he also discovered, at this stage, that even copper in very thin sheets was partially transparent to the "uranium rays."

The salt which M. Becquerel employed, a double sulphate of the metals uranium and potassium, becomes self-luminous when it is exposed to intense light, though only for the one-hundredth part of a second after the light is removed, and he tells us that at first he supposed the invisible radiations which reached the photographic plate were due to, or in some way connected with, this visible phosphorescence. That is why he made his experiments in sunlight. But it happened one day that having prepared his apparatus for the experiment described above, he found the conditions unsuitable, owing to clouds; and he put away his plates as they were, with the salt in position, anticipating a failure. But when he developed the plates a few days later, he obtained, not faint silhouettes, as he had expected, but particularly dark ones; and he thus discovered, by accident partly, that he need not stimulate the activity of the salt, as he at first supposed, by exposure to strong light. This discovery has been more than amply confirmed by subsequent experience, both in the case of the salt used by Becquerel and of other uranium compounds, including some which, though radio-active like the rest, are not known to be fluorescent nor phosphorescent.

From this time rapid progress was

made by Becquerel and others with the investigation of this new property of matter, "radio-activity," which was quickly recognized as a phenomenon of the first importance. And as Becquerel found the new rays were given off by every uranium salt he examined, and as, moreover, metallic uranium was much more active than any of these salts, he supposed they owed their origin to uranium; and therefore he called them "uranium rays."

The experiment by which Becquerel obtained evidence that radiation can go on with little aid from direct sunlight induced him to investigate the behavior of the salt in complete darkness, in order that he might learn how long it would retain its power. This led to the discovery already mentioned, that though exposure to the sun slightly increases the activity of the salt, yet if it is kept in the dark for weeks, months, and, as he found later, even for years, it still continues to give off the rays with their original intensity almost unimpaired, though no source could be assigned to the energy thus radiated day by day and year by year for apparently indefinite periods.

In the course of further investigations it was discovered that the "Becquerel rays" in many respects resemble the Röntgen or X-rays. Thus the former, like the latter, make air conduct electricity to such an extent that if a piece of uranium, or one of its salts, be brought near an electrified body surrounded by air, the charge gradually leaks away till all is gone, and that small electric currents may actually be passed along a cut wire if a portion of a radio-active substance be brought near the gap where the cut occurs. Again, the Becquerel rays, like the X-rays, will cause air free from dust, but supersaturated with moisture, to deposit part of its water in the form of fog, much as particles of dust are known to do. It was also found that

water, many solutions of metallic salts, paraffin, quartz, Iceland spar, and sulphur all are more or less transparent to these rays, that certain well-known red and blue glasses, and the yellow uranium glass so often to be seen in the windows of opticians are less so; whilst copper is not much less transparent than aluminium, but platinum somewhat more absorbent. As a general rule it was found that the Becquerel rays pass through the substances mentioned more freely than the X-rays, and that their behavior, when transmitted simultaneously through several screens of different materials, varies in such a way, according to the order in which the screens are placed, as to lead to the conclusion that Becquerel rays, like X-rays, are not all alike, but consist of a mixture of more or less dissimilar radiations. M. Becquerel thought at first that the Becquerel rays could be reflected and refracted like common light; but later experiments failed to confirm this, and at present physicists find themselves unable to reflect, refract, or polarize these radiations.

With the year 1898, only about two years after the first of Becquerel's epoch-making announcements, a new chapter in this story was opened. Just as the announcement of the discovery of the galvanic pile by Volta in 1800 was promptly followed by the decomposition of water by Nicholson and Carlisle, and that of potash and soda by Sir Humphry Davy; and just as the invention of the spectroscope was followed soon by the discovery of many rare and interesting elements, including caesium and rubidium, by its means, so the discovery of radio-activity by Becquerel was quickly succeeded by chemical developments of a most interesting character.

The memoirs of Becquerel on the strange properties of uranium and its compounds had, it need hardly be said,

caused others to be on the look-out for substances which might exhibit similar qualities. Among these were Madame Sklodowska-Curie and M. Schmidt, who found, independently, that oxide of thorium gives off emanations even more active than those of uranium. And then Madame Curie made a really great discovery. Noticing that some specimens of pitchblende, one of the minerals from which uranium is obtained, were more radio-active than might have been expected from the proportion of uranium present in them, and, in fact, more radio-active than uranium itself, this talented lady saw she was on the track of a new radio-active substance, and, jointly with M. P. Curie and M. Bémont, proceeded to separate samples of pitchblende into its components by chemical analysis, studying the radio-activity of each fraction in order to track to its source the cause of the great activity of the mineral. This mode of procedure was soon productive, and they quickly discovered, first, a substance called polonium, after Madame Curie's native country, which gave radiations one hundred times as energetic as those of uranium; and then, when examining the salts of barium from the same mineral, they found that these were associated with traces of another extremely active element, so similar to barium in its general reactions that but for its radio-activity its existence might never have been suspected. This was radium.

The exact nature of the first of these two new substances is still to some extent doubtful. Chemists, as we know, recognize the different metals in their compounds partly by their colors, solubility, reactions with other salts, etc., but often by means of the spectroscope, an instrument which enables them to analyze the light the compounds emit when incandescent, and to obtain for each metal a characteristic

set of colored lines known as its spectrum. Now in its chemical characters, polonium is hardly to be distinguished from bismuth; and after examining the spectrum of the strongest and most active polonium salt he has been able to procure, Sir William Crookes is unable to find in it any lines except those of bismuth or of known impurities. Hence it is impossible at present definitely to accept polonium as a new element; we only know that it contains a great deal of bismuth and is highly radio-active.

The further investigation of the active barium salt has given much more decisive results, as has already been indicated. But even in this case success only came by degrees. Working with the barium salt extracted from about two hundredweight of pitchblende, the investigators obtained, presently, a minute quantity, much less than a grain, of a preparation which, though still far from pure, was nine hundred times as active as uranium in imparting conductivity to the air. And working on with still larger quantities of the raw material, they got larger and purer specimens, five thousand times, and even, it is said, fifty thousand times, as active as the original salt; and then, finally, Madame Curie, by repeatedly repurifying nearly all the radiferous barium chloride at her disposal, obtained a specimen of radium chloride which was thought to be sufficiently pure to enable her to determine the atomic weight of radium, although the quantity of the salt thus made was only about one and a half grains.

The new salts thus obtained undoubtedly contain a new metallic element. They exhibit a characteristic spectrum, and from their properties the new element seems to belong to the same group as the metal calcium whose compounds are familiar to us in the limestone rocks, in alabaster, in

plaster of Paris, and in various other forms. The atomic weight found by Madame Curie (225) is probably too low. It is very difficult to free radium perfectly from barium, and the presence of the latter would tend to reduce the apparent atomic weight of a specimen in which it was present. Moreover, theoretical considerations suggest, as has lately been pointed out, that the value may probably be as high as 258.

Before we pass from this part of our subject I must add that M. A. Debierne has isolated yet a third highly radioactive substance from pitchblende. This is called Actinium. Its radiations are more like those of radium than those of polonium, but it is not self-luminous. It is suspected that the rare element thorium, which is capable of exciting radio-activity in substances placed in its neighborhood, may in some degree owe its power to the presence in it of actinium.

And now, it will be asked, what about the uranium which at one time gave its name to the new rays? Is uranium not radio-active after all? Has it no powers of its own? Does it owe its activity entirely to companion substances, and is its part in this affair played to the finish? These questions are a little difficult to answer. Not so very long ago Sir William Crookes prepared a specimen of pure uranium, and he found it was almost inactive. And thus, for the moment, it seemed that uranium had no special powers of its own. But the question has been reopened by M. Becquerel, who tells us that specimens of uranium, deprived by him of their radio-active powers, were found eighteen months afterwards to be as active as ever. A fact which fits well Professor J. J. Thomson's hypothesis given briefly on page 757.

This, then, is the story of the discovery of radium. We know where this substance occurs, and how to ob-

tain its salts in an almost pure state. We know that it is an element, for it has a characteristic spectrum, and exhibits other properties similar to those of a well-known group of elements. We are aware of its astonishing radio-activity, and we know something about its radiations, as will presently appear. But whence it derives the energy which it radiates so tirelessly we have still to learn.

I have said we already know something about the nature of the radium radiations. In the early days chemists and physicists were struck, as we have seen, by the resemblance of the Becquerel or uranium rays to the Röntgen or X-rays which all have heard of. The former seemed to have all the properties the X-rays possess, such as photographic activity, the power of making gases conduct electricity, the power of causing the formation of fog in moist air, and also, as it turned out, though this was not recognized at first, they can neither be reflected nor refracted like ordinary light. But as time went on it was presently found that the Becquerel rays possess yet other qualities which are like those of the "kathode rays" of a Crookes vacuum tube. And thus the subject now seems even more important than was at first supposed, since further work on the lines indicated by the later observations may be expected to throw light not only on such important subjects as the Röntgen rays and kathode rays, but possibly even, as was pointed out some time ago, on the constitution of matter itself. The full consideration of this important aspect of our subject must, however, be reserved for some other opportunity. At present we can only glance at it hastily.

Matter, according to chemists, as we all know, is made up of minute indestructible particles called atoms—particles so small that millions of millions

of millions of them can be introduced simultaneously into a vessel many times smaller than a lady's thimble; and the lightest of these atoms, and therefore the smallest conceivable particle of matter, according to the chemists, is the atom of hydrogen.

But physicists tell us that still smaller particles than atoms exist in the rays, discovered many years ago by Sir William Crookes, which stream off from the kathodes of very highly exhausted vacuum tubes. These rays carry negative charges of electricity and are deflected by magnets. Therefore, as electricity requires matter to carry it, it follows that the kathode rays contain minute particles. These particles of radiant matter are called "electrons." They have been the subject of much study at Cambridge and elsewhere, and Professor J. J. Thomson tells us that the mass of an electron is only a very small fraction of the mass of an atom of hydrogen.

But what have electrons to do with radium? How do they come into this galley? We shall see in a moment.

We have already learnt that radium rays are not homogeneous. There are rays which will pass through cardboard, for example, and rays which cannot do this. And Professor E. Rutherford, of Montreal, a great authority on the subject of these emanations, tells us that radiations of three distinct types may be distinguished in the emanations of radium. First the α -rays, as they are called, which are only deflected under the influence of a very powerful magnet, and then only to a small extent, and which are easily absorbed by matter. Secondly, the β -rays which are readily deflected by magnets, and somewhat less readily absorbed by matter. And thirdly, some very penetrating rays which are not deflected by magnets, and which are called the γ -rays.

By far the greater part of the energy

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emitted by permanently radio-active matter is in the form of the α -rays—the β -rays only accounting, in fact, for about the one-thousandth part of the whole—and two things have been made out pretty clearly about them. First that they carry positive charges of electricity, and therefore consist of particles; secondly, as Sir William Crookes has shown, that they are the cause of the beautiful scintillations of radium (described on a previous page), for the scintillating emanation, it will be remembered, is the one which will not pass through a card, and, moreover, as he has recently demonstrated, the scintillating radiation cannot be deflected by a moderately powerful magnet. On the other hand, the β -rays are found to consist of minute, negatively charged particles, similar in all respects to the kathode rays, and which move when not impeded, it is said, with a velocity not less than two-thirds as great as that of light itself. In short, the β -rays are the "electrons" of the Crookes' tubes.

Now, at last, it will be seen, we begin to get some light on one of the "mysteries of radium." Not very much, perhaps, but, at any rate, a scintillation. If the astonishing qualities of radium are thus due to its throwing off swarms of particles of matter, then, however small these particles may be, the supply of them cannot be inexhaustible in the case of any given specimen of radium, and therefore there must be a limit to the period during which its radio-activity could be maintained in vessels from which these particles can make their escape.

Here we must rest; though so actively is the study of this subject being pursued that it is not at all improbable our knowledge of the nature of the radium rays may be further advanced before this article reaches the readers of the "Cornhill Magazine."

W. A. Shenstone.

STONEHENGE AND THE MIDSUMMER SUNRISE.

Early in the morning of midsummer day people go every year to Stonehenge to watch for the sunrise. Standing by the ruins of the central trilithon, behind the big flat stone which is called the altar, they look out north-east through one of the openings in the outer circle of stones, over the avenue which is marked for a quarter of a mile by parallel bank and ditch on each side. Some little way down the avenue stands a solitary stone, the "Friar's Heel," pointed at the top; and an observer looking from the altar sees it standing up above the line of hills which make the distant horizon. But if one retreats a little up the slope behind the trilithon the peak of the Heel-stone comes down to the horizon, and tradition says that it marks the place where the sun rose on midsummer day when Stonehenge was built. Nowadays, if the watchers are so fortunate as to find the low eastern sky free from cloud and haze, it is very plain that the first gleam of sun appears well to the north of the peak of the Heel-stone, and it is some seven days before or after midsummer day when it rises directly over the stone. But inasmuch as the place of sunrise on that day depends upon the distance the sun goes north of the equator, and as that depends on the inclination to the equator of the plane of the earth's orbit, we want only a change in this inclination to alter the place of the midsummer sunrise, and make the Heel-stone fulfil its reputed purpose. Supposing, then, that we are able on the one hand to show that it is probable that the building was laid out to point accurately to the sunrise, and on the other hand to learn what was the actual inclination of ecliptic to equator at different epochs, it is a very simple matter to

fit a date on to a given place of sunrise, and to say, Thus is the date of building determined from astronomical considerations.

Now the use of a process like this is apt to lack something of the rigor which one expects to find in arguments based upon the most exact data of astronomy. No less an authority than Professor Flinders Petrie has come to grief in adopting it. There is a very interesting book of his, unfortunately out of print, which tries to sum up the evidence from all sources for the date of Stonehenge. To the astronomical evidence which he brings forward he allows, indeed, no great weight; but it deserves none, which comes about in this way. Professor Petrie measured, with an accuracy which is at least as great as the rough-hewn stones will bear, the direction of the peak of the Heel-stone from the point behind the great trilithon whence it appears on the horizon line. He was fortunate to catch a midsummer sunrise free from haze, and measured how far the sun now rises north of the trilithon-Heel-stone line; he calculated what change in the inclination of the ecliptic would suffice to account for it, and with the known rate of change how many years that would represent. But so strong in his mind was the idea that the Heel-stone was the sunrise mark, that he overlooked the fact that the change is taking place in the wrong direction, that the sun now rises further south than it has done in all historic or moderately prehistoric time, for the last ten thousand years at any rate, and yet it still rises north of the stone. He applied the correction with the wrong sign, and found 730 A.D. If his figures are right, but for this error of sign, we find that the trilithon-Heelstone line

points to the sunrise, not of 730 A.D., but of about 3000 A.D., a date for the building obviously too late. In fact his work shows that there is one very definite thing about Stonehenge that is certainly to be proved astronomically, that to an observer standing behind the great trilithon the sun never yet began to rise immediately over the Heel-stone, unless the downs which make the horizon have very greatly changed.

But the difficulty of proving anything definite upon the matter at all is shown by the two assumptions that we have already been compelled to make, that the sunrise was viewed from a certain spot exactly behind the central trilithon, and that it was the first tip of the rising sun for which they looked. Suppose that it was the middle of sunrise that was accounted important, when the sun was half above and half below the line of distant hills over the stone; the conditions are very nearly fulfilled to-day. If it was the completion of rising, when the sun just cleared the hills, then one might put back the date some two thousand years. It is very clear that since in these latitudes the sun rises sloping-wise, there is trouble ahead for any theory that cannot do something more than guess what stage of the sunrise the builders of Stonehenge desired to mark.

It might well seem that this is as far as one can go. From Petrie's measures the middle of sunrise was over the stone a quarter of a century ago; nearly two thousand years ago the sun completed its rising over it, more than a thousand hence it will begin to rise over it; for thousands of years a watcher from behind the altar might have seen the sun rise close to the indicating stone. And who shall say that the builders of Stonehenge required any more than that, if indeed it is not pure chance that there is

any connection with the sunrise at all?

Before one admits that Stonehenge was so carefully built that the date of its building is now recoverable from its orientation, it may be pertinent to ask, what is the evidence that ancient buildings were orientated with great care? One thinks at once of the pyramids of Gizeh, and of the care which their builders plainly took that they should lie square to the cardinal points; of the theory, which has found some favor, that the long ascending passage in the great pyramid was directed to the pole star of the time; and perhaps of the wilder notion that the pyramid before it was finished to its final shape served as a great observatory. And if it is scarcely fair to argue that the natural plan of a builder who cared for symmetry would be to place the lines of a square building north and south, east and west; if one finds in the work a deeper astronomical significance, it is a significance which is found in the plans of present-day observatories. The fundamental direction is north and south; the essential plane is the plane of the meridian; the pole of the sky lies in it, and the stars in their daily courses have reached when they come to it their highest points. One is concerned with the culminations of the stars, and with the sun at noon.

But a glance at the plans of many ancient buildings for which it is now claimed that their foundations were laid astronomically reveals the fact that they have in general nothing whatever to do with the meridian, and the exponents of orientation theories have found an explanation of this in the supposition that it was not the culmination of a heavenly body, but its rising or setting that was of chief account in old times. To this view some of the translated inscriptions certainly seem to lend support; it is asserted

that the sun at rising, noon, and setting had three distinct names. To Ra, the sun god at noon, "Tmu and Horus of the horizon pay homage in all their words." And without laying stress on any of these identifications—for some recent work suggests the horrid suspicion that anything may be identified with anything else according to fancy; witness Lanzoni's twenty-four variants for Hathor, as an addition to Plutarch's equation Isis equals Mut equals Hathor equals Methuer, as Lockyer gives it—it does seem possible to adopt as a working hypothesis the idea that in Egypt the sun and the stars were noted, and perhaps worshipped, at their rising and setting rather than at their meridian passages. If it were so, one can imagine an explanation for the feature which is characteristic of many Egyptian temples, the narrow central passage running from the "naos" or shrine, clear through the complexities of the inner and outer courts, strictly defined by narrow pylons, and sometimes continued beyond the temple down a long avenue of sphinxes. The temple was an observatory, dedicated to the worship of one of the heavenly bodies, and the straight passage from the shrine pointed to the place where it rose or set.

Now this theory has one incontestable advantage. Every line drawn at random must point to the place where some conspicuous star rose or set at one epoch or another. The dates of Egyptian history are so remote, and their uncertainty for the early period is so great, that we have to deal with lapses of time which are no small fractions of the precessional period of 26,000 years, in which the pole describes a circle in the sky nearly fifty degrees across. The distances from the pole, and therefore the places of rising of all the stars, are always changing, and in the course of a thousand years they change a great deal; the same temple

which would in 1500 B. C., point to the rising of Spica would 1700 years later serve for Procyon. If one would identify a certain temple with a star, one must know the date of the temple and see if there is a star that fits it, or inversely discover by guessing or otherwise the star that was deified, and put back the date of the temple building to correspond. How infinite are the possibilities of the latter process may be read in Sir Norman Lockyer's work, *The Dawn of Astronomy*, and how effectively the results may be criticised, in the *Edinburgh Review* thereon.¹ There are in the scheme of identifying temples with stars two fatal weaknesses: in nearly every case it is necessary to go back far beyond the date which archaeologists have fixed for the building, because it is absurd to go far forward, and there is no star to suit at the accepted date; and very often the star which is thus found is curiously inconspicuous; one cannot believe that its appearance on the horizon, which is mist-laden even in Egypt, would have furnished a spectacle that wanted a vast and splendid temple for its celebration.

But among the countless temples of Egypt there are a few, and one of them the most magnificent of all, the temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, that seem to be related to the sun. Any temple in the latitude of Thebes that points within twenty-six degrees of east or west will catch along its axis the rays of the rising or the setting sun on one day or another of the year; but these temples have a special orientation. They point to the sun at the solstices, at mid-summer or mid-winter, the days when the sun rises and sets further north or south than at any other time of the year. To the temple of Amen-Ra Sir Norman Lockyer devotes a whole chapter. The orientation is $26\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of west; it points

¹ "Edinburgh Review," October, 1894.

nearly to the place of sunset on midsummer day; not exactly, for an observation in 1891 showed that the centre of the sun now sets behind the southern wall of the propylon, even if one is watching from a point on the axis two or three hundred yards from the shrine towards the entrance. The difference may, of course, be explained by the slow change in the inclination of ecliptic to equator to which reference has already been made. Here is the description of the building and the suggestion of its use:

From one end of the temple to the other we find the axis marked out by narrow apertures in the various pylons, and many walls with doors crossing the axis.

In the temple of Amen-Ra there are seventeen or eighteen of these apertures, limiting the light that falls into the Holy of Holies or the sanctuary. This construction gives one a very definite impression that every part of the temple was built to subserve a special object, viz. to limit the light which fell on its front into a narrow beam, and to carry it to the other extremity of the temple—into the sanctuary—so that once a year when the sun set at the solstice the light passed without interruption along the whole length of the temple, finally illuminating the sanctuary in most resplendent fashion and striking the sanctuary wall. The wall of the sanctuary opposite to the entrance to the temple was always blocked. There is no case in which the beam of light can pass absolutely through the temple.

What, then, was the real use of these pylons and these diaphragms? It was to keep all stray light out of the carefully roofed and darkened sanctuary; but why was the sanctuary to be kept in darkness?

If the Egyptians wished to use the temple for ceremonial purposes, the magnificent beam of light thrown into the temple at the sunset hour would give them opportunities and even suggestions for so doing. For instance,

they might place an image of the god in the sanctuary, and allow the light to flash upon it. We should have "a manifestation of Ra" with a vengeance during the brief time the white flood of sunlight fell on it.

The picture is convincing. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on the star temples, one is almost persuaded that we have in the temple of Amen-Ra the very type and ideal of a temple fitted for sunset ceremonies on midsummer evening. The enclosed and darkened sanctuary, the rigid limitation of light by pylons and gateways all along the length of a very long axis, the subservience of the design to the preservation of a central passage straight and unencumbered, are the criteria by which we should judge a solar temple. The exactness of workmanship of what remains must be the measure of our confidence that its builders worked with mathematical accuracy.

In a paper not long since presented to the Royal Society, Sir Norman Lockyer and Mr. F. C. Penrose described "An attempt to ascertain the date of the original construction of Stonehenge from its orientation." Let us examine their results in the light of the interpretation which the authors have given of the methods of old astronomical building, exemplified in Egypt and in Greece. The whole of the argument rests upon the assumption that Stonehenge was a solar temple.

The chief evidence lies in the fact that an "avenue," as it is called, formed by two ancient earthen banks, extends for a considerable distance from the structure, in the general direction of the sunrise at the summer solstice, precisely in the same way as in Egypt a long avenue of sphinxes indicates the principal outlook of a temple.

These earthen banks defining the avenue do not exist alone. As will be seen from the plan which accompanies

this paper, there is a general common line of direction for the avenue and the principal axis of the structure, and the general design of the building, together with the position and shape of the Naos, indicate a close connection of the whole temple structure with the direction of the avenue. There may have been other pylon and screen equivalents as in ancient temples, which have disappeared, the object being to confine the illumination to a small part of the Naos. There can be little doubt also that the temple was originally roofed in, and that the sun's first ray, suddenly admitted into the darkness, formed a fundamental part of the cultus.

It is difficult to imagine a building more utterly unlike in plan an Egyptian temple than Stonehenge. Within a circular bank of earth, three hundred feet across, is a smaller circle of thirty equidistant stones supporting lintels. This is the boundary of the building proper, a surprisingly perfect circle. Within are the remains of five trilithons, and a number of small upright stones which seemed to have formed two more circles. The trilithons stand in the form of a horseshoe; they are the only part of the building which is not perfectly symmetrical about a point, the centre; the only part, therefore, which can be said to have an axis. The axis of the horseshoe passes pretty closely through the centres of two opposite openings in the outer ring of stones, and points towards the sunrise. When a line is drawn to show it on the plan it is fairly evident; take the line away and there is only the general symmetry of the horseshoe of trilithons about one diameter to distinguish it from any other of the fifteen diameters of the circle that pass through pairs of opposite openings in the outer ring. The horseshoe is fifty feet across; the whole building a hundred. Where is there in these proportions any likeness to the temple at Karnak, with its passage twenty feet

wide running straight and open through a building about fifteen hundred feet by seven hundred? The "pylons and other screen equivalents which have disappeared," the roof and the darkness, exist nowhere but in suggestion. It is easy to understand how, to bring an appearance of verisimilitude into the comparison, it was essential to dwell upon the avenue.

Two parallel banks with their complementary ditches, about fifty feet apart, form the avenue. It starts from the earth circle nearly, but according to Petrie not quite opposite the opening in the outer ring of stones that faces the trilithon and the altar stone, and it runs north-east towards the midsummer sunrise. With the single exception of the Heel-stone there is no stone standing within it now, and no sign that any has stood there in the past; no evidence of pylons to limit the view, or indeed of anything, save its identity of direction, to show that it formed an integral part of the stone building. It is just a pair of low earthen banks running steadily down hill, out of sight altogether from the point behind the trilithon whence the sunrise is watched. Where is the likeness here to the view from the shrine of Amen-Ra of the furthest pylon of the temple 1,500 feet away, seen through innumerable doors? Yet despairing of being able to find an accurate orientation for Stonehenge itself, when some stones had fallen, and others were leaning, and all was rough, and the whole building was only 100 feet across, Sir Norman Lockyer and Mr. Penrose have based their estimate of the date of foundation—1680 B.C.—entirely on the orientation of the avenue, determined as follows. They pegged out as best they could the central line between the low and often mutilated banks, and measured the bearings of two sections of this line near the beginning and the end. The

values differed by only six minutes of arc, so the avenue is remarkably straight even in its present imperfect state. But:

This value of the azimuth, the mean of which is $49^{\circ} 35' 51''$, is confirmed by the information, also supplied by the Ordnance Survey, that from the centre of the temple the bearing of the principal bench mark on the ancient fortified hill, about eight miles distant, a well-known British encampment named Silbury or Sidbury is $49^{\circ} 34' 18''$, and that the same line continued through Stonehenge to the south-west strikes another ancient fortification, namely, Grovely Castle, about six miles distant and at practically the same azimuth, viz. $49^{\circ} 35' 51''$. For the above reasons $49^{\circ} 34' 18''$ has been adopted for the azimuth of the avenue.

There is something uncanny about this argument. The authors are trying to find the place of a pre-historic sunrise by assuming that the avenue pointed to it. They measured the direction of the avenue, and found that the measures agreed so very nearly with the Ordnance Survey measure of the direction of their mark—presumably on the highest point—at Sidbury camp, that they adopted the latter measure rather than their own; in other words, they agreed that the avenue is directed very exactly to Sidbury. Henceforward one cannot leave Sidbury out of the argument. As against the theory that the avenue pointed to the sunrise there is the fact that it points to Sidbury. The latter is no more likely to be accidental than the former. There are two courses open to us. On the one hand we may suppose that the avenue was drawn to lead over the down to Sidbury camp, and had no intentional relation to the place of sunrise. On the other hand we may suppose that Sidbury is in the sunrise line not by accident but by design; that it forms an integral part of the solar temple of Stonehenge. And

since the camp occupies the summit of a steep and isolated hill, while Stonehenge lies on a wide and gently sloping down, it is plain that the camp end of the Stonehenge-Sidbury line must have been fixed first, and the site of the temple determined by prolonging the line sunrise-Sidbury till it struck a suitable place on the down. There is nothing impossible in this; the question is, Can it be said to be so probable that one is justified in finding a date for Stonehenge from the direction of the line so drawn? Which is the greater improbability, that the Stonehenge-sunrise line was laid out so that it passed over the peak of Sidbury hill eight miles away, so nearly invisible from Stonehenge by reason of an intervening down that Sir Norman Lockyer thought that the latter formed the local horizon, and makes no mention of having seen Sidbury over its top, though the Ordnance Survey party could do so; or that the line of an avenue setting out from Stonehenge straight towards Sidbury happens to point to the place where the sun rose at a date which is perhaps as likely as any other for the foundation of the building, seeing that archaeology unaided can tell practically nothing on the subject?

If preference be given to the first alternative, and we assume that Stonehenge really was so placed that Sidbury marked the point where the sun rose on midsummer morning, the question still remains, Was it done so accurately that it is worth measuring accurately now, and drawing from the measures an exact statement of date? It may well be objected that in our climate Sidbury is probably not visible from Stonehenge at sunrise once in twenty years, and that the likelihood of a long delay in drawing out the plan of so great a work would very soon have induced the builders to adopt a line near enough for their purposes

though not for ours. Another objection is that Stonehenge is a "rude stone monument": Karnak emphatically is not: very probably it is the finest piece of building that the world has seen. It is straining analogy almost to the breaking-point to argue from one to the other, and treat Stonehenge as a solar temple because perhaps the shrine of Amen-Ra at Karnak was. And lastly there is the grave difficulty that everything depends upon guessing right what is to be considered the critical phase of the sunrise or sunset. Sir Norman Lockyer has assumed that for Karnak the moment of sunset was when the sun's centre had just reached the horizon; for Stonehenge sunrise was the moment when the first tip of

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the sun appeared above the hill. It was necessary to adopt these precise yet different phases for the two cases, because any other assumptions would have led to results obviously absurd. The unconfessed discrepancy of treatment tacitly confesses how arbitrary is the process.

One may well doubt whether anything is gained by these attempts to help out the deficiencies of archæology with the aid of astronomy. Archæology is all the worse if an uncertain date is made to masquerade as a certainty in plumes borrowed from astronomers; and astronomy, which has a character for accuracy to lose, is apt to lose it in the company.

Arthur R. Hinks.

A CHELSEA MENAGE.

"My Maid, you know, who began so well, and was such an angel at first," a charming young married woman said to me the other day, "has disappointed me dreadfully. I used to think her so nice; and now I can't bear her near me at all. I can't think why I thought her so refined and attractive and intelligent; she has become quite *pudding-faced*."

One is irresistibly reminded of this not unusual type of mistress in reading the new batch of the Carlyle Letters, just published. The old controversy is again awaked; the old enthralling interest in the Cheyne Row *ménage* has revived. Alas! for the base uses to which even the very elect may descend! Extremes meet; on this familiar ground the woman of brilliant intellect and the mediocre, overburdened housewife, find a common attraction; nay, the spark of genius positively revels amid the *res angusta domi*. On this topic we often "suffer fools glad-

ly"; it is no wonder that a Mrs. Carlyle should interest the average person.

There is a strong humanity about Mrs. Carlyle that attracts even the simple reader who knows and understands nothing of her famous husband's works. Even the devotees of *Home Gush* and *Sketchy Pars* can revel in the thrilling stories of the domestic struggles in the Cheyne Row household; they feel, perhaps, that they may surround themselves, in a manner, with a classic halo, while yet basking in the sunshine of their favorite topic. "I really must try to read one of Carlyle's books now," said a lady to me lately, taking down from the shelves a dusty *Sartor Resartus*; "his wife's letters are so interesting." After a short wrestle she returned that revered classic to its since undisturbed repose, wondering "why such a clever woman should have been thrown away on such a husband."

The long row of "general" servants

at Cheyne Row, what of them? Does one not feel a little sorry, despite, or rather, because of their mistress's tirades, for these poor creatures? The dark kitchen of Cheyne Row looks dreary enough now in its semi-museum-like dignity of state; it looked, probably, but little brighter under the careful *régime* of Mrs. Carlyle, when the "Peesweep" Sereetha,¹ "dottle" Helen, Ann the "Button," or Elizabeth the "Mooncalf," severally "dreed their weird" within its shades. Mrs. Carlyle, accustomed to Scottish thrift, was, possibly, a little exacting. And that she had what is called "a stormy soul" can easily be imagined by the diligent student of the Letters. Her stories, one feels instinctively, lose nothing in the telling. She is a true literary alchemist; under her magic hand the poor, trivial little shortcomings of Helen, Ann, or "Little Charlotte" gain, in their turn, almost the dignity of a classic. To be scolded by Mrs. Carlyle was, if these unfortunates had only known it, to gain a place in history.

It was not an easy time, as compared with the standard of modern ideas, that these successive servants had in the Carlyle household. Times have altered; wages have risen, and the position of the servant, even of the "general," has vastly improved. Even during the Carlyle days the change began to make itself felt, as the lady records somewhere about 1864, in a domestic "Budget" addressed to her lord; and the last days of the Cheyne Row housekeeping were, of necessity, more luxurious than the first. But, for most of the period, the servants had but £12 a-year; they did their own washing, which was hung out to dry in the garden; they baked all the bread; they slept in the dark, damp back-kitchen,

half-sunk, like so many London kitchens, into the ground; not exactly, one thinks, healthful or cheering conditions of life. Besides, the house, as any one can see, was a large one for one servant to keep in order; and Mrs. Carlyle, by her own showing, was often ailing, and incapable, therefore, of giving much methodical help. One of the servants, indeed (I think it was a girl from the Free Kirk, who had found grace), said: "It is impossible for one woman to do all your work"; and the later servants stipulated often for a rise in wages. History does not say that they bargained for "every Wednesday evening out." Their meals were more or less erratic; "for the most part," as Mrs. Carlyle candidly confesses, "they scrambled for their living out of ours." The wonder, surely, is not that they were so bad, but that they were so good.

Mrs. Carlyle lived some thirty odd years in Chelsea, and had, during that time, some thirty-five odd servants. This, perhaps, to some who nowadays change their servants every six weeks, may not seem an overpowering number. But it must be remembered that those were the days when servants stayed long in one place; far longer certainly than they do now. There was not the same restless spirit of change in the world. So that thirty-five servants—allowing for the fact that one of the thirty-five stayed eleven and another five and a half years—seem a fair number for the thirty years. Here (so far as I have been able to ascertain from various sources) is the record:

June 1834. Bessy Barnet. ("Our romantic maid." Brought to Chelsea by the Carlyles on their arrival.)

1835. Woman sent by Mrs. Austin (sister-in-law).

¹ "Peesweep," explains Carlyle gravely, "is a peewit, lapwing; with which swift but ineffectual bird Sereetha seemed to have similar-

ity."—"Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," I, 23.)

1835. Irish Roman Catholic (name unknown). Rebellious, mutinous.
- Autumn 1835. Sereetha, the "Pee-sweep." (Small girl from Chelsea.)
- Autumn 1835. Anne Cook. (Brought by Carlyle from Scotland; sent for by dying mother a few months later.)
- (Hiatus of a year or so, filled by Unknown.)
- Autumn 1837. Helen Mitchell. ("Kirk-caldy Helen.")
- August 1840. Helen Mitchell gets drunk, but reforms and stays.
- July 1843. Helen Mitchell dusts Carlyle's books, and goes into raptures about "the Maister's" *Sartor Resartus*.
- September 1846. Helen Mitchell leaves to "better" herself.
- End of 1846. A girl from the Free Kirk (who stayed six days), called, "Pessima" (The Worst). ("Go, in the devil's name," said Carlyle to her.)
1846. An old woman, nicknamed "Slowcoach." "An old, half-dead, grumbling soul."
1846. "Postie." (The postman's wife; temporary help.)
- January 1, 1847. Ann, No. 1. (A "Little Button," with a basis of reason.)
- October 1847. Ann offers kindly to "air" the absent Carlyle's bed by sleeping in it.
- Autumn 1848. Ann leaves to get married.
- Autumn 1848. Helen Mitchell returns.
- February 1849. Helen Mitchell gets very drunk again.
1849. Elizabeth Sprague. ("A pretty, sweet-looking creature, with innocent, winning ways.")
- December 1849. Elizabeth Sprague is lectured for sulking.
- August 1850. Eliza. (A "young person"; a stop-gap.)
- September 1850. Emma. (Distinguished and soft-voiced.)
- May 1851. Ann, No. 2. (A punctual, trustworthy woman; it was hoped she "would stay for ever," but she left, apparently from illness.)
- July 1852. A new "Beautiful" Servant, otherwise nameless. (Read the Letters: an "Austrian Spy"; and a "helpless, ill-trained, low-minded goose.")
- July 1852. "Little Martha."
- August 27, 1852. "Irish Fanny." (The heroine of a burglar episode and the brave discoverer of some 200 bugs. "Ran away into matrimony of a kind.")
- December 1853. Ann, No. 3. (Hard, practical, unsympathizing.)
- March 1857. Ann, No. 3, cuts her finger with a bath brick.
- August 1857. Ann, No. 3, is prescribed camomile tea by Miss Jewsbury.
- November 1857. Ann, No. 3. A black-beetle runs into her ear.
- March 29, 1858. Ann, No. 3. Her face becomes "diabolic," and she leaves.
- March 29, 1858. "Miss Cameron." (Lady help; *soi-disant* daughter of a half-pay lieutenant; Irish impostor; convicted of lying and theft.)
- June 1858. "Little Charlotte." (At first "a good, biddable, clever little creature.")
- February 1859. "Little Charlotte" is described as "the Good Girl of a Fairy-tale."
- February, 1860. "Little Charlotte" cries her eyes out at the dog Nero's death.
- August 1860. "Little Charlotte" is discharged for general muddle.
- August 1860. "Old Jane." (Was 71 years old; couldn't cook, and stole the beer; besides "requiring to be supplied with a pair of young legs.")
- (Change to "Two" Servants now effected, with groans thereat.)
- September 1860. "Tall Charlotte." (Housemaid.) Sarah. (Cook.)
- November 1860. "Little Charlotte" returns.
1861. Matilda. (Cook.) Was sent soon to the hospital for an operation.
- July 1861. Margaret. (A Welsh or Irish girl.)
- September 1862. Maria. (Housemaid.) Goes into joyful hysterics at Mrs. Carlyle's recovery and return.
- October 1862. Maria is discharged for domineering impertinence. (A "Bubbly Jock.")
- 1861 (?) or 1862 (?) Elizabeth. (Cook.)

- November 1862. Elizabeth. ("Horse, cow, mooncalf, and brute-beast.")
1862. "Little Flo." ("An honest, truthful, industrious little girl. An incomparable small housemaid.")
- January 1863. "Little Flo." ("An incomparable small demon; an imp, a poisonous viper.")
- End of 1862. Mary. (Cook.) Traduced by "Flo"; but stays on after her traducer had left. "The worst of girls."
1863. Lizzy. (Housemaid.)
1864. Helen. (Housemaid.) "Big, beautiful blockhead," and "incorrigible goose."
1864. Fanny. (Housemaid.)
1864. Mrs. Warren. (Cook-housekeeper.)
1865. Jessie Hiddlestone. (Hereditary housemaid and lady's maid.)
(The last-named two were in the house at Mrs. Carlyle's death.)

There are evidences, indeed, that Jessie Hiddlestone, although a "hereditary housemaid" (i.e., the daughter of a former servant), would, had Mrs. Carlyle lived, not for long have continued in the angel stage; her disillusion had already begun. The fact is that Mrs. Carlyle's "method" seems to have been just a trifle demoralizing. That "clever lady, a little too much given to insecticide" (as the late Lord Bowen called her), must be pronounced to be more than a little variable. She expected unlimited devotion from her servants, and not unfrequently, strange to say, got it. That she could exercise great personal charm is nowhere more evident than here. Her servants wept over her, they fondled her, they occasionally adored her. But it is difficult, especially in everyday prosaic, domestic relations, to live for ever on the heights; and, when these same servants became delinquents, their previous affection did not aggravate their misdeeds. Thus Mary, the cook, who, after crying over her mistress ill upstairs, has in stray followers to tea in the kitchen, gets summary and con-

tumelious dismissal; Maria, the housemaid, goes into raptures of joy over Mrs. Carlyle's restoration to health; she meets her fate none the less: "I have foreseen for long," writes the lady, "even when she was capering about me and kissing my hands and shawl, that this emotional young lady would not wear well, and that some fine day her self-conceit and arrogance would find the limits of my patience." Alas! genius has its limits, and the fool often "sees to the ways of her household" better than the learned lady. Less wise in her generation than many other less clever people, Mrs. Carlyle seems to have made the mistake of alternating petting with scolding; or rather, she canonized her maids, and subsequently dethroned them. Nay, when annoyed, her feelings were something of the nature of those of Mrs. Proudie over her arch enemy, the curate Slope: she was not content with merely slaying her enemy; she could have eaten her afterwards with pleasure. She had the faults, too, of the "artistic temperament"; her servants once dethroned, she appears to have listened to any gossip or tittle-tattle about their failings from stray "helps" and charwomen who "dropped in casual," and accepted it, like Othello, as gospel truth. No one can deny that when she was angry she was very angry; she gave way to what, in a less charming lady, might perhaps have been called "temper." Her emotions are a real thunder and lightning of the gods; pity it is that they should bear a touching likeness to the breaking of a butterfly on a wheel. It is such talent thrown away; she spends rhetoric that would have amazed and, stimulated the present-day ladies' political circles, either on the stupid ignorance of "general servants," or on the reducing of a plumber's bill some few shillings. In this latter transaction, indeed, she gives herself a bad

headache into the bargain, and "shakes all day," she tells a confidant, "as if with St. Vitus's dance." The servants—cheap, and taken from a low class, as at first many of them were—cannot all have been bad; human nature is human nature everywhere, even in Chelsea in the fifties, and people there, no more than anywhere else, were alternately angel and devil. The changes, it will be noticed, were often rapid: thus, Elizabeth, "far the most lovable servant I have had," speedily degenerates into "caprices and sullen temper." At the departure of this "high-going, shining kind of damsel," Carlyle comments: "What a province of the 'domesticities' this is at present! Anarchic exceedingly; the funnel-neck of all our anarchies." "Little Charlotte," after shining as "the good girl of a fairy tale," is soon discarded as heedless and a "muddler"; Jessie Hiddlestone, "the most promising-looking servant we have had"—"so quick, so willing, so intelligent, so warmly human," presently degenerates, not merely into "pudding-faced-ness," but into a "vixen" and a "humbug." This lady, now Mrs. Broadfoot, of Thornhill, has recently given testimony to Carlyle's merits as a master; it would be interesting to know her opinion of her former mistress. Mrs. Carlyle frankly confesses in another case her own caprice, as thus: "Little Flo, my incomparable small housemaid, has turned out an incomparable small demon."

Yes, it must be owned that there was a great deal of the "Eternal Feminine" about Mrs. Carlyle. She was quick, impulsive, eager; in at least a dozen moods a day; "everything by turns, and nothing long." With a strange inconsistency, however, she neither expected nor tolerated "moods" in her domestics. She might, one thinks, have shown a trifle more recognition of the stray merits of these poor creatures

who toiled in an ungrateful world for a penurious wage. There are still, no doubt, a good many people who expect their servants to be Incarnations of all the Virtues at so many pounds a year; but Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant intellect should have saved her from such a fallacy. Genius, however, so far as I have observed, is seldom brought to bear on the simpler problems of life. Mrs. Carlyle's enthusiasm for house-keeping and domestic management would probably have been more effective if it had been less comet-like, and more of a slow and steady radiance. Sometimes, no doubt, illness made the poor lady hard to please; she was, latterly, a neurotic. Thus, in July 1864—her worst time—she quarrels even with Dr. John Carlyle, her devoted brother-in-law, and writes home her directions about "those idiot servants."

But Mrs. Carlyle, it is plain, did not judge her servants by her own standard. She appears almost, in theory, to regard them as white slaves, whose own interests in life are to count as *nil*. Thus, the first Ann—a "nice, clean, orderly, quiet little woman"—with, moreover, a basis of "pure reason," makes up her mind to get married. "People must get married before all," her mistress comments coldly. Or, "Matilda" is taken ill with a serious complaint, and has to go to the hospital. Mrs. Carlyle goes to see her there, but says, "What she could mean in going to a new service with such a complaint I am at a loss to conceive." "Kirkcaldy Helen," after some eleven years' patient service and devotion to her mistress, goes off into drink, and Mrs. Carlyle—for the dog Nero's ailments all tenderness and solicitude—is almost cruel in her references to the unhappy girl.

No, Mrs. Carlyle, it must be confessed, did not go far towards a satisfactory solution of the "Servant Question." A stupider woman—after such

a forty years' experience—would probably have gone much nearer to solving it. But there is an irresistible charm about the whole story—the whole *entourage*. It is not only genius; it is the touch of nature that does it—yes, the eternal touch of nature that is said to make the whole world kin. How many more Carlyle Letters will still appear it is impossible to say; one thing is certain—there can never be too many for the public. I can even find it in my heart to regret that Geraldine Jewsbury—Mrs. Carlyle's life-long

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friend—should when dying have, as a matter of conscience, burnt all hers. The many attacks on Mr. Froude seem to me to be out of place, for the life-story, which he disclosed, requires, surely, no violent partisanship on either side. The Letters of husband and wife, read together, tell their own story clearly enough; and they will always attract, for they have the stamp of genius, the distinction of pathos, and the irresistible charm of a human document.

Emily Cook.

A MIDDLE-AGED MEDITATION.

I remember, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, that I went one Sunday morning, after chapel, for a walk with a friendly Don. We stopped for a moment—it was summer—on Clare Bridge, and looked down the Cam. I can still see with the inward eye that incomparable prospect; the Renaissance front of the college, like an Italian palace, the high ironwork of the gate, the gray balustrades of the bridge, the terraced walks above the river, the ivy on the mouldering walls the shrubs of the garden with the high elms beyond. My companion said, "What a delicious day for my birthday—I am thirty-six to-day."

I was consumed, I remember, in a moment, by a great pity for my friend. I had thought of him vaguely as a few years older than myself—and now a veil was torn away; here was not the lively and vigorous companion that I had imagined, but a man faint with experience, and within a few years of forty, an *old man*, with but a handful of declining years between him and the grave.

I suppose I was myself very young

for my age, and somewhat unreflective; for it certainly appeared to me that to describe a man, as I often vaguely did, as "about forty," was practically to relegate him to the class of people for whom life might perhaps hold a few more sober hours, but for whom pleasures of a serious kind could hardly be said to exist. I am now half a dozen years older than my decrepit friend was then, and I find that my point of view has insensibly changed; I do not feel appreciably older myself than I did on Clare bridge; I have still many illusions; I am still irrepressibly hopeful, and look forward confidently to settling the Thames, or at least the Cam, on fire within the next year or two. The next book that I write is to make me famous; the shower of honorary degrees and decorative ribbons is shortly to begin to fall; and yet I suppose (nay I am sure) that there are many boys to whom I seem as distressingly old as my friend did on that day. Yet every time it is brought home to me—as it is sometimes brought home to me by the confiding talk of some girl

whom I take in to dinner, who regards me as long past the power of being interesting as a *dear old man* in fact—every time, I say, that this is brought home to me, it is with a shock of pain.

I wish here to consider my position briefly, and to state the sources of my happiness and unhappiness. I have always cherished the hope that I shall not fall into the error of those who lament in retrospect over vanished joys and pleasures. It seems to me that it ought to be possible to grow old temperately and joyfully, and to gain at each point the appropriate virtues and ornaments of the decade to which one belongs. I have no wish to anticipate age or to prolong youth unduly. I remember a silly chattering old man in a Swiss hotel, who insisted on taking a large party of helpless persons on a glacier tied together with a rope, while he headed the hapless band himself, waving an ice-axe and recounting the incidents of the days when, as he said, he *bounded from peak to peak*. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when he fell into a shallow adjacent crevasse, and was extricated by the porter who had accompanied the procession, not indeed to protect it, but to carry humbly the provision for the midday meal. Neither then nor since has that lamentable old man appeared to me in anything but a distressing light, though there were unhappily only too many persons to be found in the hotel to encourage him, and even to admire his parade of vigor. I desire personally to become older in a dignified way, and to know when to stop active pursuits; and when the time comes, and not before, I desire to “beam through my spectacles” upon the young people. I have known men and women who have done this gracefully and successfully, just like the old dog who in his hot youth used to run exulting with the carriage, and who now only turns out to salute it when it departs, to give

a hoarse bark or two, and then returns contentedly to the fireside to sleep quietly and to be at his best when the beloved party returns.

I will say frankly that I am far happier in every way than I was as a young man. I suppose I was never a real *young young man*, or I should not be so contented a middle-aged one. I suppose too that I have not yet reached the point at which physical vigor abates, or at which the mind becomes irrevocably made up on every point. I find that I can take exercise, though not violent exercise, as well as ever and with less fatigue. I can walk all day in a mountain country, or bicycle all day in an agreeable landscape. I can shoot better than I used to be able to do; and if exercise has not quite the zest it used to have, I believe I enjoy it more; at the same time I become aware that it is not so necessary to me as formerly, and that I can keep in health without it; that air in fact is more needful than exercise.

Moreover my interests have largely increased. As a *young man* I never read the paper, and thought meanly of those who did. Now I read my “Times” from end to end and hate to be deprived of it. Then (I had enjoyed a strictly classical education) I knew no history to speak of; I have now a fair general knowledge of the events and personages of modern times. Then I loved poetry and fiction. Now I cannot read modern novels, but tend to revert to half a dozen favorite authors; and poetry I seldom deliberately read. I now prefer biographies and memoirs to almost any other reading. Formerly a biography ceased to interest me as soon as the hero left the university; I now find that up to the age of about forty I can follow his fortunes with absorbing interest. Then my circle was composed of a few friends and relatives, and my interests were confined

to the doings of my old school and university and my own countryside. Now a network of innumerable fine chains has grown up over the whole of England, and even extends into foreign parts. I have many correspondents, and the world seems a more real and lively place than it did. All this is pure gain.

One special advantage of middle age I will here gratefully record. I now do, in matters of amusement, only what I know amuses me. As a young man there were many things I felt bound to do, because other people did them, because they were fashionable, because it was natural for a young man to do them, and I did not wish to appear *slow* or exceptional, and for other equally lame reasons. But now I know my own mind. I only go to houses where I know I shall feel at home—formerly I was incapable of declining an invitation. I now have no difficulty in refusing to do what I do not like, except in cases where some sacrifice must be made for goodfellowship, as, for instance, if a party of bridge cannot be made up without me. If I am asked to ride a friend's horse, I say no. If I am asked to play golf, I say I do not play it; if I am asked if I would like to go over and lunch with some tiresome neighbors, I say frankly that it would not amuse me. This, it seems to me, is not selfishness; I may honestly say that I have a stronger sense of duty and am more conscientious than I was when I was young—but it seems to me that when things are intended purely for pleasure, and have no other motive behind them, it is a pity to do them when they are only burdensome. It is necessary when one is young to do a large number of things for the sake of experiment, because an unenterprising young man can often be prevented from doing something, which turns out eventually to be a source of pleasure,

by indolence or some initial shyness. And thus I think that the instinct of trying to do things from a sense of shame is a healthy one in youth. I well remember how I used to frequent balls, though a miserable dancer; and I remember too the moment when I achieved my freedom. I had gone to a ball in a neighbor's house, and stood gloomily about behind doors endeavoring to enter into lively conversation with people who were frankly enjoying themselves. My genial host, espying me as I stood solitary, said to me, "You look as if you were at a funeral." My spirit rose within me, and I said, "Yes, that is how I feel—and, please God, I will never go to another ball as long as I live." And I have kept my word.

Another great benefit conferred by age is the gradual extinction of the sense of shyness. I find that I can now ask a question in a natural way, say frankly, and I hope not discourteously, what I think, meet a stranger on easy terms and without a suspicious feeling that he is likely to despise me. The reason partly is that though my belief in my own attainments has not markedly increased (and indeed there is little reason why it should) my belief in the attainments of other people has not increased either. In youth opinions are apt to be held with a species of defiance, however harmless or inconspicuous they are. But the feeling that I now have, that I have a perfect right to any opinion of my own, probably causes me to modify the language in which I express it, quite apart from the fact that I now see no reason to deny to other people the right, if they are foolish enough to exercise it, of holding opinions diametrically opposite to mine.

Moreover my feeling of the consequences of social solecisms is not so acute. As a young man if I behaved awkwardly, if I expressed an unfavor-

able opinion, by mischance, of a near relation of someone present in a social gathering, I used to go away feeling an outcast. I now know that awkwardness wins more sympathy than disapproval; and, if I have the misfortune to commit myself to a critical opinion on a near relation of a neighbor and become aware of the fact, I have the courage to invite him to express a similar opinion on some near relation of my own. I no longer feel that the eyes of Europe are on me, and, realizing as I do how soon I forget all about the persons I have met, I realize that no one troubles their head very much about me in my absence. Part of this loss of self-consciousness is physical no doubt, but it is also greatly due to a truer sense of the proportion of things. It is true that one does not become instinctively conscious of one's advancing years. But I have found it useful to remind myself, when I am in the company of people whom I do not hesitate to consider as *buffers*, that after all I am a buffer myself, and have every right to behave as one. All this convergence of experience helps, and the fact remains that a sort of social liberty and equality is one of the best gifts of advancing years, and tends to deliver one from the proneness of youth to indulge in harsh judgments, the converse of which is the painful consciousness of being harshly judged oneself, which results in shyness.

So much for negative benefits; to turn to the positive advantages gained by advancing years, I am inclined to put among the highest the increasing sense of the beauty of simple things. When I was young I required, to make me conscious of beauty, that there should be some exceptional and sensational quality in what I saw; I wished to feast my eyes on great mountains, huge precipices, immense buildings, furious seas. Now

I am contented with a lane of elms, a sloping pasture, a quiet wood-end, a little stream, a building with a tender grace of antiquity about it. I used to require to be violently impressed and stirred. I liked pictures representing some poignant emotion, music that shrieked and blazed out in a tumult of sound. Now I like small tranquil pictures of landscape, and soft music. Hardly a day passes now without my being surprised by some fine and delicate effect, some glimpse of meek and incommunicable beauty in the things that surround me. A flower on my table, a daffodil with its crumpled head, its smooth sword-like leaf, an airy elm seen from my window against a blue sky, a mellow wall orange with lichens, a little pool in a pasture set round by rushes—each gives me a thrill of contented delight. I find that I love purity and simplicity of effect more than complexity and magnificence. The result of this is that my life is far fuller of beauty than it was when I was young, and I have exchanged the craving of unsatisfied sensation for a tranquil pleasure in the uninterrupted series of patient delights that nature is for ever preparing in the homeliest landscape. Perhaps I am not so deeply moved and stirred as in the old days; but the sense of beauty is far more constant and far more sustaining.

This brings me to my last point; it is that there has grown up in my heart a species of philosophy, I might almost call it religion, which is both stronger and more wholesome than the tumultuous emotions that used to affect me in youth. I used to desire to read the riddle of the world, to have some definite and all-embracing theory which should explain all the mysteries of life and ennoble the dark trials of the soul. I think that I am content to leave more unexplained now, to be more grateful for simple happiness, to take affection soberly and thankfully, to

realize that one can but see a little bit of life, and to be thankful for any emotion which enables one to play a quiet and brave part. I fear that this philosophy has not been put to any very severe test, and I do not know what its strength would be if I were confronted with some hopeless and irreparable calamity. But I have seen such visitations fall on others, and I have recognized with deep gratitude that the human heart is capable of bearing with a great deal of equanimity a thought which, it would seem, must darken the whole of life. In smaller things I believe I am more conscientious, and more aware of the rights of other persons. I have learnt that one has inevitably to pass through hours of depression, and even long and dreary periods when there seems no particularly enlivening or hopeful thought on the horizon. But one somehow emerges, and one is more content to wait.

Of course one cannot profit by the experience of others: and I am well aware that a youthful reader of these

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lines may think that I am describing a very tame and spiritless existence; all I would say is that I am a happier man than I was when I was young, and that I frankly do not regret the loss of my youth.

A great artist was once describing the decadence which in so many cases seemed to enfold the middle period of life. "Yes," he said, "old men dream dreams, and young men see visions, but middle-aged men only dine." I am aware that there is some truth in this: one gets to find a certain degree of comfort, I will not say indispensable, but at all events a convenient and agreeable thing. But I entirely deny that my happiness is built upon this or depends upon it: and though I may have lost the faculty of seeing the visions of what may be, and may not yet have lapsed into the region of dreams,—the dreams of what might have been—I can gratefully say that life seems to me more full, more interesting, more poetical, though perhaps less romantic, than in the days when I was young.

Postumus.

TERNS ON A SEA-BANK.

At length come the terns to the swannery, filling the air as gracefully above it as do its genuine inmates the waters below.

O primavera, juventute del anno!
O juventute, primavera della vita!

which may be rendered

Oh swans, terns of the water!
Oh terns, swans of the air!

The rendering is somewhat free, perhaps, but I aim only at the spirit: that, indeed, I must dress ornithologically, but still I trust it is there: the spirit of

poetry is not dead in the sciences—at least not in all of them: in chemistry, no doubt, it would be more difficult, but here we have to do with birds, beings as beautiful as youth and spring: more beautiful, perhaps, than some springs—or even than some youths: in England, at any rate, if not in Italy: but let that go before it goes farther: such reflections would lead me too much out of bounds. Yet this grace, this aerial aptitude, which the tern possesses equally, at least, with almost any other bird of land or sea, is strangely mingled with something quite antagonistic to it; so

that with the sense of ease and mastery amounting almost to rest that we receive whilst watching the bird, there comes also, at least there has come to me, a sense of effort, almost of toll, which is more difficult to explain. I think, however, that it is produced partly by the ceaseless motion of the wings, not spread to glide on, like a hawk's or petrel's; partly by the measured and somewhat slow, strong strokes with which they move, producing the effect of labor, even though it be not there. Possibly the often-repeated cry may have something to do with it, for this is of such a nature, so harsh and grating, even though not unpleasantly so, that it almost seems as though the wings moved like doors on hinges, hinges rusty and creaking. Yet all this does not do away with, does not even impair, the grace and beauty of their motion, of the bird's whole being; for whilst we know that this is real, we feel that the other is not, but only a make-believe, a bizarrerie, as it were, as though Ariel should feign falling from the "bat's back", as though Puck should affect to be grave, as though Perdita should pout or Imogen say something worldly, not cynical. Just as in none of these we should have what was aimed at, but only a mock of it to make the other more valued, so in the tern's flight we have a mock of labor adding yet another charm to its grace and its ease.

When terns come in the spring-time they come to breed; and if only the weather be warm and bright whole days may glide pleasantly away in watching their breeding habits. One should come in the very early morning, just treading on the skirts of night, when the moon, still bright, is shining palely on the pale birth of a lovely day. A few but only a few of the terns are as yet on the wing, wandering backwards and forwards over their loved haunts, like ghosts surprised by the

dawn. These birds are as nature is. They take her tone, and are sunny gleams or dusky shadows as she is bright or gray. As the dawn advances their numbers increase, and they sweep in circles over land and sea, crossing the bank each time, and doing so again and again. They fly, now in little bands, nearer to each other than is their wont, linked as it were together, girdling the pure still air of morning with a silver chain. Morning, but it is still night upon the sea. This great vast bank grand in its low monotony divides nature: fading night is on the one side of it, dawning day upon the other. But slowly day advances, the sea-horizon becomes, by faint degrees, a broad cincture of mauve and violet, dyeing the waves and fading from them upwards. It is like the wide-flung essence of a rainbow, paled by diffusion but made more lovely by it, too. And now there is an effect worth recording, for it cannot I think be often witnessed by our bed-and-nature worshippers of to-day.

Though the moon has become almost white yet she is still luminous, and in this early dawn-light she flings pale dancing sparkles like a silver sunlight on the sea. They resemble fishes leaping out of it, the most delicately-hued ones, mackerel, say, or you may mistake them, I have myself really done so, for a flight of the silver terns just hanging poised above the water. It is no common effect, this. The moon for this brief dividing-time takes the sun's place and does his office in a way that is neither like himself nor her. A few minutes and the lovely novelty is gone. The waves look coldly as though waked from a dream. Night yields her empire. It is dead, the moonlight, just as the sun's first pale gold comes, stealing first then stepping stately over the crest of eastern hills. In a word, he who watches the terns on their breeding-banks at day-dawn when the weath-

er is set-fair will see more, much more, than the terns.

Long before one would think they could see to catch a fish the terns are fishing. Everyone knows how they fish, how they circle, hover, pause, descend, glide up and off, and then circle, pause, hover again, till finally pressing their long thin wings against their silver sides, they fall head-first in an arrow-like manner, spitting the water with their red fiery spear-point of a bill and disappearing bodily beneath it for a full second of time. One is struck by the number of times that the plunge or dive is about to be made but is not. At every point of preparedness, up to that of the beak almost touching the water, the bird will swerve gracefully off and continue its circling, watchful flight. This is most interesting to see. Were the sea a marble platform or steel mirror not a tern that changed its mind would ever hurt itself, though often within a hair's breadth of being dashed to pieces. From this hesitancy and oft-maneuvering one might infer the difficulty which even these skilled fishers have in securing their prey, and this conclusion is borne out by the result. Only once, on an average, out of several plunges, does the tern rise with a fish in its bill, and when he does so he immediately flies with it to that part of the bank where he and his mate have established themselves. Not that there are as yet any young to feed, for the eggs have not even been laid. It is the time of courtship, if that can be called courtship where the majority of the couples have been married for a longer or shorter time—for that most birds pair for life, that this is the rule with them and not the exception, I have, myself, very little doubt. It is customary for one of each of these married pairs, let us say the female for the sake of simplicity, to stand or sit on the shingle, probably on or near the spot where the eggs will be laid, and to

receive, at intervals, the visits of her spouse, who, between whiles, flies about over the water, hawking for fish as described. When he makes these visits he frequently brings a fish in his bill, and this he will sometimes eat beside his wife, but sometimes, also, he will give it her. He may come down just in front of her with it, holding it up, as it were, for her inspection and approval. She then, with wings a little extended and drooping, takes the fish, and all is over; it is the simple, one may almost say the bald, style of things.

But take this scene, into which a little more of spirit and coquetry enters. The male seems now to make a proffer of the fish, even to press it upon his wife's acceptance. She for her part seems inappreciative of these attentions, undervalues the gift, does not want it, and this coy mood continues for some time. But all at once she turns, and with a quick, little, snappy sort of peck takes it and flies away with it. Much more often, however, there is a sort of parading yet withholding of the fish, which leads to nothing—a more selfish and less edifying display. The bird bringing in the booty alights in these cases with his head held high, and moves about the other one with an important sort of look and a step which would be a strut if his legs were not so short. Upon this his wife looking up opens her bill, but without advancing and with a kind of half-indifference, an expression which suggests a divination of how the thing is going to end. For the important bird, having displayed the fish, seems to think he had better not part with it, and his mate, as though not to be trifled with, after making a little bob forward with the beak still open, flies abruptly off. All this, at least when the fish is given, is a kind of courtship, or rather, nuptial endearments, as to the origin of which in terns and other birds I have ideas which I will keep

as closely to myself at present as the important bird recorded did his fish, though not for the same reasons.

They are not the only connubialities that may be witnessed between the male and female tern. There are others that are more impressive if less psychologically interesting. Standing together in the shingle, either side by side or fronting one another, both of them will droop their wings on the ground, raise their tails a little, and toss up their heads to such an extent that they point with the crimson and black-tipped bill almost perpendicularly towards the sky. They hold them thus for some little time, and having at length brought them down again make various odd little jerks of the body, turning to one another as though with mutual congratulations upon having accomplished something of very considerable importance. Again, and this is the prettiest of all, one of the pair (as I conjecture) will fly up to some height above the other and then hang in the air, alternately rising and sinking, beating the wings very strongly all the while, and more

rapidly than in ordinary flight, but remaining stationary except for the up-and-down movement. Thus suspended on quivering pinions he bends his head downwards, looking on the bird beneath, and at intervals distends the bill very widely, so that it looks like a red pair of scissors, and then closes it again. All at once he makes a dash downwards upon the object of attraction, ascending again as the latter jumps up at him with raised wings and open beak: and this may continue for some little time, till at last the aerially disporting bird descends and rests beside his mate. In these displays, as it has appeared to me, the one bird does not, as a rule, hover exactly over the other, but rather a little in front of it, so that it is well seen, the brilliantly colored mandibles are made the most of, and the fine black velvet skull-cap, an adornment that any old gentleman might envy, has full justice done it, owing to the bending down of the head. This, at least, is the interpretation which I am inclined, at present, to put upon these interesting actions.

The Saturday Review.

Edmund Selous.

IN THE KOOTENAYS.

You walk into the hotel at Sicamous Junction from the platform of the railway-station, and you will probably find the hall full of gun-cases, cartridge-magazines, fishing-rods, and golf-clubs. The dining-room is a glitter of flowers and silver, lit up by acetylene lamps. The verandah at the back overhangs an arm of the Great Shuswap Lake; underneath it is moored a small flotilla of boats and canoes; a little farther out is a house-boat with its attendant steam-tug. Just across the arm, within rifle-shot of the verandah, is a small clump of willows, easily distinguishable in the moonlight. A couple of weeks before our arrival

they picked up, in those willows, an Indian hunter, with his scalp half torn off and his arm badly lacerated by a grizzly. He had been hunting bears for forty years, but one of them got him at last; for he had been lying there twenty-four hours when they found him, and blood-poisoning had set in. I do not mean to infer that guests can hope to sit out on verandah-chairs and shoot grizzlies as a rule,—although within two and a half miles of the hotel there is a regular path, worn as smooth as a macadamized road, with stones turned over, where the bears have been hunting for ants,—but the incident is an illustration of the man-

ner in which high civilization treads on the heels of untamed nature in British Columbia.

The distance from Sicamous to Okanagan Landing is fifty-one miles, and we managed to lose two hours in making it. Nobody complained particularly, because the train only runs three times a-week, and the steamer could not possibly start without us. Besides that, it was a lovely day, and sitting on the rear platform of the car made the journey resemble a drive along a dusty country road, between gently rising hills, and beside flat, calm, shining lakes, where the ducks and coots left long wakes on the mirror-like surface. The waggoners chaffed us now and then, and we stopped dead occasionally to hoot at a stray calf that had wandered on to the railway-line, and was too stupid to get out of the way of the engine. But we managed to get along somehow, and it is libelously untrue to say that it was the same calf which stopped us near Enderby bridge, and then again ten miles farther on. We were all suffering a little from "coast languor," one of the principal symptoms of which malady is that you "don't care a cent whether school keeps or not."

By the time we arrived at the landing-stage everybody on the train knew everybody else, and they always keep a lot of fishing-tackle on the wharf, with live bait in a tin-lined box covered by an old sack, so that the passengers can amuse themselves while they are waiting for the steamer to start. The water was the most brilliant transparent green I ever saw, and the silver trout were swimming about in myriads: it was exactly like an aquarium. Close to the surface were the babies of the tribe, hurrying backwards and forwards in schools, keeping very near together for company's sake; lower down were the big fish, who run up to 16 lb. or 20 lb.

The verandahs of the cottages were all covered with blue convolvulus; and a herd of cattle was feeding in the meadow at the head of the lake, under the sunlit hill.

The lake itself is some sixty miles in length, and nowhere more than three or four broad, so that it really resembles a river lying between two tiers of hills; the water, after you leave the landing, being a deep Mediterranean blue, and the mountains green and restful after the chaotic grandeur of the Rockies. The *Aberdeen* could do her seventeen knots of she were hurried, but we very much preferred to glide along quietly, leaning back on deck-chairs in the soft warm air. By-and-by the whistle screamed out a long, echoing call, and we slowed up at a tiny wharf, and landed a bag of flour and a whisky-jar for a dark, Italian-faced prospector who was waiting there—a packing-case, and a hammock slung between a couple of trees, being the only signs of human habitation visible. Next time we stopped and threw a brown-paper parcel on to an empty landing-stage that ran out from a flattened beach, behind which was a background of groves and isolated trees with lawny spaces between. As we steamed off, we saw a straw-hatted girl, in a white skirt and pink shirt-waist, walking down a winding path; and then we rounded the shoulder of a smooth grassy cliff, to a low-lying bright green shore, with a village of white-and-yellow houses and a gray-roofed church inland.

The water near the edge was lapping up a beach of fine white sand; the dock was piled high with flour-bags and fruit-boxes; two or three skewbald bronchos with Mexican saddles were standing at the street corner; the men were dressed in khaki Norfolk jackets, loose white flannel shirts open at the throat, great wide-brimmed hats of white linen, and blue jean trousers

tucked into high, rusty-black boots. Some of them reminded you of Piccadilly, in spite of the sun-burn on their cheeks; and others, in brown velveteen coats, with tarnished buttons of strange device, might have just stepped out of a gig in the market-place of a country town. There was a long regular line of poplars farther inland, that you would have sworn was the avenue leading up to a manor-house: it had really been planted to serve as a wind-break for somebody's orchard. Now and then, but very rarely, the thermometer in winter will drop to 10° below zero, a record of which they seem to be rather proud here; but, as a rule, "fifteen above" is the coldest, and little damage is done except to young trees.

We waited at Kelowna for an hour and a half, and then we sailed out into a blue world, where blue hills were shimmering in blue haze above an azure bay. The trees grew right down to the water's edge, here and there in the lake itself, and we slanted from stopping-place to stopping-place across an oily plain of dark, shining water. We dropped mail-bags and watched the postmaster's children, in broken-brimmed straw hats, sorting the letters on the landing-stage. There was an aromatic smell of burning wood below Peachland, and the smoke was hanging about the surface of the lake. The western shore, with its faint, yellow-green herbage, looked like a vast wind-swept sand-hill, carven into mounds and hollows, over which the fir-trees were thinly scattered, and down the face of the steep hills behind were scored the dry beds of long waterfalls.

It was moonlight before we arrived at Penticton and climbed up a narrow path to the hotel. Tall men, in cowboy hats and clanking spurs, passed us in the darkness, and half a dozen bronchos were tied up to posts and

empty wagons at the top of the hill. There was a "general store" hidden away among the trees in a deep dell behind the inn, where two or three miners were pricing saddlery by the light of petroleum-lamps. The officers of the ship and most of the passengers took possession of the drawing-room and the piano, and sang Old Country songs; outside on the verandah the night breeze was moaning fitfully, and the wraiths of all sorts of dead hopes and vain longings seemed to flit down from the mountain glens over the shadowy surface of the lake.

For sheer pleasure, where travelling is concerned, it is hard to beat the deck of a lake steamer on a hot summer day. There is just enough breeze off the water to keep you cool; you are in the fresh air, with plenty of room to move about; you have all the pleasures of an ocean voyage, with very little fear of seasickness, and you have the added delight of constantly changing scenery. On our return journey we stopped at orchards and market-gardens where the wharves were crowded with gaily dressed women and white-clothed Chinamen, waiting to ship cargoes of fruit-boxes; of peaches, and plums, and grapes, and water-melons, and tomatoes. The fruit-growing industry is still in its infancy here. One of our fellow-passengers was an Englishman, with fifteen years' experience in California, who had come up here, as superintendent of a "packing gang," to see what the country was like, and he asserted enthusiastically that they "hadn't begun to grow fruit yet," and that, with scientific methods of cultivation, he could in two years double the produce of an orchard that was already equal to anything he had seen across the border. Indeed it was difficult to see why everybody does not buy land, plant trees, and make a fortune; because the inhabitants prove to you by facts and figures that you must

inevitably make about eighty per cent per annum on your capital. "There must be a nigger in the fence somewhere," said a Manitoba farmer to me; "but I'm hanged if I can find him. Apparently all these fellows do is to spray their trees three times a-year and watch them growing. They don't even pick the fruit themselves—the wholesale buyers contract to do that; and the owners, if they feel energetic, hire themselves out at \$1.75 a-day to pick their own fruit. If I say that the only flaw in the proposition is that it's too good to be true, they invite me to point out where they're wrong, and I can't do it." We worried over the problem all the way to Okanagan Landing, and finally decided that, with scientific attention and a certain outlay on irrigation where necessary, a fruit-rancher should be able to make a living without working himself to death.

There was a lake of gold, reflecting the dried yellow grass on the mountain-side, as the train wound along the shore towards Sicamous, with only a few feet of shingle and driftwood between us and the water. A flock of duck got up and swung past a big bold bluff that loomed up like a whale's back, narrowing the lake arm to the width of a small river; and a long-haired Indian brave in semi-civilized clothing was riding a broncho down the hillside, with his squaw behind, riding astride, with her moccasined feet tucked into wide wooden stirrups.

The Arrow Lakes, as they are called, like the Okanagan, are practically the expansion of a river, in this case the Columbia. They run through mountain-passes, steeper and more precipitous than the Okanagan ranges, with denser forests and wilder scenery. At first they strike you as being a little formidable, like an imperious beauty to whom you have been introduced by a lovely young sister; but the charm of them captivates you insensibly, till you

begin to dread the idea of bidding them farewell. Among the passengers on the upper deck were an Alpine-Club man, lean, brown, and sinewy, who had spent the summer conquering virgin peaks in the Rockies; another, who is studying Canada for sporting purposes, from Nova Scotia to Cassiar; and a couple of English ladies who were travelling round the world. They had taken 1400 photographs in sixteen months, and they talked of head-hunters in the Celebes, and of untrodden paths in Ceylon, with easy familiarity, and with a remarkable power of vivid description. Before the steamer started the cook appeared on deck with two or three specimens of ore in his hand from some newly discovered claim, and we began to feel that we were really in a mining country at last.

At Halcyon Hot Springs there was a big yellow hotel pasted on to the face of the hill, with a kitchen-garden below that looked as if it was growing up the side of a wall, and a strong, close fence underneath that, to prevent the whole affair from sliding bodily into the lake. A Montana man looked at it curiously, and drawled out, "I wonder what in thunder they do here when they want to do anything!" At Nakusp there was an enormous flat scow, labelled, "C. P. R. barge No. 4," with half a dozen railway cars loaded on it, and a small steam-tug waiting to tow it down to Robson. As the lake narrowed the water turned to a vivid absinthe green, and the pale leaves of the cottonwood on the shore contrasted with the darker pines on the mountains behind. There was the blue smoke of a fire to the right of us, and we seemed to be steaming in dead silence—except for the quiet, sighing puff of the engines—right against huge granite walls in front. Then the pass widened again into deep, leafy hollows embayed on either shore, and then contracted to a river running between trees, whose

foliage was just assuming tints of exquisite brown, and red, and yellow: there was a little sand-spit running out at the narrowest point, with a white boat moored alongside, and deep gutters were clawed down the face of the wall ahead. Another barrier of ragged, snow-patched, gray-brown rock, and we were steaming across from side to side to avoid the shoals; with the hurrying water, wrinkled like the skin-folds on the palm of the hand, beneath us, and a warm head-wind blowing from the south. On a long green island, fringed with yellow sand, was a canvas teepee, and a band of ponies was staring at us from the bank; on the farther shore was a flock of forty or fifty gray geese drawn up on the shingle. Somebody wantonly fired a rifle at them, and they got up and swung off down stream, for the wildfowl never cross the range, but follow the trough of the lake. Then a fish-hawk dropped with a swoop, and picked up a fish close to our bows; by-and-by the mountains grew rounder and less rugged, and the vegetation on the shores denser and greener, while the water turned to the blue of turquoise. Near Robson we could see the railway pinned up on the side of the cliff, 1100 feet or more above lake-level; once we passed a log shanty among the trees, with a tin sponge-bath hung against the wall outside, and everybody spoke at once, "I'll bet that's an Englishman living there;" another time we saw a town of 150 houses or more in a sandy bay, and the man who knew Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific said, "That's quite a settlement, isn't it? If you want a house cheap, now is your chance." For—though the houses were complete, even to the doors and windows—there was only one inhabitant in the entire city; and we subsequently heard that he too had since departed. It was a "boom" town, built at a time when the railway company was con-

structing a big tunnel near by, and before the "bottom had dropped out of" certain mining prospects in the neighborhood. It would be an eerie place to walk into at night after you had lost your way on the mountain. The sun went down in a pink haze, from the forest fires, and, after dark, we lit the great electric search-lights, and flung long, straight, dazzling shafts on either shore. The startled birds flew across their path like living flames, and we swung the lamps round so as to illuminate the yellow sand and thick green foliage behind, while the Chinamen on board chattered joyfully to see the gigantic shadows of their own fingers on the glittering surface of the lake.

The railway journey that followed, from Robson to Rossland, was like a trip up the Brocken on a Walpurgis Night. There were fires everywhere: fire in the forests, and fire in the smelters; walls of incandescence on one side, and flaming furnaces on the other; a lurid glow behind, and a sparkle of cresset-lights ahead; the Red Mountain, the nucleus of the Rossland mines, was ablaze with long festoons of arc-lamps; the very town itself appeared to be illuminated for some high festival. They get their power from the Bonington Falls, thirty-two miles away, at the lower end of the connecting-link between the Kootenay Lake and the Columbia River. The pole-line runs over a ragged route, with hardly a level mile in the entire distance, ascending and descending grades of 70 per cent of steepness, and varying in its altitude at different points by over 2200 feet. It jumps the Kootenay River in a single span of 600 feet, and the Columbia in another of 1500 feet, including a sag of 52 feet in the total stretch. Electric lighting is so cheap in Rossland that they never bother to turn it out, except in their bedrooms. You could walk into a man's office at

midday and see that his lamps were all alight; the shop windows were as bright at three o'clock in the morning as those of an ordinary town an hour after sunset.

By daylight the scene changed. The main street had been hewn, and blasted, and levelled along the side of a hill high above a green valley, where the tall straight pines looked like Swiss toys, with a network of little railways running up to and ending at a hole in the ground. The offices and other buildings of the great mines, the *Le Roi*, the *Le Roi No. 2*, the *Centre Star*, the *War Eagle*, were perched up like chalets on the face of the Red Mountain, and the railway cork-screwed and switch-backed up a rise of a couple of thousand feet in seventeen miles. The shops were full of strange-looking machinery and miner's requisites—the foot-gear that hung outside would make an ordinary pair of shooting-boots look like dress-shoes; there were comparatively few women on the streets; and you could tell the men who worked underground at a glance by the strange pallor on their faces.

Right in the middle of one of the side-streets, and almost blocking it, was a gigantic boulder of virgin rock, at least 12 feet high, with a crack in it stuck full of wooden wedges. When the town council has a few dollars to spare it chips a few more bits off it, meanwhile it is artistically decorated with flaring posters. The club is a balconied chalet, perched high, like everything else here, on the side of a hill, with four tables in the billiard-room, a reading-room that overlooks the valley below, and great china bowls full of dahlias and sweet-peas everywhere.

Rossland is getting civilized now, though there is still something of the old reckless, devil-may-care spirit of the mining camp in the air. A very few years ago everything "ran wide open," till the respectable citizens held

a meeting and resolved to set their house in order. Their chief difficulty lay in the fact that they had no powers to legislate, and could not get these without the sanction of the Provincial Legislature at Victoria. So they elected a certain number of delegates, whom they christened "The Committee of Purity and Reform," voted them \$200 apiece for their expenses, and despatched them to the seat of Government, with instructions not to return without the necessary authority for establishing a jurisdiction of their own.

They travelled by way of the States, and by the time they had arrived at a certain town, which shall be nameless, the \$200 was beginning to burn a hole in their pockets. The mayor and corporation turned out to meet them, and offered them "the hospitality of Our City"; the mayor had already been sampling the said hospitality himself. His eloquence was so persuasive that the C. of P. and R. boarded the night train in a condition of wild hilarity, and took possession of the Pullman. The chairman of the committee, who related the incident, said that one of their number was a Scotsman, who always waxed sentimental under the influence of whisky. "He insisted on reciting a poem. It was a d—d long one, beginning 'The stag at eve had drunk his fill,' and he insisted on giving us the whole of it. He also stopped at intervals to draw attention to the beauties of particular passages, with elucidatory comments of his own. Whenever he thought any particular passenger was not paying sufficient attention, he would go and sit on the arm of his chair and recite to him personally. Why the other passengers didn't throw us all off the train, I shall never know. We compared notes subsequently about our recollections of the interview with the Legislative Assembly at Victoria, but they were a trifle too mixed for a

clear report of the proceedings. Still, we had the powers of legislation all right, right there, in our pockets. We had legislation to burn. Because, you see, the members of the Provincial Parliament said, 'If this is the Committee of Purity and Reform, good Lord! *what must the ordinary citizens be like?*' "

I met an old schoolfellow in the club that night, who had spent five years in acquiring experience in Rossland, and we debated on the advisability of paying a visit to the Le Roi mine. R. knew that he would have no difficulty in getting the necessary permission to go all over it, if we liked; but my time was limited, and there is always the risk of being personally conducted by an intelligent foreman. This personage invariably makes the mistake of taking it for granted that everybody else is as intelligent as himself, and he holds you for three or four hours while he explains everything with a painstaking attention to detail and a bewildering technicality that gives you a headache. Your politeness and your personal vanity prevent you from cutting him short. Finally we decided to take chances, and the next day saw a couple of disreputable tramps, in soiled flannels and enormous shooting-boots, climbing up a steep, dusty path between little wooden cottages in whose doorways stood pale-faced, profane men, just up from their spell underground.

The buildings, and plant generally, of the mine are on a scale that the local experts hold to be somewhat extravagant in view of the expense involved in putting its produce on the market. As far as I could gather, ore of a less value than \$9½ per ton will not pay under present conditions, and most of the ore now in sight at the Rossland mines is trembling on the ragged edge between profit and loss. Any substantial abatement of the cost of reduction would turn the scale, and

ensure permanent prosperity for the place as a mining camp. Even as it is, there is enough wealth in the town itself, and its mineral returns are sufficiently valuable, to ensure the employment of a thousand miners or more for years to come.

I asked a good many authorities—Canadian, English, and American, mine-owners, bank managers, and others—why the results of British Columbia mining had hitherto been so disappointing to British investors. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that there were faults on both sides. Some of the propositions that have been laid before English capitalists have been rank swindles. Money that should have been carefully spent on directly productive work out here has been wasted on elaborate machinery and decorative buildings, where the returns did not justify the outlay. On the other hand, the men on the spot complain that the tendency of English speculators is to dribble out their money in small sums,—a fatal policy where mining is concerned. Your American will make a big dash, and then, if he fails, drop it altogether, and start afresh elsewhere. They say, too, that, instead of selecting trained business representatives, people at home have an idea that the management of a mine is a snug berth for a younger son who has been plucked for Sandhurst. Also, that, generally speaking, they are in too much of a hurry. Low-grade ore has to be treated on an enormous scale, and the larger the capacity of the plant, provided that it is economically managed, the greater the profit. There are innumerable claims showing high-grade ore, especially in the Boundary Country, which are merely awaiting capital to develop them. While I was in Greenwood one man, who had leases and a bond on one property inside the city limits for \$10,000, had after nine months' work,

sold his property for \$50,000. A second property, also in the city limits, bonded at \$10,000, and now being worked by two or three men, had just completed a shipment of 38 tons, and for this had received over \$4000. "But," said a certain bank manager to me, "what we want here is hard work, and men ready to go up against natural conditions. For years properties have been lying idle, either because there are not enough men who will take chances of working, or because there is not enough capital to put men to work on the various claims." There have been local drawbacks, too, labor troubles, the drop in copper, lack of railway accommodation, the curse of monopolies, and other evils which will be remedied in time.

To return to the *Le Roi*. The mine is opened out by two incline shafts on the middle vein—the old shaft and the "combination" shaft. Above the latter is reared a shaft-house 85 feet high, with crushing, conveying, sorting, and sampling machinery, all driven by electric power, and an aerial tram-line leads to the ore-bins on the Great Northern Railway. There are two double-cylinder winding engines that work the hoist-reels, and are capable of hoisting 1200 tons in ten hours if necessary. The shaft has reached the 1050-foot level, though 900 feet was the deepest stage in actual working at the time of our visit. Each of us took a candle, lit it, and held it between his fingers, with the grease dripping off. Then we stepped through a door into the diagonal section of a tin box, big enough to hold three men. The two visitors crowded well up to the back of it, and the guide turned an electric switch on and off a certain number of times, somewhat on the principal of the Morse code. Then there was the sensation of a trap-door being opened, and we dropped through. At the different stations on the way down we

seemed to be looking through a penny peep-show at artificial caves lit by electricity, with moving figures hurrying little hand-cars filled with ore along a miniature railway. When we finally disembarked we noticed that the air was perfectly sweet, and our conductor showed us that there was a telephone in connection with the offices above, as well as with the bedroom in his own cottage. All round was a forest of massive timbers propping up the enormous weight above. One or two of the huge piles had been squeezed till the strain had become unbearable, and they had begun to crack and splinter outwards in the middle. The carpenters were busy fortifying the weak places with wedges. Little tram-lines ran along corridors connecting with pockets into which the ore was emptied, and from which the skip was loaded and hoisted to the surface. There wasn't a sign of gold, or of anything remotely resembling it, in sight.

On the surface we saw a beautiful model of a gold-bearing vein on a small scale. This was a stringer, or feeder, of the North vein, which had just been opened up to a depth of about 5 feet, apparently more out of curiosity than from any immediate intention to begin serious work there. The vein could be seen, clear, distinct, and glittering, running through the rusty red of the "country" rock for a few feet, till it had narrowed almost to vanishing point, or "pinched," to use the technical expression. Here they had sunk a miniature shaft, and found it again in the hanging-wall; and at the "pit's mouth" was a wagon-load of ore averaging \$60 to the ton.

All the mines of any importance are on the Red Mountain—which is red, and green, and patched with trees, and blotched with smoke, and scarred with tall black chimneys, and seamed with long perpendicular hoists. You may climb to the topmost peak of any of

the surrounding hills, and, as far as the eye can see, the country has probably been taken up at some time or other by enterprising prospectors, many of whom have since died, or gone elsewhere and been forgotten. Many of the claims overlap one another, and there is a chance for litigation if the country ever gets thoroughly opened up. For the prospector penetrates everywhere: whether he travels in state with a string of pack-horses, or alone, with no more provisions than he can carry himself, including a small bottle from the chemist's shop, known as "The Prospector's Friend"—to be used when all hope of rescue is gone.

Forty years ago, when the placer mines in East Kootenay were first discovered, there was no connection between this district and the coast except through the United States. Mr. E. Dewdney, afterwards Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, was instructed to survey and construct a trail entirely within British territory, in order to avoid the vexatious delay at the customs. This trail, still known as the Dewdney Trail, was finished in 1865, and passes about a mile south of Rossland on its way down Trail Creek to the Columbia River. Other roads have been built since, and to-day the old trail is so overgrown in many places that you have to ride along it in single file, and to dodge fallen trees, or even to leave it altogether to avoid water-holes. Here and there you catch glimpses of deep wooded valleys through the trees; and an occasional peep of the railway reminds you that you are within reach of civilization. Otherwise it is in much the same condition as when first constructed. Barring an occasional chipmunk, there were no signs of animal life, although there are deer and bear in the woods. The last mile into Trail was about the dustiest I ever experienced, for the vegetation had been killed off by the

sulphur fumes from the smelter. My guide, after advising me to keep a hundred yards behind him, started off at full gallop, and disappeared bodily in a pillar of yellow sand.

The smelter is built on a bluff overlooking the swift-eddying torrent of the milky-green Columbia River. Although at the time of its erection the difficulties of procuring building material and importing plant and machinery were far greater than would be the case to-day, yet work was begun on October 10, 1895, and the first furnace fired up in the following February. On one bank of the river is a wilderness of trestlework; of huge wooden sheds, and pythonic iron pipes; of chimneys 200 feet high and 12 feet square; of great "roasters" and ovens built of brick; and blast-furnaces; and baths of molten metal. Grimy-faced stokers, with the strange glassy stare of men who gaze into volcanoes of white heat, were pushing barrows carrying big pots full of "matte": in the office buildings were glass cupboards containing specimens of ore, and sulphur bloom, and clinker "hair" that might have been cut from a human head; and mineral sea-anemones of yellow, and heliotrope, and orange-red. Just outside the laboratory was a spectacled, clean-shaven professor in his shirt-sleeves, superintending the unloading of lead bullion, and through the windows you could see studious-looking youths examining test-tubes.

On the farther side, under the red, pine-studded hills, is a gravelled beach; and, exactly opposite, is the little shack of an Indian hunter, among the trees.

Next morning the sun was a beautiful pale lilac, that subsequently deepened into a brilliant blue, through the mingled haze of the chimneys and of the forest fires; and enormous clouds of rolling smoke lay along the valleys. The railway seemed to descend by a spiral staircase, varied by an occa-

sional switchback: now and then we stopped under bins from which the falling ore rained into the cars like a cataract. The leaves, and bracken, and fern were beginning to change color; and peeps of the river showed far below us, edged with yellow gravel. We crossed deep gorges on high, spidery-looking trestles; we ran through short rough-hewn tunnels; from the low valleys the forests of pine and fir swelled and undulated like the trough of a tidal wave; and above our heads the great crags seemed to close together till they shut out the sky. Near Coryell you could lean over the edge of the platform and stare straight up a sheer wall a mile in length, that left only a thin blue line between you and the roof of the railway-car. We lunched at tables fragrant with sweet-peas, while Lake Christina seemed to glide by like a smoky mirror, with shimmering reflections of the mountains on its surface: there was a tiny creek a yard wide cutting through a strip of sandy shore, and then forming a baby delta with half a dozen 6-inch channels and an infant marsh just inland,—a perfect reproduction on a small scale of the great rivers that empty themselves into the northern lakes; so that you could almost imagine a lilliputian hunter paddling a nutshell therein, and shooting mosquitoes on the wing.

Then more trestles, and an island-studded river beneath them, its water clear and sparkling, after the glacier-fed Columbia; and, farther on, a flat plain between the hills, with black-and-white ducks paddling on the lakelets, and Holstein cattle to match, standing in the lush grass on their shores. We saw wheat-stubble again here, and acres of vegetable gardens, with huge sunflowers blazing in their midst, and a racecourse and a grand stand among the meadows. Higher up the valley grew wilder, and the river narrowed down to a mere gutter between stripes

of ochreous sand: in front of us was a steep red cliff, with tall trees at regular intervals apparently marching up its flank, and the water beneath was mottled with brown and green patches. On the face of another cliff, near the summit, was a great stain of red rust, the mark of a volcanic mine of iron mixed with copper, which has been tunnelled deep, though the main body of ore has not yet been found. Then we passed through a burnt forest, with straight, black, pointed spears, so thin and charred that we wondered they could still stand upright, and a jungle of underbrush and little green saplings two or three feet high; and after that we ran along a shelf of loose shingle down whose precipitous slope the pebbles trickled continuously for hundreds of feet to the valley below.

We stopped at a town that is going through the inevitable period of reaction after a boom. As a railway opens up a country every mining camp through which it passes becomes for a time a "terminal point," and enjoys a brief period of inflated prosperity. When the work of construction moves on, taking with it the gangs of laborers and the camp-followers that accompany them, there ensues a spell of depression. You see houses with broken windows, and tattered notices of board and lodging peeling off their doors; old theatrical posters dated months back; hotels with the blinds down; and deserted offices whose dusty floors are littered with tattered papers, and torn envelopes, and backless ledgers. The storekeepers detain you long in conversation, even though you are only buying a few ounces of tobacco. The streets are empty, save for a few half-starved dogs and an occasional miner on a ewe-necked pony; and about 6 P.M. you will hear the strains of the Salvation Army band, consisting of one woman, two men, and a boy with a banner.

But three or four London millionaires arrived yesterday to look after some mining interests, and all day long the blasting cannonade of the dynamite from the surrounding hills will shake you in your chair on the hotel verandah. Two or three girls pass with lawn-tennis racquets in their hands, and you wonder where on earth they can find ground flat enough to play on; the parson lopes by, sitting loose in his Mexican saddle, with his surplice and cassock rolled up behind him, and the young engineer from Camborne hails him to come in and have a drink, bidding a Chinese boy go out and hold the horse. For the Chinaman is everywhere in British Columbia, meek and industrious, but also subtle and determined. Sometimes he is stung into unexpected retaliation by the ceaseless chaff he has to undergo, and then he is apt to astonish his persecutors. There was an American miner once who undertook to tell a Chinaman that his room was preferable to his company—at all events in the U. S. A. When he had finished his remarks—and his peroration was pyrotechnic—the guileless Celestial looked at him and said—

"That all 'll." (That's all right.) "Chinaman no b'long here. 'Melican man he say to Chinaman, 'You no b'long here; you go back your own countly,' and Chinaman he go back. Bimeby Ilishman he tell 'Melican man, 'You no b'long here; this my countly. You go back.' Then where in h—l 'Melican man he go to?"

The stage came rattling down the street, with its parti-colored team of ponies, looking like the advance-guard of a circus. The driver used a broken-backed whip with about ten feet of lash hanging from the handle, and I wondered how on earth he managed to touch up his leaders. I am still wondering, because for the first half of the journey he restricted his atten-

tions to the off-wheeler, and then he got the lash hung up in a tree, and was reduced to using the handle as a goad. The trail zigzagged up the side of a mountain; at times our off-wheels were scraping the side of a wall a few hundred feet high, while the near ones were within an inch of a precipice that needed a steady head to look down it. We had a couple of lady passengers in front, who sat very stiff and straight till their nerves began to go, and a common peril made them talk to one another. Behind them was a jovial ruffian who hung his legs over the side and went to sleep with a fat black cigar in his mouth. Wherever there was a hundred yards on the level or downhill the driver uttered a wild yell and sent his horses along for all they were worth, and I was not sorry when we turned from the mountain-side into a great pine-forest, and drove for miles along a dusty track under the giant trees. The first sign that we were reaching a settlement was a bank of empty tins. If any virtuoso ever takes it into his head to form a collection of cans of preserved meats, or fruits, or vegetables, I fancy that he could find specimens of every existent variety about a mile outside Phoenix, British Columbia. The town itself was a surprise, and the sight of a railway-station came on one like a shock: it seemed so out of place after an ascent of a couple of thousand feet from the valley below. Our business there was finished in a few hours, and then we walked back in the gloaming; scrambling down short cuts from point to point; ploughing through dust, and tripping over rolling stones, till we realized why miners always wear high boots with clump soles and gigantic nails. The sky was a pale blue, with ragged, luminous-edged clouds; the stars were very bright, and the jagged cliffs shone in the moonlight like oxidized silver.

“ . . . NISI SERENAS. ”

The point of view is the determining factor in setting the vexed question at rest. If you have leisure time to spend in the park, if summer means for you first the London season and then country house or yacht, you will naturally give your vote in favor of summer. But to those in the club down the lane winter presents great attractions. To begin with, it is a good deal pleasanter in a workshop in winter than on a sweltering August afternoon. The hot smells of machinery, paper, and printing ink are quite comforting when the bitter east wind is cutting through the fog outside; but when even shirt-sleeves are unbearable—faugh! Besides, in the winter the club is in full swing and nights at play are merry. In summer the stream of club life dwindles away so far as indoor activities go.

That is a summary of our meditations as we paid a brief visit to the Lane one summer evening. The place was almost empty, only a few perspiring enthusiasts were playing ping-pong, a dozen members were trying to slake their thirst with lukewarm gaseous liquids, and half a dozen more were sitting on the front doorstep discussing the probable issues of the Australian match. We strolled through the sweltering rooms, and everywhere the same air of listlessness prevailed. Even in the boys' rooms the games were half-hearted, and when the junior side is half-hearted it is idle to expect energy anywhere else.

Before long our presence was noted and we were made to feel at home. It was impossible to overlook the exuberantly healthy appearance of the youngsters. All were tanned to a rich brown, and some were in that painful stage of peeling which betrays an excessive

indulgence in sun and fresh air. It seemed that London pavements and London smells agreed with our young friends, and we commented on the fact. “O no, sir, it's not that. We've been to camp.” “Who has been to camp, and who took you?” we asked. “Mr. — took us all,” said the youngster who had taken us under his protection; “he took all the juniors and a lot of the seniors who had just left the junior side. We went to a place near Chichester, quite away from everything and everybody, where we could make all the noise we wanted to and nobody to interfere.” Were we mistaken, or was a lightning glance shot at the clerical commander-in-chief who had just strolled in? No, the boy and the man both looked so innocent that no such *arrière pensée* could have existed outside our suspicious mind. “Well, what did you do down there?” “We played cricket and football, and we cleaned out the sweetshops, and we bathed three times a day.” “You see, sir,” chimed in another, “we went down there in the evening, and Mr. — told us to look out for the cathedral. Well, when we got near Chichester, Jack made us all look out at the big lighted-up clock, and then it wasn't a clock at all—it was the moon, and we all sat on his head.” “And,” cried a third, “we got there about midnight, and we didn't get to bed till one o'clock, some of us in a tent and some of the boys in the house” (the speaker was an elderly man of fifteen) “and we talked till two, and we all forgot to wind our watches, and when the sun woke us we thought it was six o'clock, and we got up, and then we found it was only half-past three, so we played football.” “And Ginger sat down with his back to a

rabbit hutch," said somebody else, "and the rabbits tried to eat his hair"; at this point there were signs of a scuffle, but conversational instincts prevailed. "We ducked Mr. —; we were playing polo, and he got the ball and couldn't swim very fast with it, so we ducked him, and he laughed." "Well, and what did you do then?" "Why, we ducked him again . . ." "And then he ducked five of us, one after the other!" said an injured voice.

Then we found ourselves talking cricket. The transition was easy, the games at camp led naturally to the county in which the camp was situated, and so to the county matches. Our ignorance was turned inside out in about thirty seconds, and we listened in abashed silence to a string of averages and prospects, varied by severe criticism of certain prominent players. From this the talk drifted to the prospects of the cricket club of the junior side, and in a weak moment we promised to come and see them play somewhere in the wilds of the West the next Saturday.

Saturday arrived, and we rashly decided to go by Underground. We were recognized and seized upon at the entrance to the station, and triumphantly escorted to the sulphurous depths. The platform was crowded; so was the train when it steamed into the station. Half a minute later the platform was empty and the train was positively bulging. There were eight a side and four standing in the compartment into which we had been hustled by our young friends. At every station attempts were made to force an entrance by other would-be travellers, attempts which were successfully resisted by the virtuous champions of law and order within, who pointed indignantly to the faded inscription "five seats," vowed that they were one and all convalescent after measles, and, when merely verbal arguments failed,

showed excellent causes of a different kind why a lodgement should not be effected.

The horrors of that ride will not lightly be effaced from our memory. The thermometer stood at anything you please, the passengers stood on our toes, and two musically disposed individuals played popular airs on mouth organs. At last we emerged into the blessed light of heaven; bricks and mortar grew thinner, giving place to green fields; and at every station the train disgorged. As far as the eye could reach—not very far when all is said and done—games of cricket were going on. We had come to one of London's playgrounds. Our turn came at last, and, with a sigh of relief, we too left the torture chamber and revelled in the clean cool breeze as we quitted the station and made our way to the field which our club shared with a dozen other clubs for the purposes of

ne was wasted. The other team was already on the ground, and we were offered the alternative of scoring or umpiring. On the whole umpiring seemed the easier thing of the two, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in giving wrong decisions and dodging hard-hit balls from all the surrounding wickets. But how those lads enjoyed it! Every stroke, every ball, every smart bit of play, every mistake, every erratic decision of a distracted umpire was hailed with delight. Towards sunset the game ended in a victory for us, and we all adjourned towards home. The way led past a big refreshment tent. Not a word was said, not a hint was given, but we intercepted one or two hungry glances, we noted one or two stealthy feelings in empty pockets, and—well, if they didn't *say* grace, they *looked* it.

They sang songs all the way home, and we parted from them, at the club, where they were going to play games

till ten or eleven. Truly Pippa herself on her one day free from wearisome silk-winding could not have made better use of every moment of holiday.

Occasionally on Saturday afternoons and evenings excursions are made by the club members to various places of interest and amusement. Westminster Abbey, among its other services to history, has received a deputation from the Lane within its walls. We are credibly assured by those who took part in that ramble that the venerable minster is well worth a visit. More interest seems to have been aroused by an inspection of the headquarters of the Fire Brigade in Southwark, but true enthusiasm was reserved for a visit to Newgate. Our clerical friend assured us that when it began to be rumored that Newgate was to be pulled down in order to make room for model dwellings or some such improvement, he was overwhelmed with entreaties to arrange a visit to the old ~~before~~ before it was too late. For some ~~it~~ ^{he} he hesitated, disliking any possibility of pandering to sensationalism, but we took upon ourselves to urge upon him the importance of cultivating the historic sense and the value of such an admirable object lesson, and eventually the expedition was arranged.

An order to admit twenty visitors was obtained, and we made an insignificant twenty-first. On the afternoon appointed the party set out from the Lane followed by the envious eyes and sarcastic remarks of the disappointed ones who were left behind. "Don't get kept there by mistake, Bill;" "Oh, Bill won't dare go inside when he gets there;—better let me go instead, Bill;" but Bill was impervious, feeling, doubtless, that he laughs best who laughs last.

The day was warm, but the liveliest was chilled as the door swung open in the thick gray wall offering a vision of the dark within. Once entered the

party was divided into two bands. It fell to our lot to accompany a stout warder and our clerical friend. It was not an amusing visit, the place and its associations were too deadly grim; but there were elements of mirth even in Newgate. Especially were we moved to suppressed laughter by the strictly professional jocosity of the warder, and his deceptions, which would hardly have deceived the unwarliest of country cousins, and were singularly transparent to the sharp youngsters from the Lane. Nevertheless there are certain rules by which the game should be played, and the visitors played according to rule. It began very early when the clergyman remarked, with bland innocence, "One would scarcely suppose that those handcuffs were large enough, would one? They would never fit my wrists, I'm sure." The warder was instantly on the alert. "I think this pair would just about suit you, sir." Our friend, still with amazing innocence of look, extended his hands and, in a moment, was fitted with a pair of handcuffs which might, as the warder said, have been made for him. "And as they fit you so well, sir, it would be a pity to take them off." Of course they were taken off almost immediately (after the warder had pretended elaborately that the keys were lost), of course the victim of the joke looked very blue, of course everybody else laughed immoderately; the game was played strictly according to the rules, so much so that we rather fancied that the warder himself was almost duped into believing that he really had caught somebody by surprise; at all events, he thawed amazingly after that little by-play.

Then we went to the chapel, whose galleries are shut in with drab-colored screens so arranged that the prisoners seated behind them can see nobody but the chaplain. It is well that there should be nothing to distract their

minds from heavenly things, for the chapel itself with its dingy ugliness is surely the least inspiring spot in God's world, and a very little break in its bare monotony would irresistibly draw the mind to earth. It is, however, redeemed from the abysses of the commonplace by another plain screen with a seat behind it close to the chaplain's pew. Here, seen by none, sits the condemned murderer for the last three Sundays before he is hurried into the presence of his Maker. It was easy to read our cleric's thoughts; he was wondering how a man would preach and what he would say if some one were sitting behind that screen counting the minutes as the Sundays raced by.

We went next to the disused prison where convicts used to be confined. The cells were scrupulously clean and marvellously uninviting. The only attractive places were the punishment cells, which exercised an irresistible magnetism upon the party. They were romy and airy, but were provided with no windows and had double doors which, when closed, excluded every ray of light, leaving Egyptian darkness within, and prevented the faintest echo of the most thunderous noise from being heard without. Suspicious had been lulled to sleep, and ten of the party walked innocently in. Instantly the doors flew to, and we were left outside with a chuckling warder. From what we know of the lungs of the Lane, we have little doubt that the doors had their capacities as sound-proof articles more severely tried at this time than at any previous period of their existence, and we have great pleasure in testifying that not a whisper escaped.

When the innocent prisoners had been set free there were two other cells to visit, the condemned cells. Fairly large, well lighted, airy, there was at first a certain sense of comfort in them when contrasted with the cells which we had seen, but the sense of com-

fort was swallowed up in the horror of their associations. Merciful God! what terror those blind walls have witnessed, what clutchings at straws of hope of reprieve, what abandonment to despair!

Last of all we went out into the gray courtyard from which so many have seen their last glimpse of the sky. To our disgust, rather than to our surprise, there was a morbid curiosity displayed by a few of the party, and a desire to see the implements of death with which Newgate is chiefly associated; but the warder showed no sympathy with this curiosity, and curtly escorted the party onwards. There is a flagged passage leading from the prison to the Old Bailey, along which prisoners pass daily to and from their trial. On the walls of this passage are cut various initials. They are initials of men and women who have paid for their passions with their lives. These are their monuments, and their bodies go to dust beneath the flagstones which they trod in life.

With a shiver we left Newgate for the sunny world outside. One of the party came up to us as we walked thoughtfully homeward, and said: "A good time ago, sir, I and my mate were coming towards Waterloo Bridge, up the steep hill on the Surrey side. A van had been left by the driver, and the horse got frightened and bolted. It dashed right past me, and I made a rush for it, but I was too late, and I couldn't catch it up the hill; and I thought there would be an awful smash in the Strand. But, all of a sudden, a copper on Waterloo Bridge jumped in front of the horse, and managed to stop it at the risk of his life. I didn't say anything to him, but I strolled past (he was as white as a sheet) and took his number, and wrote to Scotland Yard. They came to my house and made inquiries about it, and I believe he was rewarded." The

speaker turned and looked at us earnestly. “You saw that man’s initials on that wall just now, sir; that copper was Police Constable Cook, who was hanged a year later for a murder committed on Wormwood Scrubs. Queer, wasn’t it?”

Our business occasionally takes us to a great hospital in the heart of London, and when the particular duty is done it is our habit to spend a sociable half-hour in the sanctum of one of the junior members of the resident staff, discussing with him the mysteries of heaven and earth under the inspiring influence of blended tobacco and iodoform. Judge of our feelings when, on a recent occasion, he remarked, “We’ve got some friends of yours coming here to-night,” and added, in response to our puzzled looks, “Your Dramatic Society, you know.” “Dramatic Society! What Dramatic Society?” we asked; for, indeed, whatever our vices may be, they do not include the boring of our friends with amateur theatricals. “Look here,” he said, and drew our attention to a notice that proclaimed to all and sundry that on such and such a night the — Dramatic Society, from the Lane Club, would give a performance in the great hall of the hospital, for the entertainment of the convalescent patients, which entertainment the staff were invited to attend. “What on earth?” we exclaimed, and well we might. We were, of course, aware that a dramatic society, which, after the manner of dramatic societies, thought of itself with no excessive modesty, flourished in the Lane; but we had heard nothing of this projected visit, and the audacity of the thing (as it seemed to us) left us speechless. The doctor could give little information. “I’m told,” he said, “that the man who runs the theatrical part of your show came and saw the secretary here, and offered the services of his troupe, and

that the secretary accepted the offer; and I happen to have seen the hall this morning in wild confusion and the carpenters’ hands. That’s all I know about it. You’d better stop and have some dinner here and see the show. Frankly, I expect it’ll be awful rot, you know, these things always are; but I must, in common decency, put in an appearance, and I dare say the convalescents will enjoy it.” So we stopped.

Dinner done, and cigarettes ended, we strolled across the quadrangle to the great hall, which had been converted for the time being into a small theatre. The audience had already assembled, and we glanced round during the minutes of waiting which preceded the performance. Two or three of the leading lights of the profession, by which the Club in the Lane is supported, were present, and with them were some of the hospital authorities. The rest of the hall was filled with patients of all ages, and in all stages of convalescence. In a window, propped in his place by a kindly looking nurse, was a little crippled chap of eight or nine, his eyes shining with excitement as he gazed earnestly at the curtain which hid the stage. Near him was a man with a bandaged head. A girl lay on a wheeled couch not far off. Everywhere were those who had endured the great mystery of pain, everywhere the pain was for a time forgotten. As we looked we began to feel a little less cynically disposed towards those who had given this temporary release. Round the walls stood many of the resident staff looking as if they hardly knew what to expect.

Three knocks behind the scenes signalled that the performance was about to begin. Eager attention seized the convalescent part of the audience from the first, but its more educated members were evidently disposed to be critical. It was, therefore, with inter-

est, not unmingled with a certain entertainment, that we observed the patient look fade from their faces, yielding place to interest, then to amusement as the comedy on the stage progressed, and, finally, to undisguised enjoyment. Indeed the performance was worthy of praise. The actors were all working men—we recognized among them a couple of porters from Covent Garden Market, a compositor, and a lad from the great tobacco factory in the Lane—and they had some of the working man's weakness in the matter of pronunciation; but it was clear that they had been magnificently trained, and their rendering of the little play entrusted to them fairly astounded those who were accustomed to look on "the masses" as unintelligent clods.

At the close of the entertainment, after the hearty and well-deserved applause had died down, there were calls for a speech from the stage manager. We knew him slightly, having made his acquaintance at the Club, and we waited to hear what he would say. After acknowledging the hospitality and courtesy of the hospital authorities, and the kindly reception given to the actors, he continued:—

Perhaps an explanation of our presence here, even an apology, is due to you. (No, no.) You must not think that we desired to force our presence and our amateur efforts upon a long-suffering public, or that we came with any idea of advertising ourselves. (Hear, hear.) From the very foundation of this Dramatic Society we have looked forward to paying visits of this kind, and I will tell you why. This society is, as perhaps some of you know, one of the branches of the Club in — Lane, a Club which is largely supported by the generosity of those who are wealthier than the members of the Club. It is not in the power of the Club members to offer any return to their supporters; but they desire to show in a practical way that they appreciate what is done for them; and

the method in which they show their appreciation is this: they endeavor to brighten the lives of others who are less fortunate than themselves (applause), and it is the hope of this Society to give performances of this kind in many of the great hospitals and workhouses of London (applause), and in this way to follow the excellent example of social kindness and helpfulness set them by the supporters of their Club. (Loud applause.)

We glanced covertly at our medical friend who was standing at our elbow. He caught our eye; "Well," he murmured, "may I be vivisected!"

Sometimes parties from the Club are invited to spend half-holidays at country houses within reach of London. We were happily instrumental in procuring an invitation of this kind to the house of a friend who lives sufficiently far from London to be in the heart of the country, but not far enough away to make the journey a severe tax upon patience or pocket. Like many another man, our friend gave the invitation in haste and repented at leisure. "My dear fellow," he said despairingly, a few days before the visit was to be made, "What on earth am I going to do with them? I suppose they'll want some tea or something of that kind, but what'll they do afterwards? Of course I'm delighted to give them a chance of an afternoon out and all that kind of thing, but they will frighten me and I shall bore them to death." His countenance took a deeper shade as he continued, "Sometimes parties of what they call beanfeasters drive through the village, and they always have a fellow who plays a cornet hideously out of tune. I do hope none of your men will play cornets. And I know the vicar will call on me and say that if I encourage that kind of thing I can really have no serious objections to entertaining his Sunday school treat in my gardens." But at this point we interrupted, for when our

dear friend gets on the subject of the vicar he is apt to wax prolix. (We have never had the privilege, by the way, of hearing the vicar expand in mellow moments on the subject of the Squire.) “Oh, they’ll be all right,” we said hastily; “give them a big ham and a round of beef and plenty of cake and jam, and then let them amuse themselves. They’re awfully good chaps when you get to know them. You needn’t trouble about entertaining them, they’ll entertain themselves and you too.” We spoke hopefully, but we confess to a sinking in our hearts, for we had had no more experience in such matters than our rashly philanthropic friend, and, should things go wrong, the responsibility rested eventually upon us, and we should hear more of it from his wife and daughters.

The day arrived, and, after a sweltering railway journey, we set out upon the two-mile walk that lay between the station and our destination. We never knew before what a bad walker your true Londoner is. It took nearly an hour and an infinity of coaxing to escort fifteen men over those two miles of road. At last the journey ended, and a hot dusty party was welcomed by a nervous host. But their evident needs broke through his shell and appealed to the humanity beneath. “Come and have a wash,” he said, and the ice was broken. They washed till they shone with polish, and then they sat down to tea in a shady part of the garden. As we had foreseen, they took their host under an expansive wing. Our keenest politician happened to sit next to our entertainer, and proceeded, in the intervals of ham and beef, to enlighten him. Now our host is himself by way of being a politician in a philosophic way. He never stood for Parliament, it is true, nor does he ever take the chair at public meetings, but his library is stored with blue books on every conceivable subject. He gen-

erally considers, too, that he can hold his own in argument, but he was not allowed a chance that afternoon. His facts, figures, and theories were contemptuously brushed aside, and he was deluged with talk till he took refuge in silence. We feared that he would be mortally offended, but, to our relief and surprise, he said at the end of the meal (which lasted till the table was bare), “Well, I don’t accept a single one of your arguments, but I don’t mind confessing that you have suggested a new point of view to me and given me something to think over. Perhaps I have been inclined to look at these things a little too much from the point of view of my armchair.”

The party broke up and sauntered round the grounds in detachments. The host and hostess had thoughtfully provided long churchwarden pipes and plenty of tobacco, so that wherever you turned you met long pipes in full blast. Like most men with country houses our friend knew a good deal about flowers, and he was immensely surprised at the knowledge displayed by the two young men whom he was escorting. He carried them off to his greenhouses, but even there he could find scarcely a plant which was unknown to them. “You have a wonderfully good knowledge of horticulture,” he said at last; “pray where did you learn it? Were you brought up on some estate in the country?” “Oh no, sir, we work in Covent Garden Market, and there are very few flowers which you don’t see there.”

Day was slowly fading into evening, the rooks were holding solemn conclave in the great elms, and the shadows were lengthening when the party began to reassemble. Some had been simply basking on the lawns, some had been splashing about in the cool ponds, some had found a swing in the woods and had been enjoying themselves with riotous merriment, some—the true

cockneys—had been hunting for August birds' eggs. Now all were led by some mysterious instinct to the rose garden, where they lay down on the grassy walks by the old sundial on which was carved the inscription "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*" Somebody struck up a plaintive plantation ditty, the rest joined in the chorus, and the blended voices fell softly on our ears where we sat some way apart with our host and his daughters discussing many things.

"Its effects won't be altogether visible in your day or mine, perhaps," he said in conclusion, "for the old aristocratic instincts die hard, and England is still conservative to the backbone. But none the less there is a social revolution going on under our eyes, and the tendencies are at present towards democracy. There may be, doubtless there will be, reactions. Then, when the present movement has spent itself perhaps some of Wells's anticipations will be realized, though not, I fancy, precisely in the form which he fore-shadows. However, that is looking a long way forward. Meantime let us hope that the inevitable changes will come with friendliness and good feeling, and not with bitter class strife and hatred. I wish I could see some way

The Cornhill Magazine.

in which we wealthy men could get into closer touch with the masses and be friends with them without any thought on either side of soup-tickets and charity blankets. . . . Such an afternoon as this, for instance. . . ."

One of the party came up, hat in hand, to express the fear that it was time for a start to be made towards the station. "Some of the chaps say, sir, that they wouldn't mind spending a week here; but that wouldn't suit you and it wouldn't suit our employers. So, good-bye, sir, and thank you and your good lady for all your kindness." Hearty farewells were exchanged with many expressions of mutual goodwill, and so we found ourselves tramping gaily to the station in the midst of a band of men, every one of whom flourished bunches of flowers with his hands, wore a long clay pipe stem downwards in his buttonhole, and shouted the chorus of the song which pleased his fancy most.

All the journey home was enlivened by the murder of music. When we reached the London terminus we slipped quietly and unobserved away, while the rest of the party, wild with excitement, danced the can-can through the moonlit station yard.

H. G. D. Latham.

THE PRIVATEERS.

1540-80.

King Harry ordained him many a vessel,
Pinnaces tall and brave,
Meet with pirate or Pope to wrestle
For the sway of the plunging wave:
They strained at their leash to southward,
With vigilant eyes and ears,—
They swept full cry 'neath an echoing sky
On the scent of the privateers.

But now those ships so gallantly bullded
Rot in the harbor slime:
Sternpost carven and hatchboard gilded,
They are mantled with rust and grime:
While the ravening wolves of the Channel
Scuttle and burn and slay,
And prowl in hosts on our naked coasts,
Licking their lips for prey.

Out of the havens of France and Flanders
They loose their venomous horde,—
Light-heeled craft with savage commanders,
Reeking of fire and sword:
The merchants of London city
Go pallid and worn with fears,
And the trader flees on the narrow seas
From the clutch of the privateers.

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The Western women they run for the whiting,
They handle the net and sail,
For the men of the West fare forth to fighting.
Hot on the Spaniards' trail:
Sons of the spume and spindrift,
Mariners fierce and free,
Shall they brook one hour that would balk their power
As true-born heirs of the sea?

"Sloop and brigantine, smack and schooner,
Hurl them forth on the foam!
Seize the vermin, or sink them sooner,
Under the cliffs of home!
We will thrust them back from our threshold,
Monsieurs or Dons or Mynheers,—
Letters of marque and a valorous barque
For the Devonshire privateers!"

He that in port for wine or wenches
Tarries to ruffle and revel,
While his kith are chained to the galley-benches,
And his kin at the stakes of Seville,—
May the very devil renounce him,
May the deeps of the Pit deride!—
But there's none will lag when the red-cross flag
Shall beckon him down the tide.

Strangways, Killegrews, Careys, Horseys,
Each with his eager crew,
Aflame for battle,—the stars in their courses

The Privateers.

Strike and flame with them too;—
 Red Tremayne 'mid his rovers,
 At Champernowne's side he steers,—
 And "Fie!" saith the Queen,—but with smile unseen
 She whistles her privateers.

Daring all desperate hazard and jeopard
 To race on a sleuth-hound track,
 To swoop as a hawk, or lurk as a leopard,
 They waylay, challenge, attack:
 Their scouts are swift in the offing,
 Unslacking for mists or gales,
 Lest a shadowy shape through the night escape
 While they strip to their fighting sails.

Shot through and through between wind and wafer,
 They grapple the galliots proud:
 In a roaring mellay of capture and slaughter,
 Their trumpets and drums are loud,—
 Till the yellow banner abases,
 To the volley of English cheers,—
 Till the Don's aboard to render his sword
 The prize of the privateers!

* * * * *

In the crash and thunder of Armageddon,
 When the battle is long and late,
 When the helmsmen reel and the scuppers redden,
 As we clinch with our final fate,—
 They shall flash o'er the swirling surges,
 New-born from the ancient war,—
 Where the smoke-drifts creep, where the searchlights leap,
 They shall crowd on their quest once more.

"Your warships drift, and your crews diminish,
 Your guns are famished and dumb;
 But hither, for this is a fight to the finish,
 The sons of our sires, we come:
 With all that a man need covet,
 Reckless of failures or fears,—
 With letters of marque and mariners stark
 And the luck of the privateers!"

May Byron.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

To a world so easily thrilled and shocked as the present one, the word "punishment" is not lightly to be spoken. A man who is knocked down at night in St. James's Square by a gang of roughs, who rob him of his possessions, and add a little kicking *de gaieté de cœur*, must not invite society to avenge him, but must get up and devise sweet and kindly measures for providing his uninstructed but well-intentioned assailants with more educated amusement. The man or woman who has to bring up half-a-dozen children may take his or her choice among a score of new methods of training. But punishment is taboo. Long moral lectures, full of well-balanced argument, interspersed with an occasional intimation that the lecturer has been deeply grieved and hurt, are, if I understand the advice tendered to the managers of modern nurseries, to take the place of old-fashioned punishments. Before even these mild correctives are administered, a doctor must be called in to see if the fault is due to some defect in health; and, generally speaking, the business of correcting thumb-sucking, nail-biting, small tempers, or the vagaries of some seven-year-old lady who proposes to change the order of her lessons because "her arithmetic brain goes dead on Wednesday," will occupy the entire time and attention of one medical specialist, one ethical lecturer, two parents, and a nurse, who must all be possessed of a considerable share of patience. And so must the child.

I have wondered sometimes how far this teaching is a result and how far a cause of the nervous, fractious, unquiet state of mind which prevails to-day, and to which its doctrines are so admirably adapted. These moral lec-

tures, inculcated by so many American and English writers, are admirable when they are delivered in church by a trained and detached lecturer; in ninety-nine other cases out of a hundred they are fretful scoldings with a grand name. The grand name does not at all impress the child, who for many generations has called them "sermons," "pi-jaws," "raggings," and so on, and loathes them no less, and listens to them no more, under their new title. Now, as always, the child wants a command, with a calm assumption that he will obey it, and a short emphatic reprimand or a smacking if he doesn't. Brevity is the soul of punishment. There are a few logical, reasonable little souls in the world who prefer to know the meaning of orders, but I fancy the majority of small folk are admirably represented by two ladies of ten and twelve who once honored me with a long visit, and with whom I attempted an occasional dose of reason. The autumn morning was cold and paddling was in question:—

"No, it's too cold to paddle to-day."

"Oh, but we're not a bit cold; mayn't we paddle?"

"You said the water was cold yesterday, and it will be much colder to-day. Besides, it's beginning to rain."

"Oh, we were only funning yesterday; and indeed there was only one teeny weeny spot of rain. Mayn't we go and paddle now?"

"Look here, Beatrice, do you remember last week when you both had colds, and had to stay in bed for breakfast, and cried and said it was hateful?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, paddling about in icy cold water, catching crabs, would give you another cold exactly like that, and you

would have to stay indoors; and even if it got quite hot again for two or three days you wouldn't be able to paddle. Surely there is no sense in risking all that, just in order to go into the sea this morning, when you wouldn't enjoy it a bit because it is too cold, and no other children would be there for you to play with. Surely you must see the sense of that?"

"Oh, yes . . . and now may we go and paddle?"

It has struck me sometimes, too, that the people who are really able to generalize about children (so far as such a thing is possible, which is not very far) must be extremely few—fewer than the authors of books about their management. The ordinary parent knows only his own children intimately; the casual friend of numerous families knows the small folks chiefly in their party frocks, the school-master and schoolmistress in many cases only know the "lessons" side of their charges' characters. Extraordinary revelations can, and sometimes do, come to such persons about a child whom they think they know quite intimately. The polite, graceful little guest of an afternoon has party manners to match her party frock, and it is only when she comes to spend a month with you that she brings the other frocks and the other manners. You have heard that she can be very naughty; you know from experience that she can be very good; but you suspect that she is not always "on the mountains"—if I may adopt an expressive phrase from the Salvation Army vocabulary. I listened once to an interview between a small day-scholar who had just returned from school, and her mother:—

"Have you been very good to-day, chick?"

"N—no" (hesitatingly).

"Oh, fie! You were naughty?"

"N—n—no."

"What then, dearest?"

"Well . . . comfortable."

The question which will concern your daily life most, if this lady comes to stay with you, is what she means precisely by that word "comfortable." It is all the minor evil deeds which she will perpetrate during the "comfortable" periods which will puzzle you. Scoldings and moral lessons will avail very little; they will be received either with polite silence and resignation, or with the stern rebuke once administered by a seven-year-old gentleman whose morning ride had to be delayed by a lecture on the impropriety of keeping dead crabs in all his trouser pockets: "They were alive when I put them in. You are wasting a great deal of my precious time."

In dealing with very small children there is one fact no less inconvenient than certain; it is impossible to be sure what they are really thinking. You give a country boy two shillings to come home from some provincial theatre in a cab if it is raining; it rains heavily, he engages a cab, and comes home on the box because he wants to drive. A child appears with her fringe cut off, and asserts vehemently that it was all an accident. "I was bending over the fire, and snipping with the scissors; and then quite suddenly I saw the hateful fringe go up the chimney." A small lady demands "a bigger doll than Patty's," and is given one, on the understanding that she shall not go and triumph over Patty with an assertion that her doll is biggest; but presently Patty is found in a high state of indignation, while the other lady stands by protesting eagerly: "I didn't say mine was the biggest; I truthfully didn't; I only came to Patty and said, 'Let's measure dolls.'"

How much of all that is wilful and deliberate—*i.e.*, punishable naughtiness? These are trivial types of far more serious problems—which are not

all, by the way, confined to sinners of this age. I remember once having a little sick person of fourteen to stay with me, with whom some small surgical matter went wrong; producing rather serious results because she kept silence about it, in spite of a previous promise to tell at once about such accidents. She protested resolutely that she "hadn't wanted to worry me, and didn't think it would matter"; but probably the poor babe was afraid of what the doctor would do, and was now telling stories, and had in any case broken a promise with most serious consequences. Was it a case for punishment? It is ridiculous to assume that children are always telling the truth; it is criminal to assume that they are frequently telling stories, and the person who boasts about any child on earth, as a schoolboy of my acquaintance once boasted about his master, that he "knew his mind as well as if he had been down there with a candle," is talking utter nonsense. The funny little brain works in a fashion of its own. We ourselves introduce with one hand the confusion which we try to smooth away with the other. How on earth, for instance, can a child of to-day understand the meaning of politeness? What can its idea be of good manners when in one sentence we inculcate some old-fashioned piece of good behaviour, and in the next nine sentences narrate to a bystander as a good joke some shocking piece of rudeness of our own? A little person was once scolded for rudeness because, a recently-departed visitor having stroked her hair for ten minutes, till the ribbon had come off, and a curl was in her eye, and nursery tea was waiting, she had at last lifted up her voice and announced very softly and politely: "I should like to go away." The woman who was scolding her had just been narrating how she had at last driven away a thick-headed and fatigu-

ing visitor by sheer open insults. I think most children have sufficiently pretty manners to know instinctively that they had better not do a third of the things which they see their elders doing; but in this matter of manners, modern grown-ups have disqualified themselves for the position of teachers. If there is a business in life where an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, it is in the social education of youth.

If one can imagine the case of a person who has really grasped the precise extent of a child's fault, and has so avoided that most fatal and irremediable of all faults, unjust punishment, one sees this person confronted next by an extremely difficult question:—What punishments are possible for this fault? Nowadays every form of punishment which affects the health of the small sinner has been put aside; and quite right, too. The deprivation of food and fresh air, the boxing of ears, the terrors of dark rooms, and a score of other similar tortures—which seem, by the way, to have done remarkably little harm to our ancestors—have been denounced and expelled from the *régime* of the nursery. Furthermore, every little novelty in this line, harmful or harmless, seems fated to be connected with some sensational case of cruelty, and to be swept away into the limbo of the impossible by an outbreak of idiotic, indiscriminating popular fury. If a woman intends to be cruel to her child, everything that she does bears the taint of malice and cruelty, and ought to be denounced accordingly. But unfortunately popular indignation (which is mostly a fine name for the reckless raving of autumn newspapers whose readers will have no more of the sea-serpent) fastens on any such strange-sounding penalties, in the case of a man or woman whose treatment of their children brings them into the grip of the law, and makes it absolute-

ly impossible for any parent to adopt the new penalties, however effective and proper. I have no desire to discuss any recent legal cases, but two or three of the hysterically-denounced "tortures" which I read of in them struck me as highly original and harmless punishments, which would be worth remembering and recommending if their use had not been rendered practically impossible by popular hysteria. The fact is that when you have put whipping aside, effective punishment can hardly be said to exist; the guardian is helpless before a resolute and reckless child of twelve or thirteen, and the child very soon knows it. To send a person of this sort to bed, and pull down the blinds and lock the door, may be a dire penalty for a heinous crime—if your moral authority happens to be sufficient to keep the person in bed. Otherwise the culprit gets up, dresses and gets out of the window if he is a boy, or makes up stories to herself and plays original games with the pillow and bolster for playmates if it is a girl. This is to assume—quite gratuitously—that the child does not like lying in bed with nothing to do except dream. Again, punishment by deprivation of certain pleasures such as parties, coming in to dessert in the evening, hockey matches, pocket money, etc., implies, first, the existence of these pleasures, which in a quiet country house is not always certain, and, secondly, which is much less certain, that the child has weighed its treats and its naughtiness in the balance, and deliberately preferred the treats. A young person of my acquaintance was fined twopence every morning by her governess for being late for breakfast; but, unluckily, she had soberly considered the question whether a quarter of an hour extra in bed was worth twopence, and had decided that it was. The absence of sugar in tea has a faint, pleasing

aroma of fashion about it which makes up for its nastiness; and, so long as you cannot force a small person to eat dry bread, its appearance on her plate is a punishment which simply means that she does not have sufficient food. These time-honored penalties are admirable so long as the sinner feels the disgrace attached to them; if he does not mind that, you have merely made yourself ridiculous, and might as well resort at once to my method when I am in charge of a child who cannot be persuaded or threatened into some necessary action or abstinence. I simply offer a shilling; and make it two if necessary. I fancy that a good many experiments in the management of children, made by persons without authority to take extreme measures, have ended in similar fashion.

Sentencing and executing criminals outside the nursery must be an extremely easy matter to a person who has ever tried it inside. The prisoners who are removed protesting angrily that they are innocent, that they are always being punished unjustly, and that this is the most flagrantly unjust sentence of which even you have ever been guilty, are repeating words with a very familiar ring about them, but which have moved you more when the court of justice was being held in the nursery. Again, in the case of the outside prisoners, you have no uneasy feeling that your own carelessness and spoiling have helped to produce the disaster; whereas, if you laugh delightedly at your son for saying that Guy Fawkes bought a lot of gunpowder on the 5th of November, and tried to blow up the parlormaid, or at your daughter for sending a present of ten shillings to her grandmother "to buy some gloves with, because I can't think of your size," and they both repeat the joke, till laughter is followed by scolding and punishment, you feel miserably responsible. But, above all, these

prisoners whom you sentence to twelve months' hard labor cannot punish you ten times more than you can punish them. They cannot move about your path for dull days afterwards, murmuring with ostentatiously ready obedience: "Yes, if you want to"; "Of course, if you choose"; to all propositions of work or amusement; nor say good-night and good-morning with the minutest possible kiss which small round lips can give; nor tell you in deeply hurt martyr voices, when you visit them in bed, that they "want nothing more, thank you."

Perhaps women folk are less easily to be "got at" by these affecting ways than the other sex; indeed, I am told that they are reserved for fathers, uncles and male hosts. Yet I should doubt whether the martyr's mother is altogether impervious to such arts, which alone can put to rout all mathematical precision in the management of the nursery and the school-room. In home life, I am inclined to repeat, the thorough-paced rebel cannot really be dealt with by any practicable punishment. He or she starts the fight with (if I may be permitted another verbal lapse, this time into the picturesque parlance of Newmarket) odds of a hundred to one on him, and wins in a canter. Violent, continual, corporal punishment is an absolute impossibility as regards one's own children; and other punishments are either farcical, or liable to produce unpleasant comments among servants and neighbors. This new interference of public opinion with the relations of parents and children has done so much good since Mr. Waugh created and fostered it, that the world must be content to pay a certain price for it. When you let loose public feeling into a new channel, you have released a great flood of common sense, Christian charity, hysteria, prompt sound action, and garrulous idiotic chatter. Is it worth the price?

I say yes, but I can conceive the possibility of another answer.

The influence of corporate life is so great and immediate, that schoolmasters and mistresses are well accustomed, first, to hearing about the difficult character of some new pupil, and the desperate measures which they will be obliged to take with him, and then to seeing him subside at once into the ordinary school life with no more incursions into sin than any healthy-minded child ought to make. Presumably, from the complaints which one used to hear some years ago, this corporate sense was strong only in boys' schools; but all that appears to have changed. The youth of small girls is for many reasons more difficult to deal with than that of their brothers; but, on the other hand, girls' schools are founded and superintended nowadays by women with very high qualifications for their work, so that the education and *morale* of their establishments is quite equal to that of first-class boys' schools and colleges, and the corporate sense can be trusted to do equally good work in both cases. A few rules with inevitable penalties for breaking them; a careful study of each child's character for at least a term, and no serious penalties until the study is complete; non-intervention so long as the child's companions can deal with the case, and absolute accuracy and justice when intervention becomes necessary; that is the modest receipt for making a good school, given to me by the headmistress of one of the best schools with which I am acquainted. A well-balanced sense among the pupils that they are trusted almost absolutely, but that here, as in the world outside, retribution for wrong-doing is almost inevitable, takes from punishment all that notion of personal revenge which is the cause of half the rebellion against it. Yet boys' schools have still one immense advantage over the others; they

have one punishment left in them to which the most reckless inmate really objects. That power possessed by a schoolmaster, with the full approval of popular opinion inside the school and out, to apply the birch to soft and safe places in his pupil's anatomy, is an advantage in his favor which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. No boy engaged in some piece of wickedness could sit down for a minute without an uncomfortable recollection that he may have to pay a short, sharp, but exquisitely painful price for it. There was a little maid once who had been punished for some wrong-doing by a long and highly complicated process, including a prolonged lecture, various periods of silence, and some extra bedtime; and who, being reproached afterwards by her brother for brooding over her wrongs, answered wearily: "I can't help thinking; I can't make my mind sit down." Her brother, who had not quite caught the point of the remark, said to me afterwards: "Very often I can't sit down either after Mr. B— has punished me, but I'm hanged if I sulk as long as Betty does." He was quite right. With a few exceptions, men, children, and horses sulk under punishment in proportion to its duration. On the other hand, I have had my moments of sympathy with Betty's mother. Betty required a good deal of

correction, and punishment becomes difficult in proportion to its necessity. When you have eliminated corporal punishment from your weapons, you have kept nothing for the final conflict, and have allowed any resolute opponent to see that his ultimate victory is a foregone conclusion.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, I suppose, that punishment is only a valuable part of the education of children when wielded by a perfectly just guardian who is prepared to go all lengths in using it. If the child's naughtiness has no limits, and your punishments have, a small sinner will realize this fact quite as soon as the judge; and, having reached your limits, will proceed to enjoy himself. There will always indeed rest a certain doubt as to the power of the Deity to "go one better." "If God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, which would win?" is an eternal nursery problem. But the earthly guardian's retribution will soon become contemptible. It counts for little enough, I suppose, in any case. Love and patience are the last secret of child management, the innermost writing in the innermost adytum of nursery life;—love, which can force a response at last from the chilliest little soul; humble patience which knows how to wait for the harvest.

The Fortnightly Review.

Edward H. Cooper.

"FEW PASSIONS CAN OUTLIVE A LITTLE SONG."

When Memory comes teasing you,
 Trying to break your heart,
 Telling of things that used to be,
 And how you bore a part,
 The safest Lethe you can drink
 (You'll never find it wrong)
 Is just the little drop of ink
 That makes a little song.

When waking nights are heavy things
And Spring nights hard to bear:
When every bird that sees you sings
A melancholy air:
Then never dream and stray about
And shut your eyes and long,
But take a pen and work it out,
And make a little song.

Though every smile, however sweet,
Should make you sigh "If only . . .!"
And all the throng of passing feet
Should leave you more than lonely:
Though all your cry be "Come again!
The empty days are long,"
Perhaps you'll hardly find the pain
Outlive a little song!

Alice Herbert.

THE NOVELS OF PEACOCK.

Among tales of whim and fantasy Peacock's novels, if so they can be called, have always held a high place. Equally removed from the problem and the proverb, they are still more unlike those pure works of art, such as Shakespeare's plays and Scott's romances, where the author stands aside altogether, and the characters are apparently left to develop themselves. Peacock follows his fancy whithersoever it leads him, and never continueth in one stay. He was as full of prejudices as an egg is full of meat, and he made his stories the vehicle for expressing them. The late Dean Merivale used to say that England had reached the summit of her greatness under a system of rotten boroughs and Latin elegiacs. To the Reform Bill and Greek Iambics he traced her gradual decline. Peacock, though he was so loose a scholar as to write Greek without the accents, seems to have

believed that, if man did not live by bread alone, good wine and classical quotations were sufficient to guide him through this world of sin. He had not, like Merivale, the art of writing Latin verse. His verse is English, and excellent it is. He had not been through the mill of the University, or the public school. His scholarship was self-taught, and few men have taught themselves so well. But the Dean's doctrine was just the sort of theme with which he loved to play, and it would have enlivened his pages a good deal more than the perfectibility of man. For it is true of Peacock as of most eccentrics—that they are best when they are least serious, and do not go much below the surface of things. Peacock was a humorist in the old sense of the term. He was essentially a queer fellow. Never, or hardly ever, did he deviate into the commonplace. The one thing certain about his

conclusions is that they do not follow from his premisses. His books are as provoking as Lamb's *Essays* to well-regulated minds. He violates all the conventions, and sets at defiance all the rules. Few writers are so absolutely devoid of that common sense which, as Pennilinus says, is the saving of us all. No wandering sheep was ever brought back by Thomas Love Peacock to the intellectual fold. Wherein, then, lies his charm? The same statement might be made, and the same question might be asked, about Laurence Sterne. Peacock had not the profound humor and the subtle pathos which made *Tristram Shandy*, with all his faults, immortal. Neither had he Sterne's love of indelicate allusions, nor his cynical disbelief in the virtue of women. What he had in common with Sterne was a fantastic imagination, not his servant but his master, for he could not choose but follow where it led.

His charm lies, however, not only in this, but also in his ripe scholarship, his lively wit, his caustic irony, and a style so exquisitely felicitous that at its best it has scarcely ever been surpassed. To which may be added a power of creating graceful, delightful, and perfectly natural girls, in which only Mr. Meredith has since surpassed him. Peacock is one of the very few men who can draw the other sex better than their own. Perhaps only Walter Scott and George Meredith are equally happy in both. Certainly Peacock's male characters cannot be called natural. They are for the most part types rather than individuals, except when celebrities like Shelley and Coleridge are deliberately caricatured. Peacock was as incapable as Sterne of constructing a plot. To read him for the story is like reading Gaboriau for anything else. Collections of his songs are popular enough, for his severest critic could not deny that he was a gen-

uine poet. I saw it stated the other day that the true "Peacockians" only cared for the songs in their proper places. I dare not arrogate to myself that sebast and cacophonous title, as Peacock might have called it. But I love Peacock's songs, as I love Shakespeare's, wherever I find them, and I should not consider them out of place in an interleaved Bradshaw. Mr. Chromatic in *Headlong Hall* expressly maintains that the words of a song have no importance, except as a setting for the music, and his own performances are by no means always topical. Except in *Maid Marian*, where everything is in perfect harmony with everything else, and the Friar leaves the room without a song when a song would have been inappropriate, Peacock's poetry occurs just because Peacock felt inclined to write it. And indeed no man ever wrote more exclusively to please himself than the author of *Crotchet Castle*, unless it were the author of the *Sentimental Journey*. "Those who live to please must please to live," said the austere moralist who died the year before Peacock was born. Literature was at the most Peacock's staff. His crutch was the India House, where he seems to have done as little work for his pay as he conscientiously could. His own lines on the subject are well known, and though they need not be taken as history they have a curious interest as coming from the successor of James Mill.

From ten to eleven have breakfast for seven;
From eleven to noon think you've come too soon;
From twelve to one think what's to be done;
From one to two find nothing to do;
From two to three begin to foresee
That from three to four will prove a d—d bore.

In Peacock's pages, as in Sterne's, every man rides his hobby. Uncle Toby was beyond Peacock, as Matilda,

and even Marionetta, were beyond Sterne. The crudity of Peacock is seen in this, that his characters, at least his male characters, represent merely qualities or tendencies, and are seldom, as human beings, complete. They are always playing a part, never simply themselves, except under the influence of some sudden catastrophe, such as the appearance of a spectre, or bodily concussion with a tangible object, or the advent of a plentiful meal. Peacock was not so much an epicurean scholar as a scholarly epicure. He made of eating and drinking something very like a religion. The captain in *Headlong Hall* expresses an opinion that a man who abstains from strong drink must have a secret he is afraid involuntarily to disclose. The parson in *Melincourt*, who undertakes to exorcise the ghost, requires the simple apparatus of a venison pasty, three bottles of Madeira, and a prayer-book. When he is found asleep in the morning, the bottles are empty, the pasty has disappeared, and the prayer-book is open where it was open before. When the lady guests of Squire Headlong faint at the sight of the skulls on Mr. Cranium's lecture-table, and call for water, the little butler brings them the only water he keeps, which is powerful enough to revive them at once. There are no "three bottle men" now. People do not reckon what they drink. "Heel-taps" and "Skylight" are obsolete terms. We do not breakfast in bed, like Dr. Follott, on beer and cold pie, or say "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," like Dr. Gaster when he turned up the empty egg-shell.

Peacock had a long life, and his novels are distributed over the greater part of it. He was seven years older than Shelley, and he survived Thackeray for three years. He lived into a world, as Professor Saintsbury says, "more changed from that of his youth than that of his youth was from the days of

Addison or even Dryden." It was not merely the Reform Bill and Greek Iambics, which Porson had written before his time, or Merivale's. It was "the steamship and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind." His clergy and country gentlemen, his schoolmasters abroad and philosophers at home, had become before his death as obsolete as the guard who woke up the inside passengers in the night and claimed to be remembered. But for a satirist in the grain, as Peacock was, there is little real change. Human folly seems to obey the law known as the conservation of energy. The quantity of it remains identical or increases with the population. The forms of it alone vary from age to age. If there are no longer any rotten boroughs, there are constituencies in which both the sitting member and the hoping candidate are expected to subscribe towards every charity and every football club. If there is no duelling in the army, and no flogging of private soldiers, there is mutual flagellation of officers and gentlemen among themselves. Champagne answers its purpose as well as Madeira, and at least two more meals have been added to the collection of Peacock, who seldom allowed for anything between breakfast and dinner. Scythrop and Mr. Flosky are no more. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Herbert Spencer have never, so far as I am aware, been put into a novel. Perhaps the nearest approach in modern times to *Nightmare Abbey* is Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, than which nothing could well be severer. But it is not a novel, and *Nightmare Abbey* is. Thin as the story may be, it is a story, and Scythrop's secret meetings with the object of his affections are most ingeniously arranged. Flosky is a rather cruel, extremely vivid representation of Coleridge. Scythrop is a not unkindly caricature of Shelley. The art of Peacock is shown in produc-

ing the impression that Scythrop was a caricature, and that Flosky was not. Sometimes his likenesses are coarse daubs enough, and the most sympathetic reader must be wearied by innumerable references to Lord Brougham as "the learned friend." It was natural enough that Peacock should have been disappointed with Brougham. Many others were so too. But the subject of Brougham's delinquencies, however attractive in itself, is not suited to works of fiction, nor, indeed, for that matter, is the duty of discouraging colonial slavery by not drinking sugar in tea, as recommended by Mr. Forester in *Melincourt*. But even that is better than the attempt to humanize an ape by conferring on him clothes, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament.

Peacock passed his life in avoiding what was disagreeable. He was not ambitious, and he was neither physically nor mentally energetic. Writing was with him a luxury, an amusement, and a vehicle for conveying his peculiar prejudices to the world. They were very peculiar. He was in his way a keen politician, and yet to classify him would have taxed the ingenuity of Dod himself. There have been statesmen and writers, such as Palmerston and Bagehot, whom it would be equally misleading to call Liberal or Conservative. That is because they shunned extremes, or because they had one measure for foreign countries and another for their own. But Peacock held at the same time, and in reference to the same subject-matter, opinions which the utmost ingenuity cannot reconcile. Forgetting that there must be some method for choosing members of Parliament, he railed with equal severity at pocket boroughs and at Reform Bills. Now and then his whims and oddities quite destroy the whole effect of his books. *Melincourt* is an instance in point. It contains some of Peacock's most attractive writing, and

Anthella Melincourt, in spite of a tendency to priggishness, has sense and spirit enough. But Sir Oran Haut-ton is intolerable. A single scene in which a monkey played the part of a man might be endured in a roaring farce. But a man-monkey as one of the principal characters in a novel; getting drunk, falling in love, and being returned to the House of Commons, is purely grotesque, and an insult to the intelligence of the reader. Nor do the copious quotations from Lord Monboddo with which the notes to *Melincourt* are garnished remove the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of accepting the zoological license. Lord Monboddo's vagaries, though they have been described as anticipations of Darwin, are devoid of all scientific or philosophic value, while even the great name of Buffon cannot reconcile one to the preposterous and rather disgusting absurdity of an ape taking a lady to dinner. The name of Sir Oran Haut-ton may be thought to deserve the praise of ingenuity. But if so, it can only be in comparison with Peacock's other efforts of the same kind. A worse inventor of names never devoted himself to the art of writing novels. Thackeray's names, though often ludicrous, are always happy, and often imitatively droll. That Lady Jane Sheepshanks should be the Earl of Southdown's daughter is so perfectly logical that it moves only the inward mirth of blissful solitude. The highly respectable family of the Newcomes have so long lost all trace of novelty that one forgets how the recency of their origin contrasted with the antiquity of Pendennis. How could The Mulligan have been called anything else, or what other appellation could the Fotheringay have chosen for herself than that which she actually adopted? What grim and stately mansion in the London of real life ever had such an appropriate title at Gaunt

House? Sir Telegraph Paxarett and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe are enough to spoil the reputation even of a story with such a pretty name as *Melincourt*. Mr. Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge shows an astounding poverty of invention. The intolerable pedantry which disfigured *Headlong Hall* with sham classical derivations for the patronymics of Foster, Escot, and Jenkison is an even surer proof than his slovenly habit of writing Greek without the accents that Peacock was not a scholar in the highest sense of the term.

Yet with all these drawbacks, which are better faced and acknowledged at the outset, there are few more fascinating novellists than Peacock. Perhaps "novellist" is hardly the word, for his plots are of the thinnest, and his tales are not exactly smooth. But his humor is of that delicious sort which must be felt and cannot be described: his style at its best was scarcely surpassed by his most illustrious contemporaries; his dialogue is almost equal to Sterne's; his passion for good literature was no stronger than his love of rural beauty; and his young women, though rather sketches than finished portraits, have a grace and a glamor which it is scarcely profane to call Shakespearean. As for the songs with which his books are interspersed, they are all excellent, and some of them are absolutely perfect. Peacock wrote only when he felt inclined, and, considering the length of his life, he wrote very little. His first novel, *Headlong Hall*, appeared in 1816; his last, *Gryll Grange*, in 1861, two years before his death. Mr. Richard Garnett, the accomplished editor of Peacock in succession to the late Sir Henry Cole, discerns symptoms of senility in *Gryll Grange*. His eyes are better than mine. I must confess that I should have rather detected signs of failing power, of course erroneously, in *Melincourt* or *The Misfortunes of Elphthn*. Peacock was never,

from the cradle to the grave, under the influence of reason. Perhaps we none of us are. But with him prejudice followed prejudice in an unbroken series which enabled him to see the ruin of the country in the reform of every abuse he had denounced.

Peacock was no friend to the clergy, and the Reverend Dr. Gaster of *Headlong Hall* is, as his name implies, a mere glutton. His brother divines, Dr. Follott and Dr. Opimian, though good livers in the worst sense of that term, are also scholars and gentlemen. Dr. Gaster is as stupid as he is greedy, and represents the crudest shape of Peacock's undoubted gift for caricature.

The Homeric capacity for eating and drinking exhibited by Peacock's male characters is not exceeded even in *Pickwick*, where there seems to be no appreciable interval between one meal and another. Dr. Opimian, a strictly moderate man in Peacock's estimation, makes a large hole in a round of beef at breakfast, lunches on cold chicken and tongue, and only abstains from drinking more than two sorts of wine in the middle of the day lest he should spoil his zest for the bottles of Madeira and claret with which he washes down his copious dinner. But there is this difference between Peacock and Dickens. Peacock, at least the literary Peacock, was an epicure, and Dickens, at least the literary Dickens, was not. A good cookery book might be made out of Peacock's novels, especially if the dinners were reduced by one half and the breakfasts by two-thirds. This, however, is by the way. The three things by which Peacock will live, for they make him as fresh now as he was seventy years ago, are his poetry, his humor, and his style. In *Headlong Hall* there is one capital poem, the song of which the first line is: "In his last binn Sir Peter lies." Take these two couplets as specimens:

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;
For nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.

The humor of *Headlong Hall*, not perhaps very obvious in the preliminary scene of the coach, full of humorists as that vehicle is, breaks out after dinner when Dr. Gaster quotes Moses to Mr. Escot.

"Of course, sir," replies Mr. Escot, "I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, who had, moreover, the advantage of being inspired; but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis, experience, and comparison, I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy."

Knight *On Taste*, unlike Moses and the Pentateuch, is forgotten, but his methods of forcing Nature into artificial shapes have not been so entirely abandoned that a reference to them will be unintelligible. Mr. Milestone had not carried out his plans for the improvement of Lord Littlebrain's park when Miss Tenorina praised its beautiful appearance.

Mr. Milestone. Beautiful, Miss Tenorina! Hideous. Base, common and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath: and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

The artificial school of landscape gardening has never been more happily

hit off. In many respects a philosopher of the Johnsonian school, Peacock did not share the Doctor's preference for the life of towns. Unfair as he often was to Wordsworth, and incapable of appreciating the Lake Poets at their true value, he was a genuine Wordsworthian in his passionate love of woods, and trees, and cataracts. Among contemporary novelists Mr. Hardy comes nearest him in this line. As an artist in the widest sense, the author of *The Woodlanders* is incomparably superior to the author of *Melincourt*. *Melincourt* is indeed hardly a book at all, but a burlesque grotesque, unlike anything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Such names as Miss Danaretta Constantina Pimoney, the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, and Lord Anophel Achtar would be in themselves enough to ruin a story, if there were any story to ruin. But Anthella's country walk, so justly praised by Mr. Garnett, would be difficult to match for the ease, grace, and power of the few strokes in which it is portrayed. When, after resting on the knotted base of the ash-trunk, she

"rose to pursue her walk," she "ascended, by a narrow winding path, the brow of a lofty hill which sunk precipitously on the other side to the margin of a lake that seemed to slumber in the same eternal stillness as the rocks that bordered it. The murmur of the torrent was inaudible at that elevation. There was an almost oppressive silence in the air. The motion and life of nature seemed suspended. The gray mist that hung on the mountains, spreading its thin transparent uniform veil over the whole surrounding scene, gave a deeper impression to the mystery of loneliness, the predominant feeling that pressed on the mind of Anthella, to seem the only thing that lived and moved in all that wide and awful scene of beauty."

Such a passage as this redeems even *Melincourt* from the oblivion which, con-

sidered as a novel, it undoubtedly deserves.

The first book in which Peacock's genius had full play is *Nightmare Abbey*. In wit and humor it stands at the head of all his works. Better and purer English has seldom, if ever, been written, and the difficulty of quoting from it is that one would like to quote every word. Shelley's friendship with Peacock, useful and honorable to both the friends, has produced some of the most delightful letters and one of the most delicious farces in our language. The letters were written to Peacock by Shelley from Italy. The farce is *Nightmare Abbey*, in which Shelley, who much enjoyed his own portrait, figures as Scythrop. "When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head." Peacock was an unsparing satirist of public schools and universities, with which he had no personal acquaintance. But he caricatured Shelley as though he loved him, and did full justice to the sound sense which was always in the poet's mind, seldom as it may have appeared in his behavior. To Coleridge (Mr. Flosky) he was far less kind, and his Byron (Mr. Cypress) must be pronounced a failure. In truth, Peacock had not the thoroughness or the pertinacity to draw a finished portrait of anyone. He belonged to what, in the language of modern art, is called the impressionist school, and his caricatures suffer from exaggeration. Caricature is like onion in cookery. There can easily be too much of it, and there can hardly be too little. But Peacock sins against all rules, and succeeds in spite of his transgressions or by the very magnitude of his offences. Everything in *Nightmare Abbey*, except the style,

might be condemned on Horatian or Johnsonian principles, and if people are not amused by it there is no more to be said, at least for them. There is a sort of a plot (rare enough with Peacock), for Scythrop made love to two ladies at the same time, and thereby involved himself in awkward complications. One of the ladies, Marionetta, in spite of her too suggestive name, is a perfectly natural specimen of the human race, feminine gender, and her Shakespearean quotation, which maddens Scythrop, is one of the happiest in all literature. "I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world" was her "arch" reply to Scythrop's "passionate language of romance." But the loves of Scythrop and Marionetta are not the real subject of *Nightmare Abbey*, which is a satire on German tales of horror, the metaphysics of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, and other pet objects of the author's aversion. Mr. Flosky, which, as the victims of compulsory Greek may be persuaded into believing, means a lover of the shade, expresses the opinion that "tea, late dinners and the French Revolution have played the devil, and brought the devil into play." "Tea, late dinners and the French Revolution?" said the Honorable Mr. Listless, "I cannot exactly see the connection of ideas." "I should be sorry if you could," replied Mr. Flosky; "I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him the connection of whose ideas any other person can see." The satire of Coleridge in this unique book is exquisitely malicious, because it is informed by knowledge, and contains just enough truth to make the misrepresentation tell. Except that imperishable chapter in Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* which begins with the words "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate" there is nothing quite so successful in sarcastic delineation of him as some

parts of *Nightmare Abbey*, and the genius of Coleridge is so far above the reach of disparagement that his warmest admirers can afford to laugh at Mr. Flosky's boast that he never gave a plain answer to a plain question in his life. Besides a capital song ("Why are thy looks so blank, grey friar?"), perhaps suggested by Suckling, an excellent parody of Byron—

There is a fever of the spirit,

The brand of Cain's unresting doom—

and a convivial song of unsurpassed merit ("Seaman three, what men be ye?") *Nightmare Abbey* contains the best and shortest ghost-story in the English language. It is told by the Reverend Mr. Larynx, and is as follows:

I once saw a ghost myself, in my study, which is the last place where anyone but a ghost would look for me. I had not been into it for three months, and was going to consult Tillotson, when on opening the door I saw a venerable figure in a flannel dressing gown sitting in my armchair and reading my Jeremy Taylor. It vanished in a moment, and so did I; and what it was or what it wanted I have never been able to ascertain.

Mr. Flosky's comment, "It was an idea with the force of a sensation," is a more scientific definition than the one really given by Coleridge, "A man or woman dressed up to frighten another."

The most characteristic, and to my mind the most fascinating, of all Peacock's tales is *Maid Marian*. It has been imputed to Peacock that in this serio-comic romance of Sherwood Forest, of Friar Tuck and Robin Hood, he meant to make fun of *Ivanhoe*. Mr. Garnett has shown that this is impossible, because *Maid Marian* was completed though not published before *Ivanhoe* made its appearance. No two ways of treating the Middle Ages more essentially different than Scott's and Peacock's could well be imagined. Scott wrote *Ivanhoe* because he thought the

public would be tired of the Land of Cakes if he never crossed the Border. But he had some portion of the anti-quarian spirit, and loved mediæval chivalry perhaps better than he understood it. Peacock himself described *Maid Marian*, in a letter to Shelley, dated the 29th of November, 1818, as "a comic romance of the twelfth century, which I shall make the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun." But this hardly gives any idea of the brightest and most fanciful extravaganza ever inspired by forest trees and rippling streams and poetic sentiment and popular legend. The purest gem it contains is that perfect lyric—

For the slender beech and the sapling oak

That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,

You may cut down which you will.
But this you must know, that as long as they grow,

Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech

To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Friar Tuck, otherwise Brother Michael, is constitutionally incapable of making a connected statement in prose. He is perpetually breaking into verse, and his verse is always of the best quality, strong, light, simple, and melodious. Matilda, or Maid Marian, is the most delicious of all Peacock's heroines, and the devotion of the friar to her, "all in the way of honesty," must be shared by every reader of the story. Her father, Baron Fitz-Water, who pretends to be her tyrannical master and is really her submissive slave, displays Peacock's quaint, fantastic humor in its most genial and joyful shape. When the friar "kissed Matilda's forehead and walked away without a song," we are to infer that he was suffering from the violence of suppressed emotion. But it

was not many minutes since he had sung, and not many before that since he had got the better of Matilda's noble parent in a verbal encounter of considerable merit.

"Ho! ho! friar!" said the baron, "singing friar, laughing friar, roaring friar, fighting friar, hacking friar, thwacking friar; cracking, cracking, cracking friar; joke-cracking, bottle-cracking, skull-cracking friar!" "And, ho! ho!" said the friar, "bold baron, old baron, sturdy baron, wordy baron, long baron, strong baron, mighty baron, flighty baron, mazed baron, crazed baron, hacked baron, thwacked baron, cracked, cracked, cracked baron; bone-cracked, sconce-cracked, brain-cracked baron."

Fooling, no doubt, but excellent fooling all the same. To read *Maid Marian* is like spending a long day in the country with the company of the imagination, the best company in the world. Peacock's knowledge of human nature was limited. He saw weaknesses and oddities rather than character as a whole. This it is which gives an air of crudity to his books, and has prevented them even more than their pedantry from being appreciated by the general. Peacock is in one respect like Carlyle, and Browning, and Meredith. A taste for him is a taste which he himself must give. We must make allowance for his foibles, and grow accustomed to his ways. But when we have fulfilled these conditions, few authors wear better, or yield more to those who read them again and again. There is wit enough in a single dialogue, as there is poetry enough in a single song, of *Maid Marian* to make a literary reputation. *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, for which I cannot share Professor Saintsbury's enthusiasm (so much the worse for me), contains, besides the lovely Song of the Four Winds, the justly celebrated war-song of Dinas Vawr, every line in which is golden, while the first four verses are inimitable and better than anything in Hook-

ham Frere, as a specimen of the mock heroic—

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.

But perhaps some acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, and some familiarity with the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, are necessary for the due appreciation of Elphin and Tallessin. Peacock sometimes forgets the words of Shakespeare which he himself puts with such exquisite appropriateness into the mouth of Marionetta. He does not always deliver himself like a man of this world. His want of invention, not of imagination, and his love of eccentricity, led him into strange and devious paths.

If we put personal predilections aside, *Crotchet Castle* is probably the book to which the largest number of Peacock's admirers would give the highest place. There is a gaiety, a vivacity, and a force in it which carry the reader with ease and smoothness from the first page to the last. The Rev. Dr. Folliott is the best of Peacock's clergymen, by which I do not mean that he was a good clergyman, nor anything of the kind. To assist at the squire's dinner, to criticise his cellar and his wine, accompanying his criticisms with abundance of Greek and Latin, was in Peacock's eyes the chief function of a beneficed divine, the "educated gentleman" of the parish. Dr. Folliott and Dr. Opimian, to say nothing of Dr. Gaster and Mr. Portpipe, are quite enough to justify the Oxford Movement. Gaster and Portpipe, however, are simply bibulous gluttons, hardly men at all. Folliott of *Crotchet Castle* and Opimian of *Gryll Grange* are capital as portraits. It is as parsons that their inadequacy comes in. Incapacity it can hardly be called. Their capacity for eating and drinking may be favora-

bly described as Homeric, and unfavorably as swinish. "I do not fancy hock," said Dr. Folllott, "till I have laid a substratum of Madelra." "Palestine soup" are the first words which issue from the mouth of Dr. Optimian, and he is left giving instructions how to open simultaneously many bottles of champagne. But Optimian and Folllott are not mere epicures. They are scholars, though pedants, and proofs that a pedant may have a sense of humor. There is nothing, for instance, finer of its kind in all Peacock than the conversation between Dr. Folllott and Mr. Crotchet about the Sleeping Venus. Mr. Crotchet, irritated by a magisterial order that no plaster of Paris Venus should appear in the streets of London without petticoats, determined to fill his house with Venuses of all sizes and kinds. Dr. Folllott, perceiving this addition to his friend's furniture, suddenly remembered his cloth, not, for once, the table-cloth, and attempted experimentally a mild protest. "These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?" Mr. Crotchet's answer was not encouraging. "Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus." "May I ask you, sir," proceeded the reverend doctor, "why they are there?" Mr. Crotchet was not embarrassed. "To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reason for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls and the drapery of the curtains even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back." The dialogue is unhappily too long to quote in full. Dr. Folllott's austerity was partly assumed, and there can be no doubt that he enjoyed the discussion of the subject, if only because it gave him an opportunity of showing that he read the classics in the original, whereas

his friend only read them in cribs. His appeal to Mr. Crotchet as a father, though futile, is touching. "Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*. Mr. Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate." "The Sleeping Venus, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel." Mr. Crotchet was getting decidedly the best of it, and his spiritual adviser took refuge in a gastronomic metaphor. "Why, sir, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as whitebait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude." Mr. Crotchet was unyielding. "Nothing can be more natural, sir." "That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural, too natural, sir." And so forth, until Mr. Crotchet, becoming, as Dr. Folllott remarks, rather weary, exclaims that to "show his contempt for cant in all its shapes he has adorned his house with the Greek Venus in all her shapes, and is ready to fight her battle against all the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty."

Gryll Grange is of all Peacock's novels the most pedantic. It is strewn with quotations from the classics, especially from Athenæus, and the friendship of Dr. Optimian for Mr. Falconer arises from the remarkable fact that they are both acquainted with Homer. The story is not more interesting than the words of Italian opera and might almost have been written for the songs, as the libretto of the *Magic Flute* must have been written for the music. Mr. Algernon Falconer and his fantastic establishment of seven modest maidens to wait upon one innocent bachelor lack the verisimilitude which is literature's

substitute for truth. But the Reverend Dr. Opimian, whose wife calls him "doctor" even when they are alone (and indeed his christian name of Theophilus is some excuse for her), is a personage such as only Peacock could create, a pundit and an epicure, a dignified clergyman who might have acted as chaplain to the Rabelaisian brotherhood and sisterhood of Thelema. Dr. Opimian is a variant of Dr. Follott in *Crotchet Castle*, and it is impossible to read of either without thinking of Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist*. But indeed Dr. Opimian is quite as like Peacock himself as Jonathan Oldbuck was like Walter Scott. "I think, doctor," said Mrs. Opimian, "you would not maintain any opinion if you had not an authority two thousand years old for it." "Well, my dear," was the reply, "I think most opinions worth mentioning have an authority of about that age." In a charming and most appropriate note to this passage Mr. Garnett mentions that one of Peacock's last remarks to his old friend Trelawny was, "Ah! Trelawny, don't talk to me about anything that has happened for the last two thousand years." He was indeed a pure and perfect Pagan born out of due time in an uncongenial world of Tractarian Movements and railway trains. His oddities were numerous and ineradicable, following without displacing one another. He was not much in the habit of quoting scripture. But there is a text in Isaiah on which he could always have preached. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die," was the sum and substance of his philosophy. There is a tinge of unwonted melancholy in his last book, as of one bidding farewell to a long and happy life, which suits well with his creed, and he would have delighted in the melodiously fatalistic stanzas of Omar Khayyam. It is said that in his last days, which were calm and peaceful, his memory dwelt with

continual fondness upon the girl he used to meet in the ruins of Newark Abbey, who died when he was seventeen. His lovely poem, "Newark Abbey," much admired, as Mr. Garnett tells us, by Tennyson, is less appropriate to this strange reversion, of which his granddaughter was the witness, than those haunting lines which begin with "What is he buzzing in my ears?" and end with "How sad and bad and mad it was—But then, how it was sweet!" The poetry of *Gryll Grange* is not as a rule among Peacock's best. But the song called "Love and Age" is unrivalled for its simple indefinable pathos in all the varied efforts of his muse.

"There are some books," said the country squire, "which it is a positive pleasure to read." He was probably thinking of Surtees. He was certainly not thinking of Peacock, who of all English authors, except perhaps Burton and Southey, is the most bookish. One must like Peacock because one likes reading. One cannot like reading because one likes Peacock. Peacock had an irritable and foolish dislike of Scott, who appeals to all healthy natures, whether they be literary or otherwise. There was nothing in Scott, he said, which could be quoted. It was a most characteristic objection, and it is so far true that quotations from Scott can hardly be confined to single phrases or sentences. With Shakespeare Peacock was familiar, for Shakespeare, as we all know, is even too full of quotations. But, indeed, Peacock's own pet authors, of whom he never tired, from whom he seldom cared to stray, were the classical writers of Greece and Rome. They supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of epigram, anecdote, and illustration. Except his poetry and his humor, they were the only intellectual furniture he had. *Gryll Grange* might well be edited for the use of schools as an entertaining substitute

for Becker's *Charicles*, or the same learned writer's *Gallus*. He was perplexed by the tricks which according to Athenæus the Greeks played with their wine, for he was not in the habit of mixing it even with fresh water, and they are said to have mixed it with water from the sea. Dr. Folliott is even permitted, but only because of his order, to express disapproval of the Athenian Aspasia, and the Corinthian Lais. But the Greeks in his eyes were perfect. The darker features of their life he ignored, or left to St. Paul. To him they were simple people who made the best of art and nature, of themselves and of the world they inhabited. Rabelais he worshipped for having restored something like the spirit of ancient freedom—freedom to understand and to enjoy. The sense of beauty penetrates all his writings, and his most finished writing, as in *Nightmare Abbey* or *Crotchet Castle*, comes very near perfection. His learning is so enlightened with sense and enlivened by humor that it never becomes offensive and seldom becomes dull. When the odd folk he sometimes brings together grow quarrelsome over their cups, as in *Headlong Hall*, their differ-

ces are composed by a glee or a catch. Peacock cared not for the rules and restrictions which were imposed on themselves by his beloved Greeks. Except that he is never indecent, and that he has not the great Frenchman's tremendous force, he resembles Rabelais rather than Lucian. Among Latin authors his favorite was Tacitus, whose compactness of style, with its undying charm for the literary palate, exercised a noticeable influence upon his own. His acquaintance with modern literature was not wide, nor was his judgment of it sound. He had none of his friend Charles Lamb's genial catholicity in respect of all books that deserved the name. The classics were his Koran. What they did not contain was not worth knowing. Short of offering sacrifices to Jupiter and Venus, from which the fear of ridicule restrained him, or perhaps the opinion of Cicero, he stuck at nothing which was ancient, mature, and respectable. Even in classical matters his taste was capricious. But in spite of his irregularities, or perhaps because of them, his books have an unfading attraction for those who can relish them at all.

Herbert Paul.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CRITICS.

The present state of book reviewing is extremely unsatisfactory. Never, in the history of literature, have books received so much attention at the hands of critics as they do just now; yet, with it all, neither the public nor the authors have reason to be satisfied with the results of all this so-called critical writing. It is hard to say which suffer most—the authors who are injured by injudicious reviewing, or the public which is taught to read

the wrong books; but one thing is certain, that both are grievously sinned against.

Criticism from being practised by the few and competent, has become a trade carried on by the many and singularly unfit. Every paper, however obscure, has its "literary" column, and Heaven alone knows who the writers of these columns are—they are frequently much more illiterate than their readers.

But it is not the decline of criticism as an art that is the deplorable feature of the case—for even the best and highest criticism is, after all, uncreative work such as the world can do without—it is more the disastrous effects of all this loose, fatuous criticism that we regret. These effects, as I have said above, are traceable both in the writers and in their public; and the first and most glaring defect in modern criticism is its tendency to overpraise. To spoil our authors by injudicious praise is quite as bad, if not worse, than crushing or trying to crush them by over-severity: in either case the goose that lays golden eggs for a greedy public may be killed; there is, however, a refinement of cruelty in the modern method of author-murder decidedly reminiscent of the butt of Malmsey. In past times we heard a great deal of the old slashing reviews (the historic review which “killed Keats” being an obvious example); but few people, perhaps, take into sober consideration how many budding Keats have been killed by kindness—a fully quicker form of murder than the older method. Let any careful observer of the literary history of the last ten or fifteen years search back in his memory and see if he cannot remember a score of authors who have come by their literary death in this way. We all know the steps of this tragedy: the first clever book, received with an outburst of intemperate praise, *from critics whose trade it is to over-praise*—then the quickly growing “boom” in this particular author’s books; the more and more slovenly work appearing year by year, the unpruned style confirming in all its vices till what was at first a mere accident becomes a vicious mannerism—and then cometh the end. For swift is the descent into the literary Avernus. Is it too much to say that many and many of these pitiful disasters are caused

only by indiscreet criticism—or, rather, want of criticism?

The moment that hundreds of critics tell a young writer that he has practically nothing to learn, that his art is perfect, his style mature, and so on, he will in nine cases out of ten believe their pleasant voices; he stops all effort, trusts to this “genius” with which he finds himself credited on every side, and dashes on down that steep path which it is all but impossible to reascend. You will say that the man is a fool who believes all the pleasant things that are said about him; but human nature being what it is man will always believe smooth prophecies, and can scarcely be blamed for doing so. The blame in such cases rests entirely with the false prophets, and it is at their hands that the blood of the author will be required.

If great kindness of heart, a dread of hurting others, a desire to encourage talent—if these were the springs of such criticism it would be more possible to condone it. But it is scarcely possible to believe that this is the case, and the sordid reasons for fatuous reviews must be plainly stated. In the first place it may be cynically observed that the majority of present-day reviewers bear ever in mind the Scriptural truth, *The merciful shall obtain mercy*—most of them write books themselves, and wish to be “done by” as they “do unto others.” Therefore it behooves them to praise the work of their fellow book-and-review-writers, be that work what it may—their own time is coming, their own bread and butter may depend upon it—and what do truth and art matter where it is a question of bread and butter? (Alas, too true!)

This is not, therefore, so bad as that purely commercial side of reviewing which makes the critic review a first book from a promising author with his eye, so to speak, upon the second book from the same pen. Let me explain,

for the benefit of the innocent, the full working of this scheme.

The real merit of a book has, unfortunately, comparatively little to do with its selling properties—the really important thing is that an author's name should be well known. Once a name is established, the publisher is sure of getting a certain number of thousands of copies of each book sold, no matter what trash it may be. Obviously, then, the first duty of the conscientious tradesmen in books is to get up a boom about the author he wishes to sell.

Now, of course, no amount of praise will ever do this unless the book has some intrinsic merit to recommend it; so the critics and the publishers must select for their victim a promising author. If this be done, and the book has sufficient merit to justify some of the praise bestowed upon it, the boom should be easy to work. The first book having been so widely written about, the second by the same author receives even more attention from the public, and after this the mysterious "name" is made and sales are assured—for a term of years—till the public is tired of so much of the same fare and will have no more of it.

This is no new accusation against critics and publishers—readers of Macaulay will remember his delicious tirade on this subject in 1830:

It is time [he writes] to make a stand against this new trickery. The puffing of books is now so shamelessly and so successfully carried on that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste to join in discountenancing the practice. All the pens that were ever employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Packwood's razor strops, and Rowland's Kalydor seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation. . . . A butcher of the higher class disdains to ticket his meat; we expect some reserve, some decent pride in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be ob-

tained is thought too abject for a man of letters. It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last four years—the publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this the first flourish of trumpets is sounded—the peal is then echoed and re-echoed by all the other periodical works over which the publisher or the author, or the author's coterie, may have any influence. At present we too often see a writer attempting to obtain literary fame as Shakespeare's usurper obtains sovereignty. The publisher plays Buckingham to the author's Richard. Some few creatures of the conspiracy are dexterously disposed here and there in the crowd. *It is the business of these hirelings to throw up their caps and clap their hands and utter their "vivas."*

This plain speaking on Macaulay's part did as much good as plain speaking generally does. Seventy years have passed since these words were written, and yet the same system goes on—certain periodicals praise, and will always praise, all the publications of certain houses; there seems to be an occult connection between them which cannot be denied. Even from a commercial point of view this system is a mistake; for the simple reason that it generally, in time, ruins the authors which it attempts to establish. One of the great objects of those who get up a boom in the work of any special writer, is to get the unfortunate man to repeat himself as much as possible: "When will Mr. — give us another idyll of — shire?" "We hope it will not be long before Mrs. — paints another picture of life in her village—we want more countryfolk of the type of Jess and Jem, etc." "Miss — is at her best in depicting London society, we look forward eagerly to her next." . . . And so on.

Why all this eagerness for similarity? Are the critics aware that self-repetition is a fault—that variety of range, diversity of subject, freshness of treat-

ment, are the very blood and bones of live literature? It would seem that they are not, if we may judge by their strenuous appeals to authors to stick, each man, to the "vein" in which he has made his first success. Of course, these appeals fall upon a deaf ear where the writer is strong enough to be uninfluenced by his first reviews; but the point I am arguing just now is the case of the young author, and the case of the author talented, perhaps, but without genius. A sad list might be made out of what Stevenson called "pretty reputations" which have been ruined by the attempt to repeat a success. The history of literature produces few examples of successfully repeated success—the vast majority of attempts in this kind being dismal failures. Of course, it is natural that we should wish more from an author who has delighted us; but we should recognize that we do not want the identical characters dished up a second time, but new characters—the newer the better, and treated as freshly as may be, the only sameness required being the describing mind. Let us by all means encourage our favorite writers by wanting more from them, but not "more of the same"—remembering the sadly wise Persian proverb, "No man can bathe in the same river twice."

Diversity of subject is, alas! the last quality that the tradesmen of literature wish, because *it is similarity that sells*—for a few years. "Why do you suppose my second book did not please the public as well as my first?" asked a discouraged young novelist of a wise friend.

"Because it was not exactly the same," was the reply. "Your first was about a drunken mother and two sons; so the public would have liked your next to be about a drunken father and two daughters."

It may be objected here that it is hard if the public may not get what

they like; but the fact of the matter is that the public will like almost anything they are told to like. And this is where the immense responsibility of reviewing comes in. So widespread is the influence of the press just now, that I suppose not one person in a thousand chooses his own books without having heard of them through some newspaper or magazine. This is quite natural, and, in the present state of the book-world, reviews form an indispensable bridge between the writer and the reader. But this only makes it more necessary that reviews should be trustworthy, for if the blind lead the blind we know that both will fall into the ditch. There is no ditch the public is more apt to fall into than this of the boomed book.

"One reads about it everywhere" is the reason commonly given for getting certain books; and few readers take the trouble to inquire *why* they see this special book noticed everywhere—they simply take the assurance of excellence upon trust, their taste is formed for them by the consensus of opinion. "There must be something in it," one has often heard the bewildered yet trusting reader exclaim. "There must be something in it, all the reviews praise it." At first, perhaps, a struggle goes on in the mind of the more intelligent reader: he questions whether the book is really as fine as it is said to be; then the iteration of its praises takes effect as iteration generally does, and he comes to believe in merits which native sense would have led him to disclaim.

This great childish, trusting public, is the principal sufferer from unwise reviewing. They read mainly the reviews in daily papers and in the cheaper magazines, and these, for obvious reasons, are the organs which publish the most ignorant and fatuous notices of books. For the old-established reviews and magazines do not

sin after this manner to anything like the same extent as their cheaper brethren.

The uneducated public have a profound respect for anything in print. The reviewer is to them a sort of Jove, and at his nod they obey, spending their time and their money on the books he recommends.

One evening some months ago I travelled out to the suburbs of London in a crowded third-class carriage. Two mechanics sat beside me, elderly, tired-out looking men, black with work. The moment they got into the train they began to speak about books—those few books they managed to gulp in the spare moments going to and from their work. Books seemed to be their glimpse into Paradise, the way they mentioned the titles of each work was something to hear. But ah! the books they mentioned!

"What are you *studying* now, Jake?" said one, "I am *mastering The E-l C-y* by H— C—." With such pitiful pride that I could have wept for him, the other man replied, "I am studying *T-l P-r* by M—e C—e." He sat upright, holding the dirty book far away from falling eyes, and read earnestly till the train stopped. The reviewers who teach an ignorant public to reverence such trash are as guilty as the quacks who persuade their victims to buy worthless drugs—perhaps more guilty. Here were two men, intelligent, thirsty for mental stimulus, and instead of reading Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—aye, or Kipling or Thomas Hardy—they were spending all their poor leisure on books which could supply them with neither help, instruction, or amusement; the newspapers had told them that these were marvels of literature, therefore they read them and thought, or tried to think, that they enjoyed them—that was all.

It is a deplorable state of matters if these reviewers are more or less

suborned to write what they do not honestly believe about books; but it is perhaps fully more deplorable if they do believe what they write—if, in short, they are as incapable as they seem to be of knowing a good book from a bad one. Dr. Johnson in one of his inimitable sentences gave what might serve as a touchstone for all criticism. When asked his opinion upon a book of verses by a young poetess, he replied: "For a young lady's verses good enough—as compared with *excellence*, nothing."

Could criticism be at once fairer or more searching? He gives the young lady her due of praise, yet keeps steadily before him her entire failure when compared with the classics. This "comparison with excellence" is not enough practised in our generation. It is indeed the fairest, most genuine test by which to try every newcomer in the field of literature. You will perhaps say that it is too searching a test—that modern books cannot stand comparison with classics and live; but this is not the case. The best modern books stand the test perfectly, it is only the second best that fall before it. And this is exactly where the uses of comparison come in—to help us to distinguish between the first and the second rate in art. There should be, in fact, a standard of art in the mind of every real critic by which we can measure the stature of each applicant for fame. If, for instance, the enthusiastic first critics of the "Kailyard" school of Scottish fiction had, before writing their reviews, read over a few of the incomparable cottage scenes in *The Antiquary*, these would surely have suggested searching comparisons between the old and the new schools of Scottish fiction, and a few of the superlatives would have been erased from the reviews. Or if, again, the eulogists of the new pseudo-historical romances had taken half an hour of

Esmond, before composing their eulogies, they would surely have gained an almost painful insight into all that the new historical novel writers are not.

But this wholesome system of comparisons seems quite out of fashion just now—in the mind of our modern reviewers no distinctions of literary rank seem to exist. Now the majority of our novel writers are only society entertainers of greater or less ability; quite an honorable calling if recognized for what it is and followed frankly for what it can “bring in.” But it is a confusion of terms to speak of such men and women as belonging to the same profession as Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, or Jane Austen. The reviewers, however, if we may judge from the expressions they employ to describe each new book, decide to ignore this great and fixed gulf which separates the artist from the tradesman. I select at random from a publisher's advertisement some extracts upon a new historical novel; this is what the reviewers have to say for it: “It is sublime—there is nothing else like it in literature.” “It is one of the greatest historical novels that has ever been written . . . one of the greatest historical novels of the world.” I have not read the work in question; but, without undue scepticism, I fancy it would be possible to find its counterpart in literature. Eulogies of this kind defeat their own end, and are quite enough to make intelligent people decide not to read the book; moreover, no self-respecting author could bear to see his work written about in this way, for he must know that it can only bring down ridicule upon it. Moderate praise, temperate adjectives, a degree of fault-finding, and a sympathetic appreciation for what is attempted as well as what is accomplished, these are the signs of the true critic.

The question of fault-finding is, of

course, a delicate one; but there can never be anything like a school of criticism without it. To their fearless system of fault-finding the *Edinburgh Review* critics owed their fame.

Jeffrey's reviews [says a writer in the *North British Review*] were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism, and the object aimed at in by far the greatest proportion of the essays, was not so much to produce a pleasing or attractive or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought, to scourge error and bigotry and dulness, to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature, and to dispense and wear away by constant energy that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

This was indeed a huge undertaking—to cure a diseased public taste and teach it new standards of truth and beauty. But Jeffrey set himself to the task unflinchingly. His system of criticism was terribly severe—hence its fame. But he could praise quite as heartily as he could censure. If you will glance over his reviews of the *Waverley Novels*, for instance, you will be struck at once by the fearless way in which he mixes praise and blame. No modern critic would dare to point out their faults to any of our popular novelists as Jeffrey points out the faults of *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* to Sir Walter:

They are certainly the least meritorious of the whole series [he says], and while they are decidedly worse than the other works of the same author, we are not sure we can say, as we have done of his *other failures* (how calm!), that they are better than those of any other recent writer of fiction. *So conspicuous, indeed, was their inferiority*, that we at one time apprehended that we should have been called upon to interfere and admonish the author of the hazard to which he was expos-

ing his fame. But as he has since redeemed that slip we shall pass it over lightly, and merely mention one or two things that still live in our remembrance. . . . The euphuist, Sir Piercie Shapton, is a mere nuisance throughout, nor can we remember any incident in an unsuccessful farce more utterly absurd and pitiable than the remembrance of tailorship that is supposed to be conjured up in the mind of this chivalrous person, by the presentment of the fairy's bodkin to his eyes.

In the same way Jeffrey chastises Galt:

His next publication is undoubtedly the worst of the whole—we allude to the thing (!) called *The Steamboat*, which has really no merit at all . . . with the exception of some trash about the Coronation which nobody, of course, could ever look at three months after the thing itself was over; it consists of a series of vulgar stories, with little either of probability or originality to recommend them, etc.

I have quoted these two examples of Jeffrey's criticism because they were both directed against popular authors of the day, and therefore exhibit the fearless, impersonal attitude which the reviewer took up then compared with the attitude of the modern critic towards the favorites of the hour. If a writer is popular just now, it is not too much to say that he may write (and publish) what he chooses, secure of receiving nothing but praise for it. This is not criticism in the real sense of the word; and I believe that every good writer, if asked his opinion, would vote in favor of more truly critical reviewing. For the true critic is the author's best friend. To ask for this kind of criticism is not to ask for vindictive, slashing reviews, but for more grave consideration, more helpful suggestion. Reviewers have two snares laid ready for their unwary feet: they are apt either to hail some newcomer who is not a genius as if he

were one; or they entirely fail to discern genius when they encounter it. Needless to say that the former is our specially modern snare, while the latter was that of the older school of reviewers.

Jeffrey, a sound, impartial critic in most cases, could not do justice to such an entirely new writer as Wordsworth, and his name will be associated for all time with the fatal dictum, "This will never do," with which he prefaced the review of *The Excursion*. *New greatness* is, of course, difficult to judge, because it conforms to no standards and seems to glory in defying all known rules of art, making new rules for itself. But this cannot excuse any man who named himself a critic for committing such a mistake as Jeffrey made in his reviews of Wordsworth. It is true that he asserted "Nobody can be more disposed to do justice to Mr. Wordsworth's great powers than we are," but with the same breath he held up Wordsworth's whole poetical system to ridicule. Ridicule of an elaborate, slow-going kind was a great weapon in those days. *The Excursion* is analyzed canto by canto, almost line by line, with sarcastic comments added. The whole spirit of the great poem in this way eluded the critic, only the letter remained. It seemed impossible to Jeffrey to ignore the weak points of these poems; he must emphasize them so much that their far greater beauties were obscured in the process. *The White Doe of Rylstone* was the subject of his peculiar ridicule: "This we think," he says, "has the merit of being the worst poem we ever saw printed in a quarto volume. . . . It seems to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry. . . . In the *Lyrical Ballads* Mr. Wordsworth was exhibited, on the whole, in a very pretty delirium; but in the poem before us he appears in a state

of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Martin Silence himself, at the close of a social day." Yet this severe critic is roused to enthusiasm by the poems of Thomas Campbell: "There are but two noble sorts of poetry, the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both," he says. For Felicia Hemans he has only praise: There is "the very spirit of poetry" in the "bright and vague picturings" of one poem and "a fine and stately solemnity" in another. "There would be no end," he admits, "to our extracts if we were to yield to the temptation of noting down every beautiful passage which arrests us here."

These extracts from the critical studies of Jeffrey exhibit very clearly this difficulty, which all reviewers labor under, of appreciating the entirely new manifestations of genius. Poor forgotten Campbell and Felicia Hemans were in Jeffrey's day new writers, but not new thinkers—they expressed the same thoughts that all the other poets of their kind were used to express, in the same sort of language—therefore they were admired. But Wordsworth appeared, a thinker who had broken fresh ground in the fields

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of thought and expression. Both his ideas and the form in which he expressed them were entirely novel—he had parted company from the past and all its traditions. There was no one to compare him with, and Jeffrey, bewildered by this, went astray in his criticism of the new poet.

Now, it may be objected, that it is just at this crucial point—the right of judging of *new greatness*—that the system of "comparison with excellence" breaks down, because such greatness owes its existence to its divorce from those past models that you would compare it with. But this is not the case. It is always possible to compare the *scope* of a new writer with that of his predecessors, however widely separated the form in which he finds expression may be from the models of other days. Does he touch life at as many points as they did? Is he as true to nature as they were? It is on these things and not on the perpetually changing element of form that a writer's claim to greatness must eventually rest. And until the critics realize this, that a book with small ideas cannot be great, and that greatness must be sought for in the constitution of a book, its essential ideas, not till then will reviewing be other than it is.

An Ungrateful Author.

A BIRD SONG.

A little bird whispered so light and low—

"Cheerily! cheerily! greet the day.

Summer is coming, I know, I know,

Nobody ventures to say me nay!

Hark! hark! my brightest song,

Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

A little bird whispered so light and low—

"Look at me! look at me! look and learn:

Winds in the larches may blow and blow,

All that I think of is Love's return!

Hark! hark! the earth is glad,
Cheer up! ah, cheer up! no longer sad."

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"What is it? what is it makes thee mourn?
Pansies and daisies are all aglow,
Poppies will color the rising corn;
Sing! sing! thy brightest song,
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

Frederick G. Bowles.

Pall Mall Magazine.

PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

I. HARROW IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

With the exception of its singular collapse under the Headmastership of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, of which more anon, Harrow has continuously prospered for upwards of a century. But perhaps it attained its zenith during the second and more famous Administration of Lord Palmerston, a statesman who, with a normal majority of little more than twenty, succeeded in investing the country with a prestige which it had not enjoyed since the days of Canning. The Prime Minister's position was unique, for, save in name, there was no Opposition: the word "party" seemed to have been obliterated by that of "Palmerston," and any attempt to displace the idol of the nation would have resulted in ignominious disaster.

Yet, strange to say, Lord Palmerston is nowadays but scantily appreciated. "He was in no sense a great man," I was severely assured not long ago by an ultra-Liberal spinster, in response to a fervent eulogy of which I had, perhaps rather imprudently, delivered myself. "Well," I was stung into retorting, "if not great himself, he at least contrived to render the country great, which is much the same thing." My "advanced" neighbor (it was at dinner) took a sip of iced water, and with a pitying shrug changed the sub-

ject. Possibly she resented the irreverent manner in which Lord Palmerston was wont to treat the Cabinet rhetoric of her *beau ideal*, Mr. Gladstone, whom an unkind fate had forced upon him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, let us go to business," was certainly not a flattering reception of the excited harangues with which, in the rôle of reformer-general, the right honorable gentleman used to deluge his colleagues after every parliamentary recess! But to a Premier whose foreign policy had placed England on a pinnacle, the "parochial mind" was naturally somewhat exasperating, and the "rises" which he took out of his didactic subordinate rankled even more deeply than the shafts of Lord Beaconsfield in later years. But of Lord Palmerston's persiflage I shall have more to say under another heading; for the present I will merely dwell on the effects of his renown upon his old school. The fact that the great and popular Premier was a Harrow man naturally influenced the British paterfamilias not a little, and many a boy who would otherwise have been sent to royal Eton was consigned to the humbler, if little less famous, foundation of John Lyon, Yeoman. Certainly the school itself was not insensible to the "Palmerston" halo, and it was a sight to kindle even the sluggish blood of the Fourth Form, when

the jaunty old horseman on the knowing white hack trotted into the town straight from the House of Commons, where, with scarcely an interval, he had occupied a seat for nearly sixty years!

It was difficult to realize that one in every respect so essentially modern had actually stood for the University of Cambridge on the death of Pitt, was already out of his teens at the battle of Trafalgar, and (to us Harrovians, perhaps, more marvellous than all) had left Harrow before Byron came! Yet so lightly did his years sit upon him that an hour or so later he would be seen briskly trotting back to London, bound once more for the Treasury Bench, which he would only forsake in the small hours for one of his historic gatherings at Cambridge House. Brave, buoyant old Pam! Right well is he portrayed by that noble line in "Maud":

One of the simple great ones gone who
could rule and dared not lie!

We have had many statesmen since, some of them good and true; but he was the last of the old, stalwart breed that made the name of England the proudest in the universe.

The mantle of Lord Palmerston's popularity did not fall on his successor, for only a year or two later it was my lot to hear "Johnny Russell" hissed as he descended the school steps on Speech-Day. The cause was not far to seek. Coerced by Mr. Gladstone, he had already taken the first step of that downward career which Lord Palmerston had always predicted would follow his own disappearance from the helm. "After me," he used to say, "Gladstone will have it all his own way; and then, mark my words, there will be the very devil!" Regrettable as this demonstration against Lord Russell was, it only reflected the prevalent feeling that a strong and intrepid ruler

had been replaced by palterers and experimentalists. In his earlier days Lord Russell may have rendered useful service to his party, but it is questionable whether, without his lineage and connection, he would have ever soared above an Under-Secretaryship. Petty-minded and unsympathetic as a leader, and not too loyal as a colleague, he passed out of the political world with a damaged reputation, which time has not tended to repair. What Queen Victoria, the most indulgent of judges, thought of him, her letter to Lord Aberdeen, recently made public, only too plainly shows. It consigns him to a pillory from which not all the efforts of Whig piety can succeed in extricating him.

Lord Russell, though himself an old "Westminster," had three sons at Harrow, the eldest of whom, the eccentric Lord Amberley, sat at one time for Leeds, where he discoursed to his constituents on political and social questions with a startling frankness which savored more of Tom Paine than of the alumnus of a great Whig family. One of his addresses, of a peculiarly audacious character, received the unenviable distinction of being censured by his former school's debating society, which carried unanimously the following sententious resolution: "That the speech of Lord Amberley at Leeds is a disgrace to the school at which he was educated." But it had, I fear, very little effect on the patrician Socialist, who, but for a premature death, would have probably gone down to posterity as a second Citizen Stanhope.

Among his many antipathies was a rooted repugnance to the ceremonial of "grace before meat," and if compelled by a cruel fate to offer the hospitality of lunch to a clerical neighbor, he has been known to pay an advance visit to the dining-room, and to cut into a leg of mutton in order to convey the

impression that lunch had already begun!

Lord Russell was not the only celebrity in those days who received the honor of sibilation at "Speecher," for I remember it being accorded to that rashly investigating divine, Bishop Colenso,—the boys in this instance, again, giving rough-and-ready expression to the prevalent animus against the over-critical prelate. Poor Colenso, who had once been a Harrow master, evidently felt the indignity keenly; but he bore it with the quiet courage which he displayed throughout the long crusade against him, and made many of us, I think, feel somewhat ashamed of our savagery. The couplets which were concocted about Colenso's Biblical exploits were legion, though I remember none of any particular piquancy. The following was, perhaps, the most pointed, though the sneer in the second line at his mathematical acquirements was quite misplaced, as he had been Second Wrangler.

There once was a Bishop Colenso
Who counted from one up to ten, so
He found the Levitical
Books to eyes critical
Unmathematical,
And he's gone out to tell the black men
so!

The allusion to Speech-Day recalls a curious incident in connection with a very different man, Lord Brougham. As every one knows, he retained his extraordinary mental and bodily vigor almost to the last, and, when in his eighty-sixth year or thereabouts, eagerly availed himself of an invitation from the Headmaster to be one of the distinguished visitors on Speech-Day. As a compliment to the veteran orator, one of the monitors was told off to recite a "purple patch" from some perfervid speech on which it was known that he particularly prided himself. This attention greatly flattered Lord Brougham's vanity, which had not di-

minished with the march of time; and at the conclusion of the recital, depositing a very seedy-looking hat on his chair, he sprang to his feet and vehemently applauded the interpreter of his bygone eloquence. But unfortunately, on resuming his seat he forgot that it was occupied by his hat, upon which he sank with very disastrous consequences! Of this, however, the expectant crowd of boys in the school-yard knew nothing, and when at the end of the speeches the Head of the School called from the top of the steps for "Three cheers for Lord Brougham!" we were convulsed to see them acknowledged by an individual in rusty black, with an "old clo'" broken-crowned hat almost resting on a nose the shape of which has since been emulated by Ally Sloper! But Lord Brougham's adventures did not end there. Evidently highly gratified with his reception, he passed on to the Headmaster's house, where, with the *élite* of the visitors, he was bidden to lunch. There, however, his self-esteem encountered a rude shock, for the policeman stationed at the door to keep off "loafers" and other undesirable company, sternly asked the dilapidated-looking old person his business. "I am invited here to lunch," growled out the indignant guest. "Gammon!" curtly responded the guardian of the peace. "I am Lord Brougham!" was the furious rejoinder; "let me pass!" "Bah!" contemptuously retorted the bobby, "yer wants me to believe that, do yer? Move on!" At this critical juncture the old lord, inarticulate with rage, was fortunately espied by another eminent guest, who, taking in the situation at a glance, succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the policeman! It would have been interesting, by the way, if on that particular Speech-Day Lord Palmerston had also been present. How he would have enjoyed the joke, though there had been a time

when he and his Whig colleagues had found Brougham no joking matter!

The actual reason of the ex-Chancellor's ostracism by the Whigs in 1834 will, I suppose, like the authorship of "Junius' Letters" and the cause of Lord Byron's separation, remain a secret for all time. A political Suwaroff must doubtless be an unpleasant colleague; still, his abilities were sorely needed by the Whig Government, and all his intractability and escapades would probably have been condoned had not his colleagues been possessed of strong evidence that he designed, by some traitorous *coup d'état*, to trip them up by the heels and force himself into the foremost place. Lord Melbourne's laugh never quite recovered its gaiety after the famous interview in which he broke to Lord Brougham the astounding news that he was not to return to the Woolsack. The *tableau* has only one parallel: when Lord Wellesley was informed by "that cunning fellow, my brother Arthur," that he had proposed himself, and not the more intellectual Marquis, as head of the Government in succession to Lord Goderich! They never spoke again. That the great Viceroy, who had been as a father to the young captain of Foot, should be supplanted by him for the blue ribbon of politics was an offence which the elder brother's outraged vanity could never forgive!

Many of Lord Brougham's amazing exploits can only be accounted for by temporary mental derangement, and I have been assured on first-rate authority that at one time during his official career he was actually under restraint for the whole of the long vacation. His vanity was certainly of the type that borders on dementia, and any one who reads the egregious egotism and self-eulogy that characterize his correspondence with Macvey Napier must find it difficult to associate them with any

one possessed of proper mental equilibrium.

Of the Harrow masters at this period three eventually became notable figures—the Headmaster, Mr. Westcott, and Mr. Farrar. Probably, as Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler occupies a far more congenial position than if he adorned the episcopal bench; at the same time, it is somewhat surprising that he should never have been given the opportunity of refusing a mitre. His predecessor, Dr. Vaughan, was three times offered a bishopric, and in all fairness it must be acknowledged that Dr. Butler's services to the School, if from various circumstances less conspicuous, were fully as valuable. Dr. Vaughan had one signal advantage: he succeeded a Headmaster under whose *régime* Harrow was actually reduced to less than seventy boys, while Dr. Butler had to follow an administrator who converted a period of unprecedented disaster into one of glowing prosperity. How Dr. Wordsworth came to fail so signally it is very difficult to determine; but doubtless there were various contributing causes. One, a very curious one, was suggested to me many years ago by an old Harrovian, at whose house I was taken to dine by some friends with whom I was staying in the country. I chanced to mention Harrow, and finding that he had been there under Wordsworth, I asked if he could assign any specific reason for the *débâcle* of that period. He explained that, although Wordsworth was certainly not fitted for the post, that circumstances did not wholly account for the mischief; the principal cause, he maintained, must be looked for elsewhere. Among the boys then at Harrow was the late Sir Robert Peel, the brilliant but strangely unballasted son of the great statesman. At school, as in his maturer days, Peel was not too conspicuous for obedience to discipline, and being "sent up" for some

iterated defiance of rules, he was informed by the Headmaster that but for his father being so illustrious a Harrovian, he would have been sent away on the spot; as it was, he would have to leave at the end of the quarter, a punishment which the boys euphemistically described as being "advised." Under all the circumstances this was an act of clemency which certainly deserved parental appreciation; but, according to my informant, Sir Robert with characteristic sensitiveness resented bitterly what he persisted in regarding as a personal affront to himself, and, so far from recognizing Wordsworth's lenity, he vehemently denounced him to every Ministerial colleague or private acquaintance who either had sons at Harrow, or was intending to send them there!

Such an attitude on the part of an all-powerful Prime Minister (as Peel then was) could only have one result. Some boys were removed prematurely, others who were about to enter were sent elsewhere, and the run on the credit of the school, already somewhat impaired by Wordsworth's lack of qualifications, set in so steadily that when Vaughan arrived on the scene there was only a shabby residuum of sixty-nine boys, which the new Headmaster seriously thought of sweeping out in order to start entirely afresh! I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but it was made to me in all seriousness by a man of undoubted position and veracity; and in view of Sir Robert Peel's extreme sensibility to anything that affected the reputation of himself and his family, it seems by no means improbable. It should be clearly understood that there was nothing disgraceful in the culprit's offence; but though not heinous in the eyes of the world, it was necessarily so in those of a Headmaster, who had no option but to visit it with a drastic penalty.

Dr. Wordsworth's ineptitude as a school disciplinarian was hereditary, for I recollect his son, the present Bishop of Salisbury, taking my form at Harrow as *locum tenens* for the regular master, and presenting a deplorable picture of helpless uncontrol. Under his very nose every sort of impromptu recreation might be seen in full progress, including even games of *écarté*, while in a remoter part of the room a fight proceeded furtively between two sitting combatants! All the time the temporary instructor's gaze was riveted on his Virgil, the construer's voice being scarcely audible above the growing babel! I narrated this experience to one of the bishop's clergy not long ago. "Who would have thought it?" he murmured wistfully. "Things are very different now: he rules the diocese with a rod of iron!"

A schoolboy, at all events before he attains monitorial rank, mostly considers it *de rigueur* to disparage his Headmaster, and Dr. Butler in his early days earned a certain amount of unpopularity by an irritating edict against the use of side trousers-pockets, which procured for us a good deal of Etonian "chaff" at the annual match. But his dignity, courtesy, and sense of justice were on the whole properly appreciated, while any boy under the shadow of bereavement might always be sure of his ready and warm-hearted sympathy. Himself a most distinguished Harrovian, both as scholar and athlete, he had keenly at heart the fame and honor of the school, which has abundant reason to regard his Headmastership as one of its halcyon epochs. Had Lord Palmerston been in office when Dr. Butler retired, his services would assuredly have received some more adequate recognition than a second-rate Deanery; but such Harrovians as were then in the Government had presumably not sufficient influence with the dispenser

of preferments, though, curiously enough, two of Dr. Butler's pupils—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Worcester—have, with, in some respects, fewer qualifications (as they will themselves be the first to admit), been accorded the rank that was withheld from him. As Nelson used to remark, under similar circumstances, “such things are”; but in the Church, perhaps more than in any other profession, we are continually reminded that “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.”

“Billy” Westcott, as he was irreverently nicknamed, was more fortunate, and his profound ecclesiastical learning no doubt amply justified his promotion to episcopal rank; but if forty years ago any one had ventured to predict to a Harrow boy that “Billy” would be Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Butler put off with the Deanery of Gloucester, the forecast would have been received with compassionate derision.

At Mr. Westcott's was a boy who was also destined to play a conspicuous, yet very different, part in the religious world, though at that time his future sphere was probably not suspected even by himself. This was the late Marquis of Bute, who was probably the most solitary creature in the whole school,—not from any exclusiveness arising from his rank, but owing to an excessive shyness, which he retained more or less in after-life. His one frailty was a weakness for jam, and his absorbing passion, books. At that time he wrote rather promising English verse, by dint of which he gained the school prize for a poem on Edward the Black Prince; but he apparently abandoned verse-writing in his maturer days: none, at least, was ever given to the public. In spite of his high rank and splendid prospects, he seemed as friendless in the outer world as at school, for no one, I be-

lieve, ever came to visit him, except once an old nurse whom he brought into the Fourth Form Room at Bill, and showed the various classic names cut on the panels. Yet not half-a-dozen years afterwards this lonely, almost neglected youth was selected by an ex-Prime Minister as his model for the principal figure in one of the most renowned novels of the century! The excellent qualities that marked his subsequent career were to some extent due to the influence of one of the under-masters, good old John Smith, a man of sterling character, if of few attainments, to whom many a boy has incurred a lifelong debt of gratitude. Honest, God-fearing, single-minded, he was in the school a power for good, the value of which was at the time never properly estimated, and to him might well be applied the beautiful words of Thackeray, that “when he went to Heaven the angels must have turned out and presented arms.”

The late Dean of Canterbury was another Harrow master who was regarded as certain of a bishopric, though he, too, was compelled to content himself with a minor distinction. At the time of which I am writing he was doomed, intellectually speaking, to penal servitude with the third “shell,” a form within measurable distance of the lowest in the school. This ordeal not unnaturally accentuated the picturesque melancholy that was always his characteristic; but to even the most gifted it is not permissible to ascend the scholastic ladder at a single bound, and with the prestige of “Eric” and the Cambridge Prize Poem comparatively fresh upon him, he might very well have confronted his fate with more philosophic fortitude. Mr. Farrar presided over one of the snuggest of the “Small Houses,” where he maintained excellent, if somewhat sentimental relations with his pupils, whose pleasant lot was enviously regarded by

the inmates of certain more Spartan establishments. His melodiously delivered sermons, always founded on some more or less poetical text, were distinctly popular, romantic imagery and literary quotations being more acceptable to even the dullest schoolboy than dry homilies on doctrine, or aggressive platitudes on morals. In due course Mr. Farrar migrated to a "Large House," which, however, was only regarded as a stepping-stone to a more important sphere, for the Headmastership of Haileybury becoming vacant very shortly after his promotion, he offered himself as a candidate for the post. The contest practically lay between himself and another Harrow master, Mr. Bradby, who, although entering the lists almost at the eleventh hour, succeeded in beating Mr. Farrar by a single vote. The disappointment was, under the circumstances, particularly acute, and hardly compensated for even by his subsequent election to the Mastership of Marlborough. But in the meantime he had by no means confined himself to scholastic pursuits. His books on "Language" had already secured for him the Fellowship of the Royal Society, as well as a "Friday Evening" lectureship at the Royal Institution, an appointment always eagerly coveted by scientific and literary aspirants. He had also formed many important literary friendships, of which, perhaps, the most notable was that of Matthew Arnold, then a resident at Harrow.

The contrast between the virile arch-foe of Philistinism and his somewhat emotional neighbor was curious, and at times comical. Well do I recall on a certain occasion the great critic's expression of half-contemptuous amusement at one of Mr. Farrar's jeremiads over the miseries of his chosen lot, which concluded with the following pathetic climax: "As I was returning from chapel just now, I asked a small

new boy with whom I was walking what he intended to be, and the boy, by way, I suppose, of ingratiating himself, replied, 'A Harrow master.' 'My boy,' I rejoined, 'you had far better break stones on that road.'" Inasmuch as the reverend martyr must at that time have been making out of this inferior alternative to road-making some thousands a-year, the dictum, despite its almost tearful delivery, did not sound convincing, and I am afraid there was just a tinge of good-humored mockery in the laugh with which Matthew Arnold greeted it.

But a disposition to fall out with the ordinances of Fate, even when not altogether adverse, was always a characteristic of the good Dean. A friend of mine, one of his old pupils, met him on the Folkestone pier a day or two after his acceptance of a Westminster Canonry, and genially tendered his congratulations. "Don't congratulate me, don't congratulate me," murmured the new Canon with sonorous dejection, and a wistful glance at the waves of the Channel! "H'm," piped the famous Master of Balliol on being told of the incident, "I must say I like a man to take his promotion cheerfully." But this is an attribute which was unfortunately denied to Dr. Farrar. His quarrel with his publishers is a matter of Paternoster Row notoriety. He agreed to become our Lord's biographer for a stipulated sum, which, considering he was comparatively untried as an ecclesiastical historian, was by no means illiberal. The work, written rather in "special correspondent" style, proved a signal success, in recognition of which the publishers bestowed an honorarium, represented, I believe, by something like four figures. But the author characteristically evinced supreme dissatisfaction, and, likewise characteristically, ventilated his wrongs in the columns of "The Times," with a hurricane of uncompl-

mentary epithets at the expense of the unhappy publishers! Not content with this form of protest, he imported his indignation into the social circle by setting before his friends at a dinner-party a pudding ostentatiously deficient in any kind of condiment, which was defined in the *menu* as "Publishers' Pudding,"—a painfully elaborated jest which, needless to say, such of his guests as were given to good living regarded with tempered appreciation.

Again, his non-attainment of the Deanery of Westminster after Stanley's death was a source of much ill-concealed disappointment, while his preferment to Canterbury was accepted with a profusion of sighs and plaintive dissatisfaction. Still, in spite of his foibles (it would be hardly fair to call them defects), Dr. Farrar deserves to be memorable, not only as a high-minded and sympathetic schoolmaster but as an ecclesiastical orator, whose eloquence, if a trifle too ornate, has not been equalled since the days of Archbishop Magee. Had he been born a quarter of a century earlier, and identified himself more decidedly with Church politics, he would have been a dangerous rival to Wilberforce, who in general acquirements was certainly his inferior.

This section must not close without a word or two about the Harrovians of the "early Sixties" who have since come prominently before the world. Perhaps the most notable among them is Lord George Hamilton, known at Harrow as "Squash" Hamilton, to distinguish him from his cousin, W. A. Baillie Hamilton, who was a member of the same House, and went by the nickname of "Wab," a euphonious sobriquet for which he was indebted to his initials. Lord George, though, like all his family, well endowed with ability, did not at Harrow give much promise of becoming a Secretary of State before he was forty. But public

school "form" is very seldom to be trusted as an index of future success. When we attempt to trace the career of the mere prize-winning prodigy he is only too often to be found in the ranks of the utterly undistinguished—a briefless barrister, a country clergyman, or a humdrum Government official; while, given certain indispensable conditions, the unpromising idler who rarely soars above the last five places in his form, and leaves school with less knowledge of classics and of his country's history than might be claimed by many an aspiring artisan, is often revealed in after-life invested with Cabinet rank and charged with the destinies of half an empire. But in order to achieve success of this kind at least three contributing factors are indispensable: family influence, good natural abilities, and the incentive of ambition. Of the three the first is probably the most important; and it is no disparagement to the present Secretary for India to affirm that without family influence it is highly improbable that he would have become a prominent Minister of the Crown.

He began life as an ensign in a crack regiment of Foot, but when in 1868 a Conservative candidate was required for the important constituency of Middlesex, Mr. Disraeli, with whom the Abercorn family had always been prime favorites,—he gave its chief a dukedom, and subsequently immortalized a daughter of the House in the pages of "*Lothair*,"—perceiving in Lord George the type of young politician which always strongly appealed to his imagination, recommended that he should be entered for parliamentary honors. Possibly but for a quarrel between the two Liberal candidates, Lord Enfield and Mr. Labouchere (the "*Labby*" of to-day), the extremely youthful Conservative candidate—he was then not more than twenty-three—would have come off second-best. As it was,

he contrived to win the seat for his party, much to the gratification of Mr. Disraeli, who duly noted him down for subordinate office, which, however, was not bestowed till 1874, the elections of 1868 having proved fatal to the Conservative Government.

Since that time Lord George's political career has been continuously prosperous, and if some of his old school-fellows have viewed his rapid aggrandizement with a certain amount of surprise, it may be truly said that not one of them has grudged him his success, while the Governing Body has testified its sense of the distinction he has conferred upon Harrow by electing him one of their number, in which capacity he worthily represents his father, himself a governor for nearly half a century. With reference to the Middlesex contest of 1868, I believe it was the last parliamentary election at which, in London at all events, personal "squibs" were placarded on the walls. One couplet I well remember. It related to Mr. Labouchere, who had shortly before been involved in some rather comical dispute abroad with a foreign baron, whose stature apparently was in marked contrast to the dimensions of his cane, for the doggerel ran thus—

Run away, Labouchere, run away,
quick;
Here comes the small man with the
very big stick!

Lord Enfield, the other Liberal candidate, was, I think, the sitting member. At all events, I remember his addressing the Harrow electors from the "King's Head" portico in the general election of 1865, and his being interrogated from the top of the "King's Head" 'bus by the well-known "Squire" Winkley, one of the principal local tradesmen and politicians. The Squire, whose somewhat inordinate social aspirations did not contribute to his pop-

ularity, was hailed by the boys gathered outside the "King's Head" with a good deal of derisive vociferation, which he rather imprudently resented, for in the midst of his harangue the unhorsed omnibus began slowly to move from before the inn door, and amid the "inextinguishable laughter" of the crowd and the frantic gesticulations of the intrusive politician, he was conveyed to a distance where his eloquence was no longer audible. His pretensions were certainly rather ludicrous. To his residence (over his shop) he gave the sonorous name of "Flambards," and it was always understood (though I daresay without any real foundation) that his sobriquet of "Squire" arose from his having invested himself with that title during a holiday tour. Some travelling acquaintance (the story went) to whom he had thus magnified himself, happening one day to come to Harrow, bethought him of his fellow-traveller, and seeing at the station an old hawker with a donkey-cart, asked him if he could tell him where Squire Winkley of Flambards lived. "What!" exclaimed the old hawker, "my damned proud nevvie? Why, over his shop, of course, in the High Street!" Another legend about him, even less credible, was that he had asked Dr. Vaughan, in recognition of some function he fulfilled in connection with the School, if he might wear a cap and gown. "That's as you like," was the discouraging answer. Nothing daunted, the Squire then asked if the boys might touch their hats to him. "That's as they like," the Doctor again replied, with contemptuous suavity. But however apocryphal the story, it had a certain vitality, for the Squire was almost invariably greeted by the boys with the salutation which he was reported to have so vainly courted, but in such a marked spirit of mockery as to drive the recipient almost frantic with affronted dignity.

The Squire also served not infrequently as a target for pea-shooters from the windows of masters' houses adjoining "Flambards." On one occasion, when in solemn conclave with some one he had buttonholed in the street, a deftly directed pea from an unseen marksman suddenly and sharply hit him on the cheek. I happened to be close by, and shall never forget the outraged air with which he complained to a passing master of having been "shamefully assaulted in the public street, while in confidential conversation with a mutual friend of myself and the Earl of Clarendon!" The master, as in duty bound, professed indignation and sympathy; but the culprit, who was perhaps not too diligently sought for, was never discovered.

The Earl whose name had lent such impressiveness to the Squire's complaint had three sons at Harrow, all of whom subsequently made their mark. The eldest, the present Lord Clarendon (then Lord Hyde), is Lord Chamberlain; and had his bent been more political, might fairly have aspired to high Ministerial office. The second son, the late Colonel George Villiers, was an accomplished soldier and diplomat; and the youngest brother, Mr. Francis Villiers, occupies a highly important post in the permanent department of the Foreign Office. All these were members of Edwin Vaughan's house, which harbored most of the "patricians," especially those from the Emerald Isle, where Mrs. Edward Vaughan, an extremely charming woman, had many connections. Several of the "Young Vaughanites" became in due course popular Irish landlords, notably the late Lord Caledon, a Household Cavalry officer of the best type: soldierly, straightforward, and unassuming, who retained throughout life the genuineness and simplicity that characterized him as a Harrow boy.

Another embryo politician who gave

little promise of attaining Cabinet rank was Edward Marjoribanks, now the second Lord Tweedmouth, who became one of the most adroit and diplomatic of party "whips," and occupied the post of Lord Privy Seal in the last Liberal Administration. At Harrow he was chiefly conspicuous for a ready plausibility which, if unappreciated by his pastors and masters, has rendered him excellent service in the work of party management; nor did he reveal much promise at Christ Church, where he belonged to a famous set more remarkable for social than scholastic achievements, and whence he withdrew, like his ex-chief, Lord Rosebery, without the adornment of a degree, owing to a difference with Dean Liddell concerning the amount of respect due to College statuary. But to a "gilded youth" of Great Britain such a *contretemps* is of very little consequence. Having sown his wild oats harmlessly enough, Mr. Marjoribanks betook himself to ploughing the political furrow with a vigor and dexterity which a double first-class would probably have considerably impaired.

Among ecclesiastics, Harrow of that day can boast a noteworthy representative in the Archbishop of Canterbury; while to the law it gave Mr. Justice Ridley, Sir Francis Jeune, the late Recorder of London, and the present Lord Advocate. The Archbishop is, again, an instance of the "unexpected." At Harrow he displayed no special ability, and though compelled by an untimely accident to content himself at Oxford with a "pass" degree, his previous university record had scarcely augured any conspicuous achievement in the Honor schools. Nevertheless he revealed as an undergraduate certain valuable qualities which strongly impressed Archbishop Tait, whose only son was one of his most intimate college friends. The Archbishop, who wisely accounted ingratiatory tactful-

ness and sound judgment more important traits in a modern English ecclesiastic than mere scholarly attainments, however brilliant, quickly recognized that the young clergyman was not only calculated to render him excellent service as a lieutenant, but in process of time to figure with credit and influence in the high places of the Church. Nor was Dr. Tait the only personage who formed a favorable opinion of young Mr. Davidson. Queen Victoria, who had an early opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, was equally prepossessed, with the result that at the age of only thirty-five he was awarded the much-coveted Deanery of Windsor, in which he earned the esteem and appreciation of the Sovereign in a higher degree than had been the case with any previous occupant of the office, excepting, perhaps, Dean Wellesley. His subsequent advancement has been invariably attended with an increase of reputation, and by his promotion to the Primacy he has succeeded in winning for his old school an honor which, however little anticipated in his days of pupilage, is universally admitted to be completely justified. Probably his fine tact and delicacy of feeling were never more felicitously exercised than on the occasion of his enthronement at Canterbury, when his graceful tribute to his old master, Dean Farrar, who was present at the ceremony, must have been particularly soothing to the veteran whom he had so signally distanced. It is noteworthy that during the last fifty years Harrow has furnished two Primates: one in the person of Dr. Longley, a former Headmaster, the other Dr. Davidson, an "old boy"; but before the latter's elevation no Harrovian proper had, I believe, attained the highest honors of the Church.

Harrow has never been a great recruiting-ground for the Judicial Bench, nor in that respect has Eton, I believe,

been much more fertile. Mr. Justice Ridley, known at Harrow as "young Ridley," in contradistinction to his elder brother, the late Home Secretary, had, like the latter, a singularly brilliant career both at Harrow and at Oxford; but it is pretty certain that but for his near relationship to an influential Cabinet Minister he would never have been promoted to a seat in the High Court, where, if he has his inferiors, he can scarcely claim to be ranked among the rapidly diminishing number of "strong" judges. Had he cast in his lot exclusively with politics he might very probably have gained a considerable, if not a first-rate, position; and as a finished scholar, and distinguished Fellow of All Souls', he would have added lustre to a Government which is strangely deficient in University prestige. But where an elder brother has attached himself to politics, the younger, even if equally gifted, usually adopts some other career. Edward Ridley, accordingly, decided upon the less congenial calling of the law, and after the short parliamentary apprenticeship which every legal aspirant considers indispensable, was awarded an official refereeship, from which he was eventually advanced to a puisne-judgeship.

It is a curious circumstance that both these brilliant brothers should in performance have fallen so far short of their early promise. The effacement, however, of the late Home Secretary must have been due to some other cause than that of inadequate capacity for the office which he held. Possibly he was not sufficiently acceptable at Court, and another Cabinet post of equal importance could not be found for him; but it certainly was a surprise to behold him kicked upstairs with the tinsel solatium of a viscount's coronet, receiving little better treatment than the merest political limpet!

Sir Francis Jeune is the eldest son

of the third of that trio of Heads of Houses who were known in Oxford as "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." In spite of his sobriquet, Dr. Jeune became successively Dean of Lincoln and Lord Bishop of Peterborough, the latter of which preferments he owed to Mr. Disraeli, whose ecclesiastical sympathies were with the more moderate branch of the Low Church party to which Dr. Jeune belonged. Francis Jeune was more proficient than prominent at Harrow, whence he proceeded to Balliol, achieving there considerable distinction, which, however, hardly pointed to the measure of success he has since attained in the legal world. Equipped with a Hertford Fellowship, he was called to the Bar, where in his early days he very wisely did not even disdain a police-court brief. Indeed, his tact and dexterity would have qualified him for any department of advocacy, though those strange bed-fellows, Ecclesiastical and Divorce Law, finally attracted most of his forensic attention. But he was equally at home in the highest tribunals, and I have heard Lord Selborne, who was not prodigal in his compliments to counsel, pay a marked tribute to his arguments in the Court of Appeal, on an occasion when he was opposed by the law officers of the Crown and other legal magnates. As a Judge, though he cannot claim to rank with such predecessors as Cresswell, Wilde, and Hannen, he discharges his functions with dignity and credit, and being also Judge Advocate-General enjoys the unique privilege of exercising a triple jurisdiction—in matters military, nautical, and connubial.

Sir Charles Hall, known in his House as "Gentleman" Hall, owed his eventual position partly to his parentage—his father was a Vice-Chancellor—but mainly to his social qualifications, which procured for him powerful friends in high places. His knowledge

of law was far from profound, but he had sufficient acumen and dexterity to enable him to conduct any case entrusted to him at least creditably, and to qualify him in the long-run for a silk gown, which he wore with an air of dignity and distinction that was the admiration of every lay onlooker. His manners, too, were as unexceptionable in as out of Court, and unquestionably won for him no small degree of favor. With these advantages, and a county seat in Parliament, he was eminently fitted to fill the post of Attorney-General to the Heir Apparent, which he did with particular satisfaction to his illustrious patron. The Recordership of London involved, however, from a legal point of view, far more serious responsibilities, and when Sir Charles was elected to the post in preference to other candidates of more weighty professional attainments, it was feared that he might find some difficulty in adequately sustaining the rôle of a criminal judge. Such, however, was not the case; and if his court did not quite uphold the prestige it had acquired under Russell Gurney, a judge who certainly ought to have adorned a superior bench, it more than maintained the reputation handed down by his immediate predecessor. That he found the Corporation duties attaching to his office congenial I should not like to say; but he fulfilled them with excellent taste and judgment, though he must have occasionally laughed in his sleeve at the contrast between the manners and customs of St. James's and those of the Guildhall. But however that may have been, he managed to preserve unruffled relations with both quarters of the town, as much at home with the representatives of Gog and Magog as with the *élite* of Marlborough House.

For either sphere pre-eminently fit,
Whether with Prince consorting or
with Clit,

In Royalty's saloons a radiant star,
Or charming tradesmen east of Temple
Bar!

The present Lord Advocate was an accomplished pupil of the late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), to whom he would occasionally cross over from the House of Commons and chat on old times. At Harrow he combined elegance of scholarship with considerable skill as a racquet player; and if he left Cambridge without having quite maintained the promise of his school-days, he carried away with him more than enough learning for all the practical purposes of his profession. His charm of manner and *savoir faire* have been serviceable allies to the sound abilities which he has always displayed in the course of a somewhat varied legal career; and Scotland may be congratulated on being represented by a law officer who, in culture and personal distinction, if not in actual professional attainments, is a worthy namesake of the illustrious Mansfield.

Of the Harrow cricketers in the early Sixties, I. D. Walker and C. F. Buller were, I believe, the only ones who afterwards became famous, F. C. Cobden belonging to a rather later period.

I. D. Walker, who *in statu pupillari* looked quite as old as many of the masters, provoked, I remember, considerable sarcasm from the Etonians at Lord's, several of them asserting that he was a veteran smuggled back for the purposes of the match, a charge to which Walker's rather wizened countenance and premature side-whiskers afforded some color. "Lord's" was in those days much less of a "Society" resort than at present. The price of admission to all parts of the ground did not exceed sixpence; there were no stands (excepting, of course, the old M. C. C. pavilion), and very few seats, the majority of the spectators

(who were unrestricted by ropes) sitting on the grass, while carriages, riders, and pedestrians mingled indiscriminately, under rather precarious conditions. The "chaff," or, as the respective Headmasters more ceremoniously defined it, the "ironical cheering," was then in full swing, and though amusing enough to the vociferators, was a terrible ordeal to the players, and an unmitigated nuisance to the adult portion of the assemblage. To be obliged to deliver a ball to the strident accompaniment of "Bubba—Bubba—Bowled!" (I spell the preliminary exclamation phonetically), was to any boy with even good nerves hideously disconcerting; and it was a profound relief when, a climax of discord having been reached, the Headmasters succeeded by their adjurations before the next match in stopping, or at all events in mitigating, the nuisance.

C. F. Buller, though less useful, was a far more brilliant player than Walker. He was, in fact, almost universally brilliant, even his school-work, when he condescended to do any, being no exception. He was the son of Sir Arthur Buller, an ex-Indian judge, and the nephew of Charles Buller, the promising Whig statesman, much of whose charm and talent he had inherited. Both his father and his uncle were pupils of Thomas Carlyle; but Sir Arthur, at all events, conveyed no suggestion of the fact. Like his son, unusually handsome and distinguished-looking, he had more the air of a Pall Mall cynic than of a pupil of Chelsea's rugged sage. He idolized his boy, whom he appeared to treat more as a younger brother than as a son, and very seldom missed coming down to see him play. I well recollect him sitting in the little pavilion on the old Harrow ground, between the steps of which some nettles had begun to intrude rather aggressively. "Here,

you boys!" exclaimed Sir Arthur imperiously to some small boys seated on the steps, "I wonder you allow nettles to choke up the place like this. Clear them away, can't you?" The small boys, who were engaged in vicarious refreshment, did not relish this haughty command from a visitor, and took no notice. "Ah," observed Sir Arthur with a withering sneer, "if I had said that to Eton boys, they would have done it."

The influence and prestige of C. F. Buller at Harrow can only be compared to those of Steerforth in "David Copperfield." Even the masters fell under his spell, and though not sufficiently high in the School to be entitled to "find"—i.e., to have meals in his own rooms—he was specially favored in this respect by his tutor. At football (which he always played in patent-leather boots!) he excelled as greatly as at cricket, while I think he is the only

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schoolboy on record who has accomplished a wide jump of twenty-two feet. With the gloves, too, he was invincible; and many a braggart town "chaw," who thought to challenge his supremacy, used to retire from the encounter chastened and unrepresentable.

He passed into the 2nd Life Guards (by the way, he used to say at Harrow that the only exercise he could not accomplish was to ride!), where his popularity and prestige were such that his brother officers twice paid his debts rather than he should be lost to the regiment. Eventually, however, financial exigencies compelled his retirement, and in other respects fortune ceased to smile on him; but to all Harrovians of the "early Sixties" his name is still one to conjure with, pre-eminent among the many that will ever be recalled with affectionate admiration.

Sigma.

THE ETHICS OF PARODY.

How far is the parodist justified? And what are the limits of his legitimate dealings with literature? The question arises before us as we lay down Mr. W. H. Boynton's "The Golfer's Rubáiyat" (Grant Richards). For we are conscious that there are some parodies which have brought with them both amusement and instruction—it has often been pointed out that parody at its best is a valuable form of criticism. There are others that hurt the literary sense like the dentist's touch upon an exposed nerve. This little volume is a parody of FitzGerald. It hurts the literary sense. We ask ourselves why? And the investigation into the cause of our suf-

fering leads to certain conclusions as to the ethics of parody.

Mr. Boynton has taken FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam stanza by stanza with the remorselessness of an auctioneer's catalogue, and with the alteration of a word here and there has brought the philosophy of Omar down to the golf links. The task, being done, looks easy of accomplishment, and each quatrain, staring from its own page, is the obvious degradation of the corresponding quatrain, of FitzGerald. We will quote the twelfth and the thirteenth:—

A Bag of Clubs, a Silvertown or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—
and Thou

Beside me caddying in the Wilder-
ness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Some for the weekly Handicap; and
some
Sight for a greater Championship to
come;
Ah, play the Match, and let the Medal
go,
Nor heed old Bogey with his wretched
Sum.

We will quote no more, but implore the reader straightway to forget these stanzas when they have served their purpose of illustrating what a parody ought not to be. For a parody should certainly be an addition to literature, if it is to be welcomed, not a subtraction from it. If it is designed to spoil our enjoyment of a great work by suggesting undertones of triviality it is an outrage which should be strenuously resented. For our own part we are furiously resentful, since we have to make a fierce effort to forget the travesty before we can return to the original with the usual zest.

What then are the limits of legitimate parody? Shall we not say that the first rule of the game is that no masterpiece shall be turned into verbal triviality? A travesty of the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount would offend the most unemotional agnostic. Shakespeare seems to be immune, for no one has ever even tried to travesty his style—he is above style—and the innumerable travesties of "To be or not to be" have left the great monologue serenely uninjured. But for the rest, criticism or suggestion marks the limit; and the warning-bell should ring when the parody passes from the spirit of the author to the letter, when the parodist deliberately takes a masterpiece and degrades it, so that the infernal tinkle of the parody rings in our ears as we strain to listen to the music of the spheres.

Many instances of the legitimate

parody occur as the pen runs. The late Bret Harte's "condensed novels" never took a moment of pleasure from the reader of the stories he burlesqued. His was not verbal parody, not of the letter which kills. He took the method and produced it in a straight line till it met absurdity. Nor did anyone find "Lothair" spoiled by the reading of "Lothaw." The same may be said of Sir F. Burnand's "Strapmore," and the man who laughed over the burlesque could go back to "Strathmore" with unimpaired emotion. Calverley, with his acute literary sense and his amazing power of rhyme, was one of the finest parodists who ever wrote. Yet he worked entirely by suggestion—and criticism of the method. Take the "Ode to Tobacco," which is cast in the metre of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." There is just one hint of the original:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit.

"I was a Viking old." It is a mere allusion that would despoil no one of any enjoyment he could get from the "Skeleton in Armor." And was there ever a better parody of a great poet—and a more innocuous one—than Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull":—

You see this pebble stone? It's a thing
I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy I' the mid
o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-
speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur.
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po'
words?)
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the
concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given
for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or ex-
change—

and so on. But though you recognize

Browning instantly you will find this merely a humorous criticism of Browning—Browning's method produced to absurdity, and no single poem is dragged in the mud of travesty. You return to Browning with a sane consciousness of the spots on your sun. Coming to contemporaries we find Mr. Owen Seaman following the same course in the "Battle of the Bays":—

Washed white from the stain of As-
tarte

My verse any virgin may buy.

Do we need to quote further to indicate the sensuous swing of Swinburn-

The Academy.

ian verse? Yet the parody is not verbal, it fastens parasitically on no masterpiece; it is critical; it adds to our insight and does not subtract from our literary enjoyment. Here, perhaps, we find the touchstone of legitimate parody. It is easy enough to turn Wagner on the piano organ, to hurl Raphael through a magic lantern, and to take Omar for a round of golf. But by so doing we are depreciating an intellectual security. These are the things that help, console, inspire. Is it worth while to barter them for a laugh at three and sixpence (net)?

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS DECORATIVE ART.

It is not until some time after the death of a man who has really moved his generation that the flood of sympathy subsides, and we are able to look steadily at his career, to see with eyes unclouded, and say with words unbiased, what it was he meant to do and did, and how he did it. The vitality of William Morris found vent in so many directions, he did so many and such various things, that even now, six years after his death, the task of summing up his achievement is beyond the scope, if not of any one man, certainly of a short article. What is here proposed is to give evidence on one side of his many-sided activity, to review his work as an artist, to estimate more fairly than has yet been done his influence upon the Victorian revival, and to see for what he counted in rallying the rather crestfallen decorative arts and awakening in the latter portion of the nineteenth century that more general esteem, if not more just appreciation, of Art and Craftsmanship which marks the beginning of the twentieth.

William Morris once defined an ar-

tist, and in so doing described himself to the life. "The man is an artist who finds out what sort of work he is fitted for, and who, by dint of will, good luck, and a combination of various causes, manages to be employed upon the work he is fitted for—and when he is so employed upon it, does it conscientiously and with pleasure because he can do it well—that," he said, "is an artist." And that was William Morris—a man who found out betimes the very work he was born to do, and did it with a conscience, with a delight in doing it which contributed in no slight degree to his success and that of the artistic movement of his day. Indeed, it is assumed, by those whose knowledge of the facts does not go back to the time when he came to the front, that it was he who set it afoot. And it is quite true that, though before him there was Ruskin ("my master," he called him) and before Ruskin Pugin, to go no further back, and though there were contributory influences at work which had nothing to do with romance or mediævalism, Morris represents the

movement: of all connected with it he was the man of strongest personality, of sturdiest independence, of highest repute. A form of art which the author of "The Earthly Paradise" thought fit to practise could no longer be ignored. And so, though he was the child of the Gothic Revival, and not the father of it, he put his stamp upon Victorian ornament, and effaced in so doing the fainter impress of an elder generation at whose enthusiasm his own had taken fire. So closely did he follow the mediævalist teaching of his immediate predecessors that at the Exhibition of 1862, where he first faced the public, the jurors called attention to the exactness of his imitation of mediæval work. And to the end he identified himself with the Gothic style, holding it necessary for art to go back, after all these years, to the point where, as he thought, it went astray at the Renaissance. His artistic sympathies were no wider than those of Ruskin before him; he wrapt himself habitually in a cloak of archaism; but, try as he might to walk in step with the past, the stride of the man betrayed a passionate impulse which did not come from archæology.

It was more or less by accident that he first drifted into the production of things decorative. The arts of design were in a bad way when first he set about furnishing a house for himself; and, not finding what he wanted, he proceeded to make it or get it made for him. He was one of those who when they find the world out of joint feel that they individually are born to set it right—and so he went to work to make beautiful things. Others had tried it before him, and failed; he succeeded all along the line.

His versatility, as it is the custom to call it, was really steadfastness of purpose; and his purpose was nothing less than the conquest of the crafts. He took them singly, fought it out with

them, and, having mastered one, went on to some new craft to conquer. It was characteristic of the man that the spirit of conquest gave zest to his pursuit of the arts he successively followed. A practice once mastered ceased so much to interest him. That partly accounts for his success in doing many things, and doing them well. It is further accounted for by his idea of well-doing. What he did he did thoroughly and with all his might; but he aimed at the simplest effects, and by the most direct means always. He thought no process worth while but the most straightforward and, as he held it, natural. He never had any mind to solve a complicated problem, except by sweeping it out of his path. He wasted no time in polishing his work, preferring rude strength to delicate finish, and character to refinement. He would carry his work no further than it pleased him; and, as he could afford to drop it as soon as ever it began to tire him, it never lost its spontaneity. It was always a joy to him. "Joyless" was the term by which he would describe whatever was unsympathetic to him personally, for he was by nature incapable of conceiving that anyone had possibly taken pleasure in what to him would have been tedious.

One might almost deduce from the doings of Morris his definition of craftsmanship, "art practised within certain stringent limitations" which the designer ought "primarily" to take into account. And his ideal of workmanship was that of the past, when (as he conceived it) work was done, in a more or less leisurely way, by hand, without aid of machinery, the aim being to do it well and beautifully, not cheaply or quickly: the art of tapestry-weaving was the more to his liking because the process remained "exactly the same as when Penelope wove her web, and she was but practising an ancient art."

His method of attacking a subject

was impulsive to a degree only justified by success. He did not go for help to those who knew, or ought to know all about it; for he believed them more likely to lead him astray than to tell him anything he could not puzzle out for himself. Indeed, he had a wonderful faculty of working out a way of his own, or of discovering for himself what was already very well known to practised workmen. The adventure of experiment lured him on. He was by temperament another Pallas, only more fortunate—and an artist. He began with the comprehensive undertaking of House Decoration. This included furniture, wall-painting, glass-painting, tile-painting and needlework of a coarse kind; and led him to the production of wall-papers. In connection with these his name is widely known—though he regarded them from first to last as makeshifts merely, and preferred textile wall hangings. Accordingly he proceeded in turn to print upon cotton and to weave in silk and wool, eventually dyeing his own yarns. Then he went on to carpet weaving, at first of the commoner kinds—Kidderminster and Brussels—then Wilton, and Axminster, and lastly seamless carpets, in emulation of the Persian. From that to the triumph of Arras Tapestry was a step he could hardly help taking. The last of his accomplishments was the printing of books—though years before he had written out books in manuscript, and illuminated them with his own hand.

For decoration, glass painting and embroidery he made designs at intervals until his death. But in the main his energies were directed to one thing at a time—to wall-papers, cotton prints, woven hangings, carpets, tapestry, typography and book ornaments in succession; and it was only quite occasionally that he made designs for the industries he had, so to speak, outgrown. Their turn was past. Having

set them well going, he left them very much to the care of men he had trained; and they carried them on so entirely in his spirit that folk did not realize how little he had in later years actually to do with them.

The art of William Morris was essentially ornamental. All real art, he said, was ornamental. Any idea he may at first have had of launching out into figure drawing he soon abandoned, the more readily, no doubt, in that he could confidently rely upon his friend Burne Jones for the kind of figurework he wanted; even the animals in his designs were often put in by Mr. Philip Webb. His own ornament was strikingly individual, full of fancy and invention, and, though his ideal was beauty, closely related to nature. His idealism was quite healthy, human, natural. Not that he was given to philosophize about art. He did as he felt; and his impulse was towards floral ornament—a sort of gardening in design. He delighted in flowers; their very names attracted him, and he called his patterns after them. He had not the least leaning to or liking for abstract ornament. Beauty of line was not enough for him; it must recall something in nature. He had scant respect for Greek ornament. The nearest he ever went in his own design to ornament pure and simple was to contrast his more flowery ornament with a conventional scroll; but even that was still of a leafy kind. To his mind there was no pleasure to be got out of ornament in which was no memory of meadow or wood or garden. Pattern merely breaking a surface—fulfilling in fact the humble function of a background—had so little attraction for him that it is not to be wondered at that his designs claim sometimes more attention than a wall-paper, for example, has any right to demand. The truth is, even in his pattern he was poet first and decorator afterwards. He

was largely responsible for the re-introduction into modern ornament of natural forms, which Owen Jones and the reformers before him had been at pains to suppress; but he was too good a craftsman not to treat natural form after the manner of wall-decoration, weaving, printing, or whatever might be the thing he was designing. He did not ask so much that ornament should be like nature as that it should lead one's thought out of doors.

Himself he kept rather closely within the garden walls, training his pet old-fashioned flowers lovingly in the way of ornament. His first, and simplest, device was to dot them about diaperwise, like daisies among the grass. Then he would contrive fuller patterns, as it might be a thick hedge of foliage, with some flowering plant trailing orderly over it; or a close tangle of flowers, reminding one of a full border where the gardener has not been allowed to have it all his own way. He liked also to mingle two or three kinds of growth, or to intertwine two contrasting types of plant. Sometimes he would subdue the one of these to an undertone, an accompaniment only to the song; sometimes he would conceive the pattern more as a duet in which each voice in turn took up the air. He would enliven a pattern with birds among the boughs; and even in his carpets, following the dangerous Persian precedent, he delighted to introduce all manner of animal life.

A habit of his, and one which rather grew upon him, was to contrast with distinctly natural flower growth (as a foil to its broken foliage) broad masses of scrollwork of a conventional type familiar in that form of late Gothic art which was just beginning to be touched with the influence of the coming Renaissance. It was a characteristic trait in him, by the way, to ascribe to a lingering Gothic spirit in it whatever of Renaissance design he

could not but admire. The Renaissance being to him wholly evil, and this being undeniably good, it followed that it must be Gothic.

There was seldom anything very arbitrary about the growth of his quasi natural forms; it was not often that he compelled, for example, the stems of his ornamental flowers to take absolutely formal lines, though in his silks and other woven fabrics he occasionally reduced nature to pattern so severe as to indicate direct Byzantine influence. In any case he uniformly subjected natural form to some sort of ornamental treatment, tender as that treatment might be. Nature was always his starting point. His treatment of Nature was influenced at first by Gothic and later more by Persian precedent; and yet from first to last the design and detail of his ornament were, in the result, his own. It is matter of surprise, when you come to unravel his design, to find how few are the constructive elements out of which he built up its manifold variety: for types of form he had the whole flower garden to choose from, and a delight in it which never forsook him. He tried to get always in surface design "a look of satisfying mystery"; but he went the simplest way about it, constructing his pattern upon the most obvious lines, and taking no pains to disguise them. He disdained, for example, the expedient of making a pattern repeat upon any but the simplest and most elementary lines, and never went out of his way to invent cunning or ingenious plots; rather he trusted to the incident in his pattern, and the way it fitted in (which it always did), to give it interest. He was fond of waving stem-lines, reversed, or interlaced, at times taking a diagonal direction, not seldom crossed by bands of flowers giving horizontal stripes; and his liking for horizontal lines was none the less that the use of the weaver's shuttle.

suggested them: they gave, as he knew, repose. He confessed that in designing a flat wall covering one might be driven to mask the construction of one's pattern; but he never was at the pains to do much in that way himself: he was not the kind of man who is easily driven. The mechanism of his pattern design was, as far as it went, perfect, though he felt (and acknowledged) the "embarrassment," as he called it, of designing within the restrictions imposed by a machine of any kind. That may have had something to do with his pronounced preference for hand-work. Vigorous and outspoken opponent as he was of machinery, he was himself unable, with all his advantages, to dispense with it entirely.

Whatever he designed was apt to be full of detail; he would cover the entire surface of the thing decorated with ornament—for which he had both Gothic and Persian precedent. Every inch of a piece of tapestry, he maintained, should be interesting, apart from the effect of the whole; and his design generally tends in the direction of evenly distributed interest. Again with color, he liked it rich, and plenty of it; but he would have it only pure, bright, fresh, "frank,"—the color of flowers, of the blue sky, "the holiday color," and of the green grass, "the workaday color," as he phrased it. The low tones attributed to him, dull greens and what he described as "cockroach color," he detested. He indulged sometimes in colors stronger and brighter than more subtle colorists affect, but never in muddy or dirty tints.

Beautiful color he held to be in particular a condition of stained glass, the business of the artist being to stain and not befoul the light shining through,—though the introduction of figures by Burne Jones (who, by the way, was answerable only for their design and drawing, Morris himself

scheming the color of the windows) led to the employment of more paint upon the glass than is consistent with the preservation of all the pure brilliancy of pot-metal; and, as it happens, the paint he did employ has not always stood the weather, owing to its being insufficiently fused to the glass. He produced some of the most beautiful of modern windows; but his mastery over the technique of glass-painting, involving as it does some sort of scientific procedure as well as patience, was not so complete as that which he acquired over other processes of work—wall-paper printing for example. In connection with this last he revived and developed a system employed by the old block printers of graduating color by means of dots, admirably adapted to block work, whether upon paper or calico, and giving a broken texture most helpful to poor materials such as these. The difference he made in designing for one or the other of these two printing processes was mainly in the matter of color, upon which he held pronounced opinions. To the last he protested that modern chemistry had done only harm to the art of dyeing; for he judged "chemical dyes," as he persisted in calling them, by the first crude efforts in aniline dyeing—an invention which he described as "an honor to chemistry, a service to capitalists, but a terrible injury to the art of dyeing." His prejudice on that point firmly established, he took no heed of subsequent discoveries in alizarine dyes, and was himself an obstacle in the way of the artistic development of artificial dye stuffs, which has come about in spite of him. What he himself did was successfully to revive the use of vegetable dyes, some of which had fallen out of use. His influence upon modern dyeing (as upon manufacture generally) would have been greater if the turn of his mind had been less retrograde. In cotton-

printing the "frankness" of his color was now and then a little in excess (he seems to have allowed for fading); in silk weaving it was always subdued to harmony. Nothing could be simpler than the designs of his patterns for woven fabrics, which were based somewhat on the lines of old Sicilian stuffs. These appealed to him from every side—by reason of the invention and meaning in them, the ingenuity of their structure, and the broad, flat surface of their texture: there was nothing he so much disliked as the "meaningless tormenting of the web" indulged in by the Lyons weavers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The special qualities he sought in woven pattern were breadth and boldness, ingenuity and closeness of invention, clear and definite detail.

The coarse weave of a carpet implied to him correspondingly elementary design. He sought there no gradation of color, but confined himself to the harmonious juxtaposition of flat tints bounded by outlines, the color of which he chose with great discretion. In this art the old Persian weavers were his models; and, such was his admiration for their work that, but for the deterioration of modern manufacture, he would hardly have thought it becoming in a European to enter into rivalry with Oriental work, especially in the matter of color—which in a carpet should be nothing less than exquisite, he said. At the same time he thought it necessary also to get into the design all the form and meaning that he could.

If in a carpet he thought it necessary "to raise design into the region of fancy and imagination," still more was it so in tapestry, "of all kinds of wall decoration the most durable except mosaic, and the most desirable next to painting"; and here, once more, he sought the aid of his friend Burne Jones, himself, however, scheming the color and designing the floral and orna-

mental details with which it was crowded—until he had trained a pupil to do it very much in his manner. This was an art which he was not precisely the first to revive (for there were tapestry works established earlier under Royal patronage at Windsor), but he alone was able to keep his looms busy to the time of his death. At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 his English Arras more than held its own against the French—partly owing to the superiority of the design, partly to his much juster appreciation of the capabilities and limitations of tapestry weaving. He worked solely upon the upright warp, and had nothing but contempt for work done on the horizontal warp.

Needlework seemed to him to give more scope than even tapestry, especially in the direction of ornament, so sensitive did he find the needle to the least change of the worker's intention. His theory was that embroidery should achieve something which could not be so well done in any other way; and he made it a test of the needlewoman's comprehension of her art that she should take her stand upon the ground which a weaver's means did not allow him to cover. He took the boasted merits of machine work as a challenge to the embroidery to show what could be done by hand and only by hand. He aimed in embroidery at perfect gradation of color, perfect correspondence between the flow of the design and the direction of the stitch, and perfect preservation of the lustre of the silk. Some of his designs were for laid-work, "long tresses of silk" sewn down upon the surface of linen or canvas; but the stitch he preferred was a kind of darning upon a coarse ground, all but hidden by the silk, though threads enough of it showed through the stitching to qualify and slightly gray the color. He insisted always upon the preciousness of embroidery, nothing short of consummate

workmanship contenting him; and he found in his wife, her sister and his daughter, gifted apparently with a patience which was not his, sympathetic and most capable exponents of his design.

Morris's penmanship has interest as going before his adventure into printing; and in the illuminations with which he enriched his manuscripts will be found many a "motif" which he afterwards carried farther in wall-paper or other patterns. It is rather surprising to find so impulsive and impatient a man excelling as he did in careful calligraphy. His most beautifully executed manuscripts appear to have been written in 1870, 1871, 1872; the most minute of them, the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, was finished on the 16th of October, 1872. They were given to his friends, and are of course not so well known as his published work. His illuminated ornament differs markedly from the Mediæval in that it is not drawn with a hard or precise outline; and that he used, in place of primary colors, delicate tints, among which green predominates. Nor does the design of it show as a rule much influence of the Gothic work of which he thought so highly.

In the matter of typography and printing Morris did less in reforming them than in showing how great was the need of reformation. In comparison with his robust founts, Gothic or Roman, the weakness of thin modern type is most apparent; but his own type was itself too heavy to be accepted as a model, and his page too black. In protest against the gaps of white which too often disfigure the modern page, he so closed up his words and paragraphs as to make the print more solid than taste itself requires, whilst he sacrificed at the same time something of legibility. Curiously enough, his Gothic type, founded upon Schaeffer's Bible of 1462, "the ne plus ultra of

Gothic type," is almost more readable than his Roman. Small type he disliked. He reverted to the treatment of the double page as one composition, so placing the type upon it as to leave ample margin at the base of the page, less at the outer edges, less still at the top, and least of all on the inner edge. He designed for his books some noble title pages and many beautiful borders and interesting initials, all, however, drawn on a larger scale and with a heavier hand than quite suit the pages of a modern book. He did not himself respect the fair white margin upon which he laid such stress, but allowed his ornament to encroach upon it, and even to stray over it in a fashion more appropriate to a penman's after-decoration of a page already printed than to pre-determined printer's work. Altogether the luxury of ornament with which he crowded his page (he was at his most restrained an exuberant decorator) is in excess of what we want; but the ornament itself is full of vigor, fancy and ingenuity, admirably characteristic of the man, and proof sufficient that he died in the fulness of his powers. In his printing, more than in his more purely decorative work, he lies under the pronounced disadvantage of not being in touch with his practical and utilitarian generation. His books attract the artist but do not invite the reader. Nevertheless, when all is said, he produced some splendid volumes, and gave a strong impulse to the awakened interest in modern type, in the printed page, and in the decoration of the book.

He wrote little upon art except in the form of lectures. His outspoken words were really spoken, or written to be spoken—for which reason, perhaps, they are different in style from his narrative writings. He indulges here in no mediæval phraseology, but talks plainly and tersely about the things he knows or cares for—not so

much about the theory of art (to which he attached little importance) as on practical points in connection with the crafts, or on the relation of art to daily life, from which he cannot dissociate it. Art, as he understood it, was not a luxury for the few, but a necessity for all. His ideal was "art for the people by the people"; and to bring that about, the first thing, he maintained, was to make the life of the artist (and every handicraftsman was an artist) well worth living. In fact the welfare of the lesser arts involved, to his thinking, the question of the content and self-respect of the craftsman; and so, if only that men might have leisure to encourage in them the love of art, he desired to better the condition of their lives. As to the means he proposed to this end there is ample room for dispute—as to the nobility of his aim there is none.

It comes to pass out of his very convictions that his lectures on art deal with social conditions, and his political lectures with art. In the main, however, the first volume of his published lectures, "Hopes and Fears for Art" (1881) is devoted to art, the second, "Signs of Change" (1888) to politics. The third volume, only quite lately published, gathers together lectures not printed in his lifetime; but these still remain, some buried in newspaper reports. Before these lectures he had published in 1877 a manifesto of the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings." He was the founder of that Society and supported it with energy to the last. There was no more inveterate opponent of that kind of tampering with the authenticity of ancient monuments of art which goes by the name of "restoration."

Morris was a decorator of marked originality, master of many crafts; but it was as an ornamentist that he ranked highest and made his indelible mark upon Victorian art. His influence upon English design was for a time extraor-

dinary, and must always count for something considerable in the work of the nineteenth century. Upon manufacture his influence was only indirect. He was too much the enemy of modern industry to hold out a helping hand to those engaged in it; and his art was largely a protest against its ways. But his protest was of some avail. He showed that art did not spell failure to the producer, and he contributed greatly to the demand for beautiful things to which commerce itself no longer turns quite a deaf ear. He was an ornamentist of remarkable originality, without dispute the foremost and most active decorative designer of his day, from head to foot an artist—but something more than that,—a powerful personality, a man of deep conviction and of noble impulse, of absolute sincerity, of frank and fearless speech, a man of character in short. His fame as a poet helped him to the artistic position which, well as he deserved it, he would not as a mere decorator so immediately have achieved; and, in turn, he helped to raise the status of the decorator. The active part he took in Socialism, while it aroused the animosity of a large section of the public, made him the idol of a small circle of followers more or less engaged in art or craftsmanship; but it cannot be said that he founded a school of design (or ever wished to do so), though he undoubtedly inspired a following of artists who owed so much to his initiative—that, left to themselves, they were reduced to helplessness—so many satellites without a sun. That is the price we pay for masterful genius; and yet he leaves us very much his debtor. No one of his contemporaries could fail to be the better for contact with so vigorous and invigorating a character; and even the younger generation which knew him not, and thinks itself perhaps untouched by word or work of his, owes much to the influence of the deceased master. Long may it last!

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

(A Matter of Taste.)

Good-bye then, "Mary," if you really must?
 You're sure you—? Very well then. Anyhow
 I'm rather busy. No. I've got to see
 A dreadful female. Worse! A governess!
 For "Algy," yes. You know he's nearly eight,
 And getting quite beyond—I wish I could!
 I don't know how to manage him one bit.
 My dear, a little demon. That's the truth
 His temper's simply vile, and as for lies
 You can't believe a single word he says.
 His manners too! But what can one expect,
 Considering the way his father—well,
 You know what "Jack" is.

Oh, this woman? No

I saw about her in the *Morning Post*:
 She's recommended by a Lady H.,
 Whoever she may be: a fraud, no doubt.
 But anyhow I wrote—was that the bell?
 Yes! Then you'd better go. I never keep
 These sort of people waiting. Here she comes.
Adieu, ma chérie, then. Oh—How d'ye do?
 Excuse me for a moment—I forgot!
 That cook you spoke of. Is she very dear?
 "Jack's" rather—only fifty? Oh dear, no:
 That's not a bit too much. I'll write at once.
 Oh! what about the Duchess's to-night?
 Then *au revoir*. I'll come. Perhaps by then
 I'll know who "Lady H." is.

Please sit down.

You'll have some tea? Well then, if you don't mind,
 We'll get to business. That's to say, unless—
 I'm not mistaken, am I? You—you've come—
 It is about the governess's place?
 I thought at first you looked—then, may I ask,—
 Now are you *fond* of little boys? So glad!
 Then you are sure to love my "Algernon."
 He's such a duck—a little difficult,
 You know, high-spirited and all the rest,
 But such a clever angel. By the way,
 Were you at Glrton? Oh! Not *anywhere*?
 Dear me! Of course that makes a difference.
 My husband's so particular. But still
 It's chiefly *moral* training "Algy" wants,
 And *that*, no doubt—

Yes, yes, we'll come to that:

The—er—the salary, you mean. I'm sure
We shall not quarrel over that. But first
I'd better tell you what the duties are.
They're quite ridiculously light—in fact
If I could only find the time, I'd love
To do it all myself. I always think
A mother's influence so much the best
For *any* child—don't you? But, as it is,
I simply cannot manage "Algernon,"
I have so much to do.

If you don't mind,

I'd better finish what I have to say.
Your work would only be to get him up,
And see him dressed, and take him out for walks,
And mend his clothes, and read with him—in fact
Look after him until he's safe in bed.
And then, no doubt, instead of coming down,
You'd rather have your supper in your room:
So much more pleasant—yes, for everyone.
And, as for salary, my husband meant
To offer twenty pounds, but, on the whole,
I think that I may make it twenty-five!—
Then that's all settled. Silence gives consent!
But, may I ask your name? I'm so ashamed,
I've quite—I beg your pardon? Lady "Hood?"
Then you are Lady H.? But—oh, your friend!
I don't quite understand. Dear me, in bed?
I see. You came instead. Most kind of you!
And what am I to—will she take the place?
But *why*, if I may ask. If—not enough?
But—but I offered twenty-five! My cook?
Ah, yes! No doubt you—er—you overheard.
Oh, not at all. *My* fault! of course you see
How very different the cases are.
I know it isn't—yes, I quite agree,
In fact I've told my husband more than once
That Education really does come first.
But then, what *can* one do? The fact remains,
Good cooks are scarce, and governesses swarm,
And so, poor things, one *has* to pay them less,
One really has no choice! Besides—*Good-bye!*

Punch.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S AIGRETTE.

I believe I am perfectly safe in surmising that the most interesting and exciting days of my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed's stay in England with me fell out during the presence in London of the Moorish Mission to the Court of St. James's. The members of the Mission were housed by the authorities in a substantial mansion in the neighborhood of Prince's Gate, and as I was staying at the time in my father's town house in Sloane Street with Abd el Majeed, of course the distance between the Sheikh and his compatriots was trifling. Further, when I tell you that the head of the Mission, Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, was the uncle of the third wife of my Sheikh's father, it will be easily imagined that El Majeed had some grounds for the frequency of his visits to the mansion at Prince's Gate, and was in no danger of wearing his welcome thin there.

Myself, as it were vicariously, and by the light reflected from my Moorish friend, became something of a *persona grata* with the members of the Mission, and, as no other members of my family were then in town, I found it easy, upon more than one occasion, to recompense the hospitality with which the Mission welcomed me at Prince's Gate, by entertaining old Sidi Abd er Rahman and his followers in Sloane Street. Knowing something of Moorish affairs and customs, I was enabled to make them very comfortable there, and I am not sure whether any of the more or less splendid functions in which our Government paid honor to his Shareefian Majesty of Morocco, through his ambassador, were sources of more real enjoyment to Abd er Rahman and his party than were the little informal reunions in my father's Sloan Street residence.

Be that as it may, I am quite sure that the authorities of our Foreign Office had found much food for reflection (could they have overheard them) in some of the conversations which took place there between the members of the Mission and myself. The Moors accepted me as an unofficial friend, rejoiced in my green tea specially procured for their delectation, devoured bushels of couscouscoo prepared for them in our kitchens under the supervision of the Sheikh, were generous in their admiration of the two ladies from the "Halls" who were good enough upon one occasion to demonstrate before us some of the intricacies of the art of skirt-dancing, and altogether relaxed themselves agreeably from the formality of ambassadorial life in the capital of the British Empire.

Their comments upon affairs of State were highly interesting to me, and their remarks regarding the conduct of great officials in our land and in theirs would have been startling, I fancy, to the grand Bashas who rule in Downing Street. For example, I remember the venerable Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi having some little discussion with me regarding the social status in London of the ladies of the ballet who had so delighted him with their exhibition of skirt-dancing. He asked if they would be accorded positions of special honor, during royal receptions and the like, at the Court of St. James's. I replied that I hardly thought so.

"Then it is indeed as I thought," said the ambassador; "and there can be no doubt but that your English Government is mightily afraid of my master, Abd el Aziz of Morocco, and desires to pay him most humble court, despite their occasional loud talk of sending warships to enforce claims and the like.

Such talk need not be seriously considered by us, who are of the Faithful, I think."

I requested further enlightenment as to these somewhat remarkable conclusions of the ambassador's.

"Well, thou seest," he explained, "in our country the women of our dalliance, the slaves of our women's quarters, are not thought of seriously by persons of rank. They are not at all as wives, you understand. Now, when I came across the water to your country here, being a man of note in mine own country and standing high in the favor of my master—may Allah prolong his days!—I naturally brought some three or four women with me . . . slaves, thou knowest; it is not fitting that a Believer should subject his wives to the hazards of travel among infidels. Now, when those my female slaves did alight from the great ship, your Lord Chamberlain and the high representatives of your Sovereign who came to greet us did respectfully turn their backs until such time as these my slave women were effectually hidden in the train, and in dismounting from the train here in London, it was the same, and carefully closed and shuttered carriages were provided for them, your greatest officials humbly bowing and turning aside from their path, much to the secret merriment of these my slaves, who each and all knew what it was to chaffer openly in Marrakish marketplace with lowly sellers of vegetables, and that with scarcely a cloth over their lips—if I may be pardoned for naming matters so private." (In this connection, I must quote a remark his Excellency made to me a few days later. "Why, sir," said he, with swelling chest, "do you know that your Sovereign Lord and Lady received me at the Palace with my shoes on and my djellabhood raised, a guise, b'Allah, in which no letter-writing scribe, anxious for a fee, would allow me to enter his

house in Morocco. These things speak louder than words." It is true they do, to an Oriental. My blood boiled as I listened, for I know the Oriental feeling in such matters, as who does not who has lived in Eastern lands? Also, I knew that finely elaborated details of all this would reach every city gate and coffee-scented place of gossip in Surset Land. And it was so.) "Thus then am I assured that my master and his messengers are greatly feared and revered here among the infidels, who bow down with so much humility even before the lowliest slaves among us.

My British pride was made somewhat sore by this recital, but in most of the stories and comments I listened to in the mansion at Prince's Gate and in my father's Sloane Street house, I was moved far more to merriment and interest than to anything approaching annoyance; and I saw more clearly than ever before that the art of diplomacy lay not merely in veiling the truth, but in setting up an untruth in place thereof; and further, that the greatest diplomatists appeared to be those who deceived themselves far more than they deceived others, and that the ostrich, who looks to hide himself by burying his own eyes in the sand, must be the greatest of all diplomatists that live.

During one of my first visits with Sheikh Abd el Majeed to the mansion near Prince's Gate I made the acquaintance there of a young gentleman fresh from the University of Oxford whose name was Jones, and whose nature seemed equally stereotyped, conventional, and innocently respectable. What he was doing in that galley I was never quite able to understand; but I gathered that he was a sort of third cousin to one of the gentlemen attached to our embassy in Morocco, and that he cherished mild hopes of one day entering the diplomatic service himself, a career for

which I ventured to think that his bland pre-occupation with the purely unpractical affairs of life fitted him to admiration. I never met a young gentleman who so exactly resembled a character in some agreeable and fantastic comedy or story, rather than a flesh and blood personage in this busy, striving, work-a-day world of ours. His innocence regarding the Oriental character was most marked and his interest in the affairs of the Mission was, like his complexion, singularly fresh, unstained, and pleasing. And that is really all I know about Mr. Jones, beyond the fact that he hired a Court dress for four guineas from a Jew in Covent Garden, in order that he might appear at Court in the train of Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, and that in the course of conversation he generally made pleasant and innocent remarks which bore in some way either upon cricket, photography, or the 'Varsity.

The morning of the Mission's first reception at the Court of St. James's was a truly great occasion for my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed. As a relative of Sidi Abd er Rahman's he accompanied the Mission, whilst I settled myself with a cigar and a novel in the Prince's Gate mansion, to await the return of my Moorish friends, and hear their account of their brave doings. Mr. Jones was among the European attendants upon the Mission, resplendent in his Covent Garden costume, though a little nervous I fancied with regard to the proper disposition of his nickel-plated sword. He seemed to be greatly inspired by my assuring him that he looked "ripping." I chose the adjective with forethought, and I think it served its turn.

Scarcely had the Mission departed in the three coaches from the Royal stables, which had come to convey them, than one of the footmen attached to the mansion presented me with the card of a gentleman who de-

scribed himself as a "Photographic Artist," in handsome Old English lettering, and said that he had come by appointment with the head of the Mission to take portraits of the Moorish ambassador and his suite on their return from audience at the Palace. I requested the footman to show this Mr. Gerald Montgomery into the morning room where I then sat over my novel, and prepared to entertain him pending the return of the Mission.

Mr. Montgomery proved to be a gentleman whose artistic temperament displayed itself conspicuously in the fashion of his neck-tie, a truly aesthetic piece of drapery, in the arrangement of his glossy and plenteous locks, and in the almost effusive graciousness of his general demeanor. He carried a camera and other photographic impedimenta with him, and was attired most elegantly in clothes which I am assured must have been obtained from the most expensive quarter of Bond Street. In conversation I found him what my grandmother would have called an agreeable rattle; and, putting aside what seemed to me an excessive devotion to the use of strong perfumes, and a rather nervous alertness in manner, both of which peculiarities I connected in some way with his artistic temperament, I am bound to say that I found Mr. Montgomery as pleasant a person to pass the time of day with as you would meet in a day's march.

It was upon the return of the Mission from their presentation at Court that Mr. Montgomery's habits of nervousness and the manipulation of a strongly scented handkerchief became most strongly marked. But, to be sure, they were not the sort of peculiarities at which a man takes umbrage, and for my part I was moved to friendly sympathy with the Photographic Artist in his trepidation among the exalted foreigners, the more so when I over-

heard old Sidi Abd er Rahman growling in his beard, after I had introduced Mr. Montgomery, something to the effect that—

"The Kaffir, son of a burnt Kaffir, has no right here among the Faithful. He plagued me with his letters, but I did not truly say that he might come here."

Out of sheer good-nature, I assured the old Moor that upon this occasion, when himself and his suite presented so imposing an appearance, it would be a thousand pities not to have some permanent record of their magnificence. As a fact, I think my appeal to his vanity won over Abd er Rahman and gained the day for the Photographic Artist. The ambassador had a fancy for a picture of himself robed more splendidly than he would ever be in his own land, where the Koranic injunctions regarding display of finery and the like are very strictly followed by all classes. About his neck was a fine rope of pearls, and in one side of his ample turban was stuck a magnificent aigrette of diamonds and emeralds, lent him for this one occasion by his royal master, to whom it had been presented by a great Indian rajah who once made pilgrimage to the shrine of Moula Idrees, in Fez.

Mr. Montgomery floridly bowed his most graceful acknowledgments of my efforts to further his cause, and it was arranged that he should first take a picture of Sidi Abd er Rahman, the ambassador, alone, and then one of the whole Mission. So now all our energies were bent upon the task of arranging a becoming pose for his Excellency, to which end a sort of throne was prepared from a number of cushions, a high arm-chair, and a dais for the same to stand upon.

I suppose the now beaming and most gracious Mr. Montgomery must have stepped back and forward between his velvet-covered camera and the throne

of Abd er Rahman some score of times in all before he was quite satisfied regarding the pose of his Excellency's venerable person, and particularly of his massive and turbaned head.

"You will pardon the liberty," said he, with smiling deference, as he slightly moved the be-crowned head with both his delicate hands; and, myself having interpreted the remark, his Excellency was pleased to signify his complacence. "There! That is perfect. Exactly so, for one moment please!"

The Photographic Artist almost rushed back to the great velvet cover of his machine, and hiding himself therein, emerged after a few seconds, smiling rapturously and announcing that the operation had been eminently satisfactory.

"And now for the group," said the rosy-cheeked Mr. Jones, who seemed to have grown quite at home in his knee-breeches and silk stockings by this time, and carried his tinkling sword with the ease of long familiarity with the air of Courts.

So we set about arranging ourselves in more or less picturesque attitudes at one end of the apartment, until brought to order by the Photographic Artist, who seemed inclined to hurry over this portion of the programme, I thought, and who said now that we should do very well as we were.

"It was only the portrait of Abd er Rahman that he was anxious to secure," I told myself. "And that done, he wants to get away!"

And indeed it was rather remarkable, the rapidity with which Mr. Montgomery completed his arrangements in the matter of this second operation.

"That must be a deuced funny sort of a camera; I should very much like to have a look at it," murmured Mr. Jones, over my left shoulder. "How in the world he can focus the whole lot of us at that distance, spread out

like this, I can't imagine. It must be one of Stuhpelheit's new cameras, I fancy. I must see the photographer about it before he goes. Phew! Why, by Jove, he's finished, and he never took the cap off! That's devilish odd, you know. I must cer—"

And at that moment a great shout arose from Ibn Marzuk, his Excellency's slipper-bearer.

"My Lord's crown; the eyes of light with the flowers of emerald—where are they?"

Every eye was turned upon the snowy turban of his Excellency. The magnificent aigrette no longer blazed over his right temple; the Sultan's jewels, worth a king's ransom, men said, had vanished utterly.

"To the doors!" screamed old Abd er Rahman, who no doubt had seen something of theft and thievery during his thirty years at the Court of Morocco. And to be sure it would be no joke for him, this particular loss. His Shareefian Majesty has a short way with defaulting ministers, and failing the return of his aigrette, the chances were that Sidi Abd er Rahman would enjoy small favor, but only a very painful and drawn out kind of death on his return to Sunset Land.

I, for one, was prepared to swear that the aigrette had been in its place when his Excellency returned from the presentation at Court. Its wonderful sheen and brilliance had attracted my attention, whilst the ambassador was being posed for his portrait.

There was a whispered consultation among the Moors, from which I caught a growl from the ambassador with reference to "El Azfel," that is, the bastinado, for the "N'zrani," or the Christians. Then it was announced by his Excellency's secretary that everyone present was to be searched, with the exception, of course, of the great man himself. I could think of nothing pertinent to urge against this step, though

I could see that it moved my young friend Mr. Jones to very marked disgust and wrath. As for the Photographic Artist, the only other "Nazarene" then present, he was most obliging in the matter, and, having expressed deep regret regarding this singular incident, moved his camera aside, and stood beside Mr. Jones and myself, with his hands raised above his head, like a man "bailed up" by brigands, the better I suppose to facilitate a thorough search of his person. Certainly, I could see that this action of his commended him favorably to Sidi Abd er Rahman, though it did not appear to please Mr. Jones.

"Bal Jove!" muttered that young gentleman. "Does he think we are a lot of bally pickpockets, or convicts, or what?"

To cut the story short, let me say that we were all very thoroughly searched, Moors and Christians alike, and never a sign of the Sultan's splendid aigrette was discovered. Anger and consternation strove for mastery in the almost livid face of the old ambassador. I gathered that he was in favor of an immediate administration of the bastinado, in the case of the Christians present, at all events, with a view to encouraging a confession. Then my friend the Shelkh stepped forward.

"Sidi," said he to the ambassador, "this talk of the stick is worse than foolish, where such gentlemen as my friend for example are concerned!" He waved one hand in my direction and I acknowledged the tribute with a bow. I have seen the bastinado administered in Sunset Land, and had no wish to prove my honesty by tasting of it myself. "Further, Sidi, I, Abd el Majeed, would myself cut down the first man, though he were our Lord the Sultan, who should lay hands on my friend, whose bread we have all eaten. But—I would have a word with thee, privately, Sidi."

The Sheikh drew the ambassador aside, and together they muttered for some moments, Abder Rahman nodding his turbaned old head vigorously, as in emphatic agreement with my Sheikh's suggestions. Then the Sheikh moved forward to where a massive silver inkpot stood upon a writing-table, and raising the lid of the inkpot, paused to look about him around the room. At length his eyes fell upon Mr. Jones, who was somewhat sulkily playing with his sword, and swearing under his breath, by Jove! his favorite apparently among the gods.

With great politeness the Sheikh requested Mr. Jones to approach him, and to hold out his right hand. This the young gentleman from the University accordingly did, and into the centre of his pink right palm the Sheikh proceeded to splash a great round blot of ink, which he scooped out of the ink-pot with a sort of ivory egg-spoon (a nail-cleaner, as I was afterwards informed), handed him for the purpose by one of the attendants.

His ink-blotted pink palm extended before him, Mr. Jones followed the Sheikh to the large bay window, and there halted. The Sheikh assumed a demeanor of great earnestness, and passed his extended hands several times to and fro before the young gentleman's face, commanding him at the same time to look fixedly into the little pool of ink upon his right palm. Then ensued whispered talk between the Sheikh and Mr. Jones, of which I caught only occasional phrases here and there. That Mr. Jones was now as wax in the hands of the Sheikh was apparent to the most casual observer.

"Look well! Where goes he now? Mark well the——"

I caught no more.

Suddenly the Sheikh bent forward and wiped the ink from the hand of Mr. Jones. Then he made some further movements with his hands before

the young gentleman's face and turned away. Mr. Jones shook his head, coughed, blinked once or twice, and walked slowly to my side muttering, as though this singular incident of the ink-splash had not occurred at all. "Bai Jove! Do they take us for a lot of pickpockets, or what?"

"Gentlemen, this very regrettable incident is one which I deeply deplore." It was the Photographic Artist who began to speak now, his manner suggesting a curious blend of extreme nervous haste and extreme deference. "But as I am expected in the matter of three other professional engagements this morning, I fear that I must ask you to excuse me now. I—er—in fact, it is highly necessary—I would say that I really must be going without further delay."

And the Artist gathered up his photographic oddments as he spoke. But, to his confusion, it appeared that no sort of attention was paid to the matter of his extremely polite remarks. The doorkeepers fixed their regard upon the ceiling, and my friend the Sheikh was busy in a whispered conversation with his Excellency the ambassador.

"Sir!" cried the Sheikh, suddenly wheeling round upon the Photographic Artist, "be not so hasty, I beg you. The loss we all deplore is a great one, but my Lord, his Excellency, is not a man of one jewel. Let us put it aside; and, since you have the picture of his Excellency, who is a relation of mine, I beg you will now take one of me, without delay. See, I stand!"

And my friend the Sheikh threw himself at once into a pose of really splendid defiance. Just so and not otherwise might a Moorish emperor have received an ambassadorial petitioner from the infidels in the bad old days of that sainted butcher, Moulai Ismail, of bloody but revered memory in Morocco.

To my surprise the artistic value of the picture did not seem to appeal to

Mr. Montgomery. Indeed it seemed at first he would not take the portrait; so he fussed, and nervously insisted upon the value of his time, and the necessity for his immediate departure.

"You will take my portrait!" said the Sheikh quietly, but with exceeding masterfulness. And the Photographic Artist proceeded forthwith to arrange his camera in position.

"Thank you!" said he mechanically, when the operation was completed.

"And now let me see the picture," demanded the Sheikh. And I was surprised at the ignorance he displayed, for I had once before had occasion to explain to him that photographs require development. Mr. Montgomery naturally protested that there was as yet no picture to show.

"Natheless, I will see it," persisted Sheikh Abd el Majeed, walking threateningly toward the camera.

"Oh, come, you know, but that's absurd," put in Mr. Jones, advancing upon the photographer's side. "You can't, you know, until it's developed."

"Do you refuse?" demanded the Sheikh in stentorian tones of the now hopelessly confused Photographic Artist.

"You see, my dear sir, it is impossible to show you now, and—I really must be going. I think it is not a very good picture—indeed, that is to say—I——"

With one blow of his fist the Sheikh sent the camera flying off its stand, and before Mr. Jones, who was indignantly running to the photographer's assistance, muttering something about a "benighted savage," could interfere, the Sheikh had effectually smashed the machine with his foot.

"Now get me my picture," said he, as though the breaking of the instrument made the immediate production of his portrait quite simple.

"I really cannot possibly wait—I must leave at once—I——"

The Photographic Artist showed a great deal of natural distress over the smashing of his instrument, and surprisingly little resentment, I thought, as he moved toward the door.

"Let no man leave this room!" thundered old Abd er Rahman.

So there we stood. Meantime, Mr. Jones, an ardent photographer himself, had picked up the broken camera, and was carefully examining it, with a view to determining the extent of its injuries, I supposed. Seeing this, the very embarrassed Mr. Montgomery flew to his side, and seized the fractured instrument quite jealously.

"Er—pray don't trouble!" said he, like Mr. Toots. "It's of no consequence whatever, I assure you; it's not of the slightest consequence—er—it's not a very good camera."

"Indeed," said Mr. Jones; "I quite thought it must be one of Stuhpelheit's new panoramic extensions, when I saw how you managed that big group. I wish you'd let me have a look at it. What's the idea in that sort of sunken space under the back screw?"

"Oh, that is merely a flaw in—er— But I will explain it to you at my studio with pleasure. Perhaps you will call round—I—er—I really must—er——"

The Photographic Artist was obviously very much put about. I felt quite sympathetic for him.

"Let me see that," put in Sheikh Abd el Majeed, striding up to Mr. Montgomery. "There I shall find my picture, perhaps."

"Indeed, sir, I assure you that it is not possible for your picture to—er——"

"You can't possibly see it, now you've stupidly smashed the thing, you know," said Mr. Jones, speaking with feeling for a fellow photographer, no doubt.

The Sheikh said nothing, but snatched the camera from the hands of the Photographic Artist, who, to my aston-

ishment, turned at once and fled wildly toward one of the doors. "He probably thinks now that he has fallen among savage cannibals, at least," I thought, and walked after Mr. Montgomery with a view to reassuring him. Hearing a shout behind me, I turned in time to see the Sheikh slit open the recess below the camera with the point of his dagger, thus exposing his Excellency's magnificent algrette, or rather the Sultan's, neatly ensconced in cotton-wool.

Sidi Abd er Rahman hoarsely demanded that the right hand and left foot of the Photographic Artist should at once be cut off, this being the method most approved in such circumstances in the realm of his Shareefian Majesty, Abd el Aziz. I ventured to interpose here, for already two attendants had dragged the barely conscious Mr. Montgomery to the side of his Excellency's cushions. I explained that we Britishers had a prejudice in favor of formal trial and sentence in these matters, and requested that a footman belonging to the house might at once be sent out for a police officer.

After some rather fierce discussion, in
The Cornhill Magazine.

the course of which his suspense seemed to weigh very heavily upon Mr. Montgomery, this was done, and the Artist, with his wonderful camera, his flowing but disarranged neck-tie and his other belongings, was removed from our presence by a stalwart member of the Metropolitan force. We learned in the course of the week that Mr. Montgomery was one of the most expert jewel thieves in Europe, an artist, indeed, and one for whom the police were already anxiously looking in connection with another and a more successful robbery than the present one.

But I never quite got to the bottom of my Shiekh's experiment with the ink-blot in the rosy hand of young Mr. Jones. I gathered that it was the Moorish form of crystal-gazing, and the Sheikh said he had enabled Mr. Jones, by hypnotism, to see the whole theft in the ink-blot. But whatever the process, the Sheikh certainly managed the matter very ably, as we all agreed. And he now wears a very handsome silver-sheathed dagger, with a big emerald in its haft, sent him by the Sultan after the story reached Morocco.

A. J. Dawson.

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR.

It was through the introduction of our uncle, Mr. W. H. Wills, that my parents became acquainted with Charles Dickens. They were then living near Sheffield, and the great novelist was on a visit to the town with his dramatic company. I have no record of this first meeting; but a family legend has it that Charles Dickens and I became very intimate friends—I was then about two years old—and that he adopted me as his nephew. Indeed,

he so refers to me in the following letter to my mother:

Gads Hill Place.

Higham, By Rochester, Kent,

Thursday, Twenty-first June 1860.

My dear Mrs. Lehmann,—As to Tuesday evening, the 26th, your slave is a mere helpless Beast. I shall have Mr. — here, and shall abstain from Wellington Street in consequence, and shall (I fear) indubitably "put on a bored aspect" long before then, and keep it on for a week. I should have

been delighted to come to you otherwise, but Destiny is too heavy for me. I beg to send my regards to Lehmann, and my love to my Nephew, and the most inflammable article to yourself that it is lawful to transmit by post.—Ever faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Between my father and Dickens there was a special bond of intimacy: they were both great walkers. During the first half of the year 1862, as I find from my father's notes, while Dickens was living in Hyde Park Gate South, he and my father used regularly to take long Sunday walks together. On April 2 of that year a dinner was given at the "Star and Garter," Richmond, to celebrate John Forster's birthday, and when it was over my father and Dickens walked back to town together. For two pedestrians so determined and so well trained this was, of course, a mere trifle. In November of the same year Dickens was in Paris with his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, and his elder daughter, and my father and mother ran over and joined them there for a short time. My father notes that he and Dickens did a course of restaurants together. Of this course I possess one very pleasant memento. It is a *carte* of the Café Voisin, not a mere *menu* of the day, but a substantial catalogue, extending to many pages, of all the dishes and wines provided by that establishment, printed in French and English, with all the prices added. On the title-page are written in pencil these words: "19th Nov. 1862.—In grateful memory of a wonderful dinner at the Café Voisin, from [here follow the signatures] Nina Lehmann, Charles Dickens, Georgina Hogarth, Frederick Lehmann, W. H. Wills, to Mrs. Wills." The whole, encased in one of the red morocco leather covers of the restaurant, was sent as a peace-offering to Mrs. Wills, who had remained in London while Mr. Wills was away on a

jaunt. As a matter of fact, he had gone over to arrange the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round* with Dickens, and had taken with him a gift of a boxful of flowers from Miss Burdett Coutts to the Empress Eugénie. This is his account, written to Mrs. Wills, of how he executed his mission:

"27 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris,
Sunday, 16th November, 1862.

"I had a queer passage across. A rough sea, though there was no wind; but arrived comfortably at Creil at six o'clock in the morning. Of course I was anxious about the contents of the big box, and set to work unscrewing it with my pocket-knife. It got an awful *clite* at Dover. It being low tide, it was shot down into the vessel as if it had been a pig of lead, and turned quite over. Well, in the gray, mysterious dawn of morning, half-asleep. I could not help feeling, as I undid the screws, as if I were exhuming a dead body out of a coffin. However, though there had been a little crushing and one or two heads had tumbled out, the corpses are in very good preservation. By this time the buffet-women and porters crowded round me, and, as I watched them looking inside the box—some admiring, some pitying the accident, others awed by the fact that the bouquets were so gigantic and for so great a person as the Empress—I felt more like a body-snatcher than ever. They screwed down the half-alive flowers, however, and I went off at eight to Compiègne. At this station I found that the entire hireable locomotive power of the town was one omnibus, and that continually plying between the inn and the station. However, I hired that on the spot, went off to titivate, dressed in a delightful little bedroom out of a courtyard gallery prettily trellised and covered with creepers, and finally departed triumphantly in the omnibus for the Palace.

The driver, before I started, asked me with a kind of humor whether I wished to be driven into the *cour d'honneur*. I answered with dignity, "Decidedly." I can't say that my reception was encouraging at the *conciergerie*. However, a frown and some bad French sent off a valet with my letter and card to the Duke of Atholl, and I was shown into the apartments he occupied. They are gorgeous, but self-contained, exactly as in an hotel or *étage* in a private house. His Grace was not up. Would I wait? And I was shown into a bright, comfortably furnished room where tea and coffee were set for two. By-and-by out came his Grace, attired in a dressing-gown. Would I have tea or coffee? He poured me out a cup of tea, took a little for form's sake himself, and talked away about whatever he could muster as a topic. Then he sent for his servant, who sent for the box, which was brought into his private passage. The bouquets were exhumed, and pronounced to be in wonderful preservation considering. He would undertake everything: deliver Miss Coutts's letter to the Duchess de Bassano, get the imperial gardener to touch up the bouquets, and save me all bother. Then the Duchess was sent for to see the flowers. She came in simply but most elegantly dressed, in a dove-colored silk. A handsome woman whose gestures, if she were sweeping the stairs or opening oysters, you would call lady-like, about Miss Coutts's height, and a good deal of her sweetness of address. A little chat about the flowers, and I took a graceful leave of both. At my hotel (*de la Cloche*) I found a capital fillet-steak and fried potatoes, and was off again for Paris at once, having written meanwhile to Miss Coutts describing my mission as having been a perfect success; which I think it was.

"The omnibus brought me to the room Dickens had ordered for me; a capital

one with a good fire, and I went over the way. I found Mary and Georgina, Dick being out (it was half-past four). Very glad to see me; inquired after you very cordially; didn't know that Nina and Fred were on their way. Dick, when he came in, very cheery. We had a capital dinner at 6 P.M., from the house at the corner of the Place *Madéleine*, where you remember we dined twice; they have all their dinners from there.

"Didn't I sleep last night! and here I am in the middle of the Xmas Number, writing this between whiles as Dick goes over his proofs."

One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as if it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St. James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial-scene from *Pickwick*. I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, pursy little man, with a plump imbecile face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness—everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation. When the reading was over my father and mother took me round with them to the room

behind. As soon as Dickens caught sight of me he seized me up in his arms and gave me a sounding kiss. And so it comes that,

While Memory watches o'er the sad
review

Of joys that faded like the morning
dew,

this particular recollection comes up bright and delightful and unfading out of the chambers of my mind. "To have earned the goodwill of the great is not the least of merits," even for a little fellow of six or seven.

I must now hark back a little in order to give a selection from Dickens's correspondence with his assistant-editor, my uncle, W. H. Wills. The first two letters are concerned with *Household Words*. They show not only how carefully and sympathetically Dickens discharged the task of reading manuscripts submitted to him, but how fertile he was in suggestions even when he was busy with his work of novel-writing:

"Folkstone,

Sunday, Twenty-second July 1858.

"Dear Wills,—I have been so very much affected by the long story without a title—which I have read this morning—that I am scarcely fit for a business letter. It is more painfully pathetic than anything I have read for I know not how long. I am not at all of your opinion about the details. It seems to me to be so thoroughly considered that they are all essential and in perfect keeping. I could not in my conscience recommend the writer to cut the story down in any material degree. I think it would be decidedly wrong to do so; and I see next to nothing in the MS. which is otherwise than an essential part of the sad picture.

"Two difficulties there remain, which I fear are insurmountable as to *Household Words*. The first is, the length

of the story. The next is, the nature of the idea on which it turns. So many unhappy people are, by no fault of their own, linked to a similar terrible possibility—or even probability—that I am afraid it might cause prodigious unhappiness if we should address it to our large audience. I shrink from the responsibility of awakening so much slumbering fear and despair. Most unwillingly, therefore, I come to the apprehension that there is no course but to return it to the authoress. I wish, however, that you would in the strongest language convey to her my opinion of its great merits, while you explain the difficulties I now set forth. I honestly think it a work of extraordinary power, and will gladly address a letter to her, if she should desire it, describing the impression it has made upon me. I might, perhaps, help to soften a publisher.

"Miss L—'s story shows to considerable disadvantage after such writing. But it is what she represented it in her draft, and it is very clever. Now, as it presents (to cursory readers) almost the reverse of the medal whereof Miss J— presents the other side, I think it will be best to pay for it at once, and, for the present (say even for a few months) to hold it back; not telling her the exact reason, but merely saying that we are pledged first to the insertion of other stories in four parts, already accepted. Miss J—'s is more wholesome and more powerful, because it hits the target (which Miss L— goes a little about) with a rifle-shot in the centre of the bull's-eye, and knocks it clean over. Therefore it should have precedence—both on its own account and ours.

"But observe—I do not conceive it possible that Miss J— can alter her story within the time you mention. What I want done to it is much too delicate for such swift jobbing-work. I question, on the other hand, whether

it may not be politic just now, to have *one monthly part without a long story*—merely for the sake of variety.

"My thoughts have been upon my books since I came down, and I do not know that I can hit upon a subject for the opening of the new volume. I will let you know, however, by to-morrow night's post.

"I have written to Mr. B—, whose paper *will do*. I expect my brother down to-day, and, if he comes, will send it and the pathetic story up to you by him.

"Miss L—'s notions of a criminal trial are of the nightmarest description. The prisoner makes statements on oath, and is examined besides!—
Ever faithfully,

C. D.

49 Champs Elysées.

Thursday, January tenth, 1856.

"My dear Wills,—

H[ousehold] W[ords.]

"Forster does not think those two little poems are otherwise than original. That is to say, he cannot find them anywhere, though he has my general impression about them. Therefore, get them back from him, and insert them.

"My head is necessarily so full of my own subjects that I have not thought of that point to any advantage, though I have thought of it at various times. The police inquiry was never done, though I spoke to you about it when you were here. Accounts of the constitution of foreign armies, especially as to their officering, and as to the officer's professional business being his professional pride and study, and not a bore, are highly desirable. An article on the prices of fares on foreign railways, on the cost of making them, on the public accommodation, and the nature of the carriages, &c., contrasting their law with our law, and their management with our management, would be highly desirable. I suppose D— could do it directly.

Would it be possible to strike out a new man to write popularly about the monstrous absurdity of our laws, and to compare them with the Code Napoléon? Or has Morley knowledge enough in that direction, or could he get it? It is curious to observe here that Lord Campbell's Acts for making compensation to bodily-injured people are mere shreds of the Code Napoléon. That business of the Duke of Northumberland and his tenantry: couldn't Sydney do something about it? It would be worth sending anybody to that recusant farmer who leads the opposition. Similarly, the Duke of Argyll, whom the papers drove out of his mind by agreeing to consider him a phenomenon, simply because he wasn't a born ass. Is there no Scotch source from whence we can get some information about that island where he had the notice stuck upon the church door that "no tenant under £30 a year was to be allowed to use spirits at any marriage, christening, funeral, or other gathering"? It would be a capital illustration of the monstrous nonsense of a Maine Law. Life assurance: are proposals ever refused; if so, often because of their suspicious character as engendering notions that the assured life may possibly be taken? I know of policies being refused to be paid on the ground that the person was murdered—and could insert an anecdote or so. Poisoning: can't Morley do something about the sale of poisons? I suppose Miss Martineau's doctrine of never, never, never interfering with Trade, is not a Gospel from Heaven in this case.

"For a light article, suppose Thomas went round for a walk to a number of the old coaching-houses and were to tell us what they are about now, and how they look. Those great stables down in Lad Lane whence the horses belonging to the "Swan with Two Necks" used to come up an inclined

plane—what are they doing? The "Golden Cross," the "Belle Sauvage," the Houses in Goswell Street, the "Peacock" at Islington—what are they all about? How do they bear the little rickety omnibuses, and so forth? What on earth were the coaches made into? What comes into the yard of the General Post-Office now at five o'clock in the morning? What's up the yard of the "Angel," St. Clement's? I don't know. What's in the two "Saracens' Heads"? Any of the old brains at all?

"Mr. Payn might do this, if Thomas couldn't.—Ever faithfully, C. D."

The next letter gives an inimitably graphic description of a scene that took place at one of Dickens's readings in Edinburgh:

"Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow,
Tuesday, Third December 1861.

"My Dear Wills,—From a paragraph, a letter, and an advertisement in a *Scotsman* I send you with this, you may form some dim guess at the scene we had in Edinburgh last night. I think I may say that I never saw a crowd before.

"As I was quietly dressing, I heard the people (when the doors were opened) come in with a most unusual crash, and I was very much struck by the place's obvious filling to the throat within five minutes. But I thought no more of it, dressed placidly, and went in at the usual time. I then found that there was a tearing mad crowd in all the passages and in the street, and that they were pressing a great turbid stream of people into the already crammed hall. The moment I appeared fifty frantic men addressed me at once, and fifty other frantic men got upon ledges and cornices, and tried to find private audiences of their own. Meanwhile the crowd outside still forced the turbid stream in, and I began to

have some general idea that the platform would be driven through the wall behind it, and the wall into the street. You know that your respected chief has a spice of coolness in him, and is not altogether unaccustomed to public speaking. Without the exercise of the two qualities, I think we should all have been there now. But when the uproarious spirits (who, as we strongly suspect, didn't pay at all) saw that it was quite impossible to disturb me, they gave in, and there was a dead silence.

Then I told them, of course in the best way I could think of, that I was heartily sorry, but this was the fault of their own townsman (it was decidedly the fault of Wood's people, with maybe a trifle of preliminary assistance from Headland); that I would do anything to set it right; that I would at once adjourn to the Music Hall, if they thought it best; or that I would alter my arrangements, and come back, and read to all Edinburgh if they wished (meantime Gordon, if you please, is softening the crowd outside, and dim reverberations of his stentorian roars are audible). At this there is great cheering, and they cry, "Go on, Mr. Dickens; everybody will be quiet now." Uproarious spirit exclaims, "We *won't* be quiet. We won't let the reading be heard. We're ill-treated." Respected chief says, "There's plenty of time, and you may rely upon it that the reading is in no danger of being heard until we are agreed." Therefore good-humouredly shuts up book. Laugh turned against uproarious spirit, and uproarious spirit shouldered out. Respected chief prepares, amidst calm, to begin, when gentleman (with full-dressed lady, torn to ribbons, on his arm) cries out, "Mr. Dickens!" "Sir." "Couldn't some people, at all events ladies, be accommodated on your platform?" "Most certainly." Loud cheering.

"Which way can they come to the platform, Mr. Dickens?" "Round here to my left." In a minute the platform was crowded. Everybody who came up laughed and said it was nothing when I told them in a low voice how sorry I was; but the moment they were there the sides began to roar because they couldn't see! At least half of the people were ladies, and I then proposed to them to sit down or lie down. Instantly they all dropped into recumbent groups, with the respected chief standing up in the centre. I don't know what it looked like most—a battlefield—an impossible tableau—a gigantic picnic.

There was a very pretty girl in full dress lying down on her side all night, and holding on to one leg of my table. So I read *Nickelby* and the Trial. From the beginning to the end they didn't lose one point, and they ended with a great burst of cheering.

"Very glad to hear that Morley's American article is done. Rather
Chambers's Journal.

fagged to-day, but not very. So no more at present.—Ever faithfully,

C. D.

"Will you reply to enclosed letter? 200 stalls let here for to-night!"

Finally, here is the record of a hospitable bet:

"Office of 'All the Year Round.'"

No. 11 Wellington Street North, Strand,
London, W.C.

Wednesday, Twenty-second January 1862.

"Dick bets Stanny that *Masaniello* was produced, as an opera, at Drury Lane Theatre thirty years ago; reference is supposed to be had to the date of the year, without reference to months. The bet is, a Dinner for four at Greenwich, Richmond, or elsewhere, for the party present—that is to say, Stanfield, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Wills."

Here follow the signatures. On the document somebody (I think Mr. Wills) has added in pencil:

"I think C. D. lost, for *Masaniello* was produced as a *ballet*."

R. C. Lehmann.

IRISH MUSIC.

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,

Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees

Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever

Tales of dead Kings, and Bards, and Shanachies;

A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing

Old songs beside the legendary stream,

A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,

Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dew-drops glisten,

Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,

The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,

Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around;

And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,

Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,

Her soul, of all its hidden longing shriven,

Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrow seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears,
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
From the enchantment of nine hundred years!

John Todhunter.

The Monthly Review.

THE ETHICAL INDIVIDUAL AND IMMORTALITY.

It is a familiar but significant fact that in every region of knowledge one fact involves another, one truth another, one aspect of experience or thought another. An isolated fact or truth does not exist. It is always bound by close and often unsuspected ties to other facts and other truths. Nor is this the case within the scope of any specified region of knowledge alone. Every branch of science trenches at some point or other on the subject-matter of other branches; the fundamental scientific assumptions demand and stimulate philosophic investigation: science and philosophy both bear in manifold and important ways on practical life and thought. Thus to the human intellect the known Universe in all its aspects inevitably comes to bear the marks of a vast and systematic whole in which every fact and every truth has its own essential place and function. Our present subject is an illustration in point.

Having in previous essays indicated the importance of Individuality in the Natural Order, its fundamental significance when conjoined with personality, the unique meaning of each ethical individual to God as well as to himself, and the consequent loss to the Eternal Meaning if one such individual

were to lapse from conscious being, we saw that to regard the physical accident of death as even a possible term to ethical individuality appears a manifest absurdity. But in this very recognition, another and darker possibility confronted us: What of ethical failure itself? This we seem to see on all sides of us. How does it affect the worth and significance of ethical individuality?

The answer to this question must obviously depend on what ethical failure really is, and before going further it will be well to ascertain and define this, bearing in mind that in dealing with so vast a subject, within the short compass of a single essay, it is not possible even to indicate all its aspects, and that our considerations must be limited to such as bear on the immediate point at issue.

In the world of practical life ethical failure means primarily failure to fulfil a specified social relationship. Thus a parent who does not fulfil the duties of a parent, a citizen who transgresses the laws of the state, a friend who is false to the claims of friendship, a trader who deliberately breaks the terms of his contract, each and all so far ethically fail. It will be observed, moreover, that the failure, in each

case, is failure to reach a certain ideal standard of conduct shaped according to the relationship to be maintained. It is notorious that such standards differ from age to age and from country to country, being dependent on intellectual culture, religious belief, national custom, and many other variables, so that the self-same conduct in any given relationship might be regarded as ethical failure in one individual and success in another. Nevertheless the falling short of some ideal standard, partially independent of the individual, but which it is supposed that he "ought" to recognize, is always the chief element in ethical failure. This recognition by each individual of a standard by which his conduct is to be tested is universal. Even the proverbial thief has his standard of honor. The standard varies, however, not only with circumstances and social environment as has already been noted, but also from individual to individual even when every external circumstance and every part of social environment is similar. The result is that each individual is to a certain extent his own judge. To himself as well as to an external authority, "he standeth or falleth," and should it so happen that the external authority is satisfied, but that he falls short of his own inward standard, he accounts himself to have failed. Reflection on this multiplicity and variability of ethical standards, individual and social, on their evident importance and equally evident want of stability, naturally leads to the enquiry: What is their meaning? How are they to be reconciled? Is there no ultimate standard of ethical failure and success?

These questions have often been put, and have received various answers. That which will here be suggested is led up to by former considerations and is in pursuance of the same line of thought.

We have seen that each human individual holds towards the Father of his spirit and of all spirits a unique ethical position, is to Him that which no other can be, and from this eternal relationship temporal relationships derive their meaning and value. So much all readers who followed and approved the argument in the previous essays on "Immortality" will be willing to grant.¹ Real ethical failure (if it be indeed possible) is failure in this eternal relationship of the individual to God. We say, "real failure" because a man may seem to fail when viewed from the temporal standpoint, and yet not be failing when viewed from the eternal standpoint. Somewhat in the same way we may regard his earthly life as at this and this point an ethical failure, and nevertheless see that as a whole it is an ethical success. Things viewed "*sub specie æternitatis*" are always viewed as wholes, and therefore an individual ethical life, as a whole, is viewed from and can only be truly judged by the Eternal. The test of real ethical success or failure is, as we have seen, fulfilment of that ideal relationship to God which is God's intention in its existence and which is not subordinated to temporal conditions.

Can then a Divine, an eternal intention be frustrated, an Eternal Ideal be lost, the completeness of Eternal experience be curtailed, as it must be if even one of those unique relationships which ethical individuals should fulfil towards God is a failure? These questions are the form under which from our point of view the "Problem of Evil" must be faced and investigated.

And first there appears a certain begging of the question in presupposing that moral evil is ethical failure, that it is in opposition to the Divine Intention and "ought not" to exist. So far

¹ The Living Age for August 16, September 20 and October 18, 1902.

there is no reason in anything that has been said to justify the assumption that what we call evil is alien to the constitution of things, that it is not an intrinsic part of the Ground of being, does not, in fact, hold a place in God Himself. If that be so, there is no "ought not" in the case. Evil is simply one aspect of the Divine Individuality, and as such has as much right to be expressed in the Universe as "Good."

And as a matter of fact in the scientific view of Nature there is no such thing as moral good or evil. There is the fitness or unfitness of organic beings to perform certain functions whereby their own physical welfare and the perpetuation of their kind is secured.

In the case of man, there gradually results from the due performance of these functions a highly complex social organization which, advantageous to intellectual progress and culture, and to the development of the artistic and æsthetic faculties, is encumbered with its own difficulties and drawbacks, and entails its own peculiar sufferings, so that if limited to the earthly horizon (as the view of Science perforce must be), it is difficult to say whether even the greatest of civilizations is really worth all the effort and sacrifice by which it has been attained.

As we have seen,² however, there are but few minds able to rest in that external interpretation of experience which is all that Science can afford. It seems an inevitable consequence of the mental constitution of man that he should believe the universe has a meaning which he can to some extent penetrate, and it is owing to this conviction that moral evil appears a "problem" which must certainly have a solution even though its discovery should for ever baffle the best efforts of the human intellect.

² The Living Age for October 18, 1902, "The Philosophic Standpoint."

There is of course the pessimistic manner of cutting the Gordian Knot. We can accept evil as the eternal ruling principle of the universe, when every manifestation of it would be a necessary consequence of its place at the heart of things. There would then, however, arise the problem of good. We should have to face the question why there should be any "milk of human kindness," any unselfish love, any disinterested devotion to high intellectual or social aims, and most of all why we should attach any blame to ourselves if we fall short of an ideal standard of "right" either external or internal.

In truth, this difficulty must be widely recognized, for there are very few out and out pessimists, people whose conscious and assured conviction it is that there exists a "stream of tendency not ourselves making for" evil, and no counterbalancing tendency "making for righteousness." The thinkers among us are mostly more daunted by the apparent capriciousness of the adjustment between the two tendencies, than by the presence or absence of either one. The perplexing conclusion of human experience is that when man would do good, evil is present with him; and when he would do evil, good is present with him, for the bad man as often stays from completing a course of conduct which would be "no more than we should expect" as the good man yields to a temptation we should have supposed abhorrent to him.

So far then it would seem that good and evil are both root-principles of the universe, that as was suggested above both are expressions of the Divine Individuality. Such a conclusion, apart from its repugnance, leaves unaccounted for the existence of the feeling of duty—the "ought." Why does a man feel that he "ought" to pursue whatever course of conduct, taken by his recognized standard (be the latter low

or high) of right and wrong, is right, and never what is "wrong"? He may wish and intend the latter, or not wishing and intending may nevertheless follow it because "the temptation was so strong" that he "could not help" yielding. But never—if he is true to himself—will he aver that he did wrong because he felt he ought. "I *must* yield though I *ought not*" is the language of his inner experience when about to succumb. We may, for our present purpose, neglect the explanations of Science as to the processes through which this sense of "ought" has arisen. They are highly instructive and important in their own place. But the mind of man cannot rest in processes. It recognizes that results are at least equally important, and that the meaning of results, if it can be arrived at, is the light in which processes can be understood. The question for philosophy is therefore not how the sense of moral obligation was evolved, but why it is now, and has been within historical times, in existence; why social progress and well-being should depend on its active acceptance, why good—so far as it is recognized—is invariably felt to be that which "ought" to prevail whether or not it actually does so.

On the interpretation of the universe which has been accepted in previous essays, the ultimate reason of its being what it is, as a whole and in all its parts, lies in the Divine Individuality being what it is. The universe which is the outcome of the Divine Activity bears the impress of the Divine Character, so that if finite spiritual beings recognize moral obligation, that is because it is recognized by the Infinite Spiritual Being of whom they are the offspring. It may seem at first sight as though the existence even of moral obligation in the Divine Nature were a limitation of its Infinitude. But this is not so. Involuntary restriction of whatever kind is indeed a note of the

finite, but not that which is wholly voluntary, which is laid by Infinite Will on Infinite Activity. In the case of Moral Obligation, the supposed limitation is a result of Infinite knowledge and Infinite Holiness. All the possibilities of good and evil being eternally present to God, Good is eternally chosen, recognized as what ought to be, and Evil eternally rejected, recognized as what ought not to be. In Biblical language God "knows good and evil," but at the same time "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

This admission,—that evil is present to the Divine Consciousness though only to be loathed and rejected, for ever prohibits the identification of goodness in the sense of righteousness or holiness with mere innocence,—i.e. ignorance of evil. An intrinsic part of goodness lies in the *rejection* of evil. This is the fundamental characteristic of goodness in the Universe which is the expression of the Divine Will and Activity. This must be its conscious characteristic in every personal individual. Such an one cannot fill his own place to the Father of his spirit unless he chooses good and rejects evil. This is part of the Divine Ideal for him, of the Divine Intention in his existence; and consequently the deliberate, conscious choice of good and rejection of evil is the ultimate test of ethical success and failure. It is the eternal standard of right and wrong. And this explains to us how in the world of human experience there come to be such a multiplicity and variety of standards. The uniqueness which is characteristic of the whole Universe of Being and which is so extraordinarily enhanced by personality, reaches its highest known degree in man, whether we regard him collectively in tribes, classes and nations, or individually each man by himself. The ultimate standard—the consistent choice of good and rejection of evil—is the same for all.

but it is one of inexhaustible applicability. It adapts itself to every phase of human life and culture, to every different nationality, to every different age, to every rank in society, to every peculiarity of individual mental and spiritual constitution. Its demands are not uniformity of apprehension, but the determined and persistent endeavor to attain to what is apprehended. In words that are almost tritely familiar, it requires of each man that he shall live up to the highest that he perceives, and it may safely be asserted that in no two human individuals is that highest identically the same. This in no way derogates from the obvious fact to which reference has already been made above, that there exist collective as well as individual ideals. We all recognize the existence of ethical ideals shared in by whole bodies of human beings. But our immediate concern is with the individual, and largely as each man's ethical standard is affected, in many instances actually inspired, by that of his social environment, it nevertheless remains true in every case that there is an adaptation to individual idiosyncrasies which is unique. Moreover, in ethical, as in religious reform, the initiative is given by individuals. The way has to be prepared indeed by a growing though vague popular sense of the inadequacy of accepted standards and ideals; but the new start is almost invariably made by one man possessed of sufficient insight to perceive not only what ought not, but what ought to be, and sufficient character and self-devotion to give the requisite impulse in the right direction.

We are now in a position to consider the import to each individual man (1) of the fact that he recognizes an ethical standard of his own to which he may be true or false; and (2) of the existence of a unique Divine Ideal of his Individuality. In the first place it

must be acknowledged that no man is originally responsible for his ethical standard. He does not himself choose the age, nation, social rank into which he is born, nor the ancestral influences which the laws of heredity so strongly bring to bear upon him. Yet he is not wholly bound by any of these things, as the written history of earth's recognized greatest men abundantly shows, and the unwritten history of a countless number whose record is in the hearts and lives they have influenced through the power of their own individuality. The internal and external conditions of a man's life, as through childhood and youth he gradually becomes aware of them, are the raw material out of which he fashions his individuality. Its possibilities, whether great or small, are limited; but they exist, and the realization of some among them inevitably precludes the realization of others. Man participates in the Divine prerogative of self-limitation, and the aim which he sets before himself, the ideal bad or good towards which he strives, is the result of its exercise. He determines to realize certain possibilities and renounce others. For this determination, from the ethical point of view he is responsible in the degree to which he understands, or could if he chose understand, whether it is in consonance with and in furtherance of, not what he wishes to be, but what he recognizes ought to be. If his determination leads him consistently to reject what he recognizes as evil and follow what he recognizes as good, he is, however unconsciously, fulfilling the ethical purpose of his existence.

Here, however, we are brought face to face with one of the greatest practical and theoretical perplexities of human life, one which seems hopelessly to confound all attempts to disentangle its intricate mesh. It is that to our eyes such fatal mistakes are often

made by those who according to what is said above are fulfilling the Divine ethical demand on them, in whom the sense of moral obligation is most profound and most faithfully obeyed. It is not necessary to insist on this fact. There is no one who has not witnessed, too often experienced, heart-rending proofs of its truth, and the tear-stained and blood-stained pages of history are as indelible a record of the errors and injustices of the good, as of the deliberate cruelties and greed of the bad. What are we to say of these things? If individual human life is limited to earth, they mean ethical failure for all those men and women who err from conscientious motives, failure not only for themselves, but for the multitudes they lead astray. Error, even when recognized, is mostly irretrievable on earth. But what if human life be not limited to earth? If each one of these men and women who have seemed to do harm where they intended good lives on after death rich with the experience so hardly won under earthly conditions? The case is altered then for themselves and for their kind. From the eternal standpoint by which alone immortal spiritual beings can be judged, these mistaken ones and their victims are not failures. Amid temporal confusion and temporal error, they are but working out the true meaning of duty, the significance of moral obligation and ethical individuality, learning as all learners in all schools must, how not, as well as how, to do it. If indeed "Man has forever" we need not too greatly regret even in ethical matters that owing to the blindness and ignorance of earthly conditions it happens often that

This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it,
or again that this other

aiming at a million,
Misses a unit.

It is the high aim, the highest which the degree of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment admits of, consistently and faithfully pursued, that is of importance from the eternal standpoint. Men judge their fellow men by what they do, and no other test is for them possible. But the judgment of God is based on other and deeper knowledge, and in the Divine sight the seeming temporal failure may be a factor in the eternal victory.

Caution is needed, however, in accepting this truth, for it may easily be distorted into mischievous falsehood. The temporal ethical failure which may issue in eternal victory is not deliberate, nor the result of wilful ignorance. It is that which the conditions of actual human life render inevitable even to the single-hearted followers of good. There have been religious persecutors, for instance, who acted from the highest motives and in the genuine belief that they were taking the only means "to save souls." There have been others who used this pretence to cloak private greed, revenge or ambition; or who, recognizing that the means used were unjustifiable, yet allowed themselves through indifference or fear to be overcome by counsels which they should have withstood. If individual immortality be a fact, and in this life at all costs good has been followed, then, even though his best efforts have fallen short and his feet have stumbled on the path, the individual has not in the life beyond death to alter his fundamental aim, or seek a fresh ideal, but to pursue, unweighted by earthly conditions, and with a deeper, wider apprehension of its meaning, the goal towards which his face has been steadfastly set before. But if good has been rejected, or wilful ignorance has called evil

good, and good evil, the case is very different. Then the aim and ideal of the individual, his whole ethical attitude must be changed before he can begin to perceive or to fulfil the purpose of God in his existence. It is hardly conceivable, and against all experience of similar changes under known conditions, that so radical a transformation could take place without suffering. Most certainly it would require voluntary effort and co-operation on the part of the individual concerned, for the very essence of ethical victory as well as the test by which ethical individuals are judged is the deliberate rejection of evil and adhesion to good. That evil once accepted becomes more and more dominant, experience teaches us but too clearly—and often the individual thus enslaved, hugs his chains, not even desiring that they should be struck off. Against his will it is not possible that they should be if he is ever to fulfil his relationship to the Father of his spirit, for that depends on the voluntary rejection of evil and the persistent choice of good. Yet even for such an one life beyond death holds hope, the hope that under other conditions, through other experience, the awakening may come, evil be renounced and good chosen.

To dogmatize on a subject of such profound difficulty as this would be the height of presumptuous folly, but it is one to which the individual mind turns and turns again, and if there are directions in which we may look for light, it would be mere indolent cowardice to close our eyes to them.

In the first place it is necessary to remember that in the region of ethics possibility and impossibility bear a different meaning to that which is familiar in the physical region. When we say that water "cannot" flow upwards, or that motion "cannot" be destroyed, we mean that such possibilities as these do not enter into the con-

stitution of the physical universe. They are not even potentially realizable. But when we say of a man of whose integrity and uprightness we are fully assured, that he "cannot" commit an immoral action, we do not mean that he is restrained from it by any physical necessity, or that such actions are potentially unrealizable. We mean that a man of his character and probity will never make such conduct actual, though there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to prevent it. The bad action might be, but will not be. Something in the man's own individuality prevents it. It is possible, but not possible to him, because he will not have it so.

All moral "impossibilities" are of this nature:—Things that might be, but will not be, because deliberately prevented; and in the same manner all moral "possibilities" are things that may be but need not be, because their realization is voluntary.

It is to the region of moral possibilities that the realization of the Divine Ideal for each ethical individual belongs. It is of its very essence that the realization in every case should be voluntary. The Divine Intention is that each finite spirit should attain some unique moral victory, should represent to God triumphant goodness under certain special, limited and unrepeatable conditions. Therefore victory is not necessitated and defeat is possible. Possible because otherwise there could not be victory, but in no case determined, because defeat does not enter into the Divine Ideal of any man.

The second consideration we must take into account is that the Divine Ideal is eternal, so that in our thoughts about its ultimate meaning we must endeavor to rid ourselves of the notion that it had a beginning either with the man's earthly life or at some infinitely remote period of time "before the world was," and that in the same manner its

attainment lies either in the near or the far future. God's Ideals *are*, we cannot say of them that they were or that they will be, for past and future are shadows cast by our finitude. To the Infinite One they do not exist. When therefore we speak of the "attainment" of the Divine Ideal by any individual man, we speak of it from the temporal standpoint, from our own human and finite point of view—and from this, as we have already seen, non-attainment is unquestionably possible. For *all time*, and time is not confined to this life, there may be, (we dare not commit ourselves to assert in any case that for all time there *is*.) ethical failure. Here and now we know it exists; here and now we see not only unavoidable errors and shortcomings, but evil brought about by preventable ignorance, culpable weakness or cowardice, even frequently by actual deliberate choice. Physical death puts no term to these things. It has nothing to do with ethical individuals as such. It can make no change in *them*, though through it they pass to different conditions of existence. If then, they leave this life deliberately choosing evil, they enter the life beyond death deliberately choosing evil, weighted as they need not have been, crushed under disabilities which they have created themselves. What revelations await then in that other, but still temporal life, what further means the just and merciful God may employ to bring them to a sense of what they are losing, to rouse in them the consciousness of their guilt and shame and the desire to turn from evil to good, it is not for us to conjecture. According to the Christian Revelation, and may we not also say according to human recognition of what is befitting for immortal spirits who have thus despised their birthright, it is through intense suffering "as through fire." But there is still an indestructible hope. The Eter-

nal Ideal remains: while the individual in sinning, suffering, failing, choosing evil, resisting good, what God intends in him is present to God, and utterly lost though he appear to be temporally, there is still the possibility, the eternal possibility, of his eyes being opened by that very temporal experience from which till it has wrought its work he can never escape.

If this Divine Ideal of every man is the one ground of hope for those who are otherwise the lost, it is the pledge and certainty of fulfilment for those who in spite of all darkness, ignorance and infirmity strive towards the light. Such as these leave this life and enter upon the life beyond choosing good. To them a more open vision, a larger entrance into their Divine birthright is possible—to them, if we believe in their immortality we cannot doubt, and the Christian Revelation expressly asserts, that it is given. They are on the road that leads from attainment to attainment, from glory to glory, till they can bear to see the temporal fade away altogether, and the eternal alone remain. And while they are still struggling, often agonizing in their earthly conflict, conscious of their shortcomings and their ignorance, of their half voluntary lapses from the true path, fearing, at times suffering defeat, can there be a stronger source of comfort than the knowledge that the Ideal of their individuality, so bruised and maimed at their own hands, is to God unchanged and unchangeable, awaiting "eternal in the heavens" their conscious attainment to and appropriation of it? It matters little in what words, or under what imagery they picture that Ideal to themselves. The keenest spiritual and intellectual insight must still fall short of the reality; the most ignorant and uncultured conception, if embodying, however crudely, the victory of good over evil, contains something of the truth.

The outcome of our considerations seems to be then that spiritual death, the lapsing of a Divine Ideal is, by the very nature of that Ideal possible in time—i.e., from the finite point of view and in finite experience, and further that (since evil has no place out of time, being eternally repudiated by the Divine Will,) for no spirit persistently choosing evil and rejecting good, can time cease. The terrible circle must be trodden and trodden again, without release and without remedy, save in the unique, unchangeable relationship

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which each finite individual ideally bears to God, and which no temporal lapse can obscure to Him.

And since through all time this relationship, the very reason and condition of individual, personal existence has power to redeem and restore the lost spirit if it commence ever so feebly to repudiate evil and choose good, eternal hope is a reality for all, whether in this life or in the life beyond death. More or less than this we dare not say.

Emma Marie Caillard.

THE MYSTERY OF MATTER.

In days when the land of literature is lying fallow and unweeded, the adjoining country of science is in full cultivation. Fruit and flower, fulfilment and promise, are to be seen side by side throughout this great area, and above it there shines a sky of such transcendent hopefulness that the toilers of the field have become, as it were, incapable of discouragement, and seem to be inspired with the very spirit of romance. Indeed, to change the metaphor, the scientist of to-day looks upon the universe with much the same mind that the Elizabethan seaman looked upon the New World. He has made his *mirabilis navigatio*, he is coasting, as never Bacon coasted, the "New Intellectual World," and there are no limits to his dreams of the wonderful things that will be found far inland from the coast when something of a base has been created. In this attitude of the scientific mind there is hope for literature if we may judge from analogy. The great discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries directly inspired the noble Elizabethan literature, and it is per-

haps not rash to surmise that the intellectual movement which is represented by modern science in its most romantic aspects will at least give us a great new literature. If it gives us this, it will perhaps have brought the personality of man nearer to a conception of the meaning of things than it could be brought by any analysis of mind or matter.

Such analysis, however, is the task that a great group of modern thinkers have set themselves. To solve the mystery of matter by daring analyses of pieces of matter; to solve the mystery of mind by equally daring analyses of detached mental processes,—such solutions are seriously sought by the greatest thinkers of the day. Philosophy in the face of such a movement is compelled either to mark time and to endeavor to fit into her schemes of thought such of the new results as cannot be neglected, or to create for herself a new transcendentalism that deals, not with matter or mind as it is, but as it would be if it were evolved by logical up-building from certain fundamental logical concepts. In this

latter case she is at least able to tell Science that her tools of analysis are really only applicable to such an ideal world, and not to the actual universe of matter and motion. Whether Philosophy and Science will be able to find a common ground of action is at least as doubtful as the more usual inquiry as to the ground common to Science and Religion. If it is true that these latter both claim Creative Directive Force as the capital of their dominions, it is equally true that Philosophy is incapable of detaching herself from something equally all-pervading and equally elusive. "Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue;" the realities between the shadows and the sun, the sun that casts the shadows, these are the things that we would fain realize, and perhaps the most notable fact of the present day is the refusal to believe that realization in an intellectual sense is impossible. The fact of such an attitude means probably more for the human race than the investigations that the attitude demands.

These investigations, involving a machinery of mathematical analysis that few understand, are scarcely capable of explanation here. The conception of aether as a "flawless continuous medium which is the transmitter of radiant energy across the celestial spaces" is fundamental, since, as Dr. Larmor told the British Association in 1900 at Bradford, it is "a real formulation of the underlying unity in physical dynamics." Dr. Larmor in this famous address told the Association that—

The domain of abstract physics is in fact roughly divisible into two regions. In one of them we are mainly concerned with interactions between one portion of matter and another portion occupying a different position in space; such interactions have very uniform and comparatively simple rela-

tions; and the reason is traceable to the simple and uniform constitution of the intervening medium in which they have their seat. The other province is that in which the distribution of the material molecules comes into account. Setting aside the ordinary dynamics of matter in bulk, which is founded on the uniformity of the properties of the bodies concerned and their experimental determination, we must assign to this region all phenomena which are concerned with the unco-ordinated motions of the molecules, including the range of thermal and in part of radiant actions; the only possible basis for detailed theory is the statistical dynamics of the distribution of the molecules. The far more deep-seated and mysterious processes which are involved in changes in the constitution of the individual molecules themselves are mainly outside the province of physics, which is competent to reason only about permanent material systems; they must be left to the sciences of chemistry and physiology. Yet the chemist proclaims that he can determine only the results of his reactions and the physical conditions under which they occur. . . . The complication of the material world is referable to the vast range of structure and of states of aggregation in the material atoms; while the possibility of a science of physics is largely due to the simplicity of constitution of the universal medium through which the individual atoms interact on each other.

This was published less than three years ago. Since then the problem of matter has been attacked from two sides. Professor Osborne Reynolds has published his work—the result of twenty years of profound research—on "The Sub-Mechanics of the Universe," in which he asserts, not a flawless continuous aether, but a granular structure of the spaces of the universe that not only explains all observed phenomena and the cause of gravitation, but reveals "the prime cause of the physical properties of

matter." Professor Reynolds claims that his theory establishes the purely mechanical structure of the universe, and displaces the conception of "action at a distance." The chief fact of interest about this theory of matter at present is that there appear to be few, if any, mathematicians capable of following the demonstration, and none strong enough to attack it,—a somewhat remarkable state of things. The other side from which the problem has been approached is with respect to "changes in the constitution of the individual molecules themselves." Some of the results of these investigations have come before the public in the *Times* reports of Sir William Crookes's address to the International Congress for Applied Chemistry sitting at Berlin on June 4th, and of the Romanes Lecture delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge at Oxford on June 14th. Sir William Crookes told his audience that chemists now admitted "the possibility of resolving the chemical elements into simpler forms of matter, or even of refining them away altogether into ethereal vibrations or electrical energy." He declared that "a number of isolated hypotheses as to the existence of matter in an ultra-gaseous state, the existence of material particles smaller than atoms, the existence of electrical ions or electrons, the constitution of Röntgen rays and their passage through opaque bodies, the emanations from Uranium, and the dissociation of the elements were now welded into one harmonious theory by the discovery of Radium." He added that if the hypothesis of the electronic constitution of matter were pushed to its logical limit, it is possible that we are now witnessing the spontaneous dissociation of Radium, and if so, must "begin to doubt the permanent stability of matter." If this is so, the "formless mist" may once more reign supreme, and the visible universe dis-

solve. Such a dream is comparable to the great German's philosophic view that the universe merely exists by an effort of a central Will, and that if this were withdrawn it would vanish:—

The baseless fabric of this
vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe
itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant
faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Sir Oliver Lodge in his elaborate and brilliant Romanes Lecture developed a similar view. He suggested the hypothesis that atoms of matter are actually composed of concentrated portions of electricity which could exist separately or in association. Seven hundred such electrons in violent orbital motion among themselves would constitute a hydrogen atom, eleven thousand two hundred electrons would form an oxygen atom, and a hundred and fifty thousand an atom of radium. We, on this theory, have arrived at the ultimate chemical particle, various combinations of which form all the infinitely diverse aspects of matter. "The attractiveness of this hypothesis is that it represents a unification of matter and a reduction of all material substance to a purely electric phenomenon." This electrical theory of matter involves two consequences,—a continual increase in the velocity of the constituents of an atom, and the ultimate instability of those constituents. There is thus a state of flux and decay "In the foundation stones of the universe, the elemental atoms themselves." Πάντα ῥεῖ. Sir Oliver Lodge, however, seems to think that there is at the same time a system of reaggregation of particles at work that constitutes a regenerative process which will pre-

serve the universe by the creation of new forms of matter in the place of forms that have dissolved. It is therefore possible that by a process of evolution we shall arrive in time at an entirely new universe. This is, perhaps, a more cheerful conception than that of Sir William Crookes. However, neither of these great thinkers is dogmatic. "It must never be forgotten," said Sir William Crookes, "that theories are only useful so long as they admit of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. Directly a fact refuses to be pigeon-holed, and will not be explained on theoretic grounds, the theory must go, or it must be revised to admit the new fact."

We are clearly on the verge of great revelations, and the theory of electrons has at any rate that characteristic of ultimate simplicity of structure which seems *a priori* to be a necessity of any explanation. It can no longer be said "that the intimate details of atomic constitution are beyond our scrutiny." But the theory leaves us face to face with mysteries still unsolved. What

is the nature of the universal aether? What is the nature of electric phenomena? What are these things which can evolve out of their structureless simplicity the infinite complexities of the earth and heavens? We indeed seem compelled to reiterate in the light of the most recent investigations the conclusion of Tennyson:—

Only That which made us, meant us
to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless
Heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of Himself, the
boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless, inward, in the atom,
boundless, outward, in the
Whole.

Electricity as the basis of matter seems to reveal the need for science to recognize an indwelling Directive Force more perhaps than any other of the various suggested bases. To evolve complexity out of unity demands at least Directive Intelligence. This convergence in their essentials of religion and science is not the least significant fact of modern thought and modern faith.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest announcement with reference to Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" is that it will be ready early in October, in three octavo volumes.

It is understood that George MacDonald, the venerable novelist, although in fairly good health, will make no more contributions to literature.

John Coleman's Life of Charles Reade is announced for early publication. It will be read with special interest because a large portion of it is

autobiographic, having been written by Reade himself but suffered, for personal reasons, to remain hitherto unpublished.

The Academy reports that Lucas Malet has nearly finished a new novel. She is about to go to India for the benefit of her health. She has refused, by the way, to have "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" dramatized.

Lady Betty Balfour is completing the arrangement of a volume of the

correspondence of her father, the late Earl of Lytton. The collection will not include the more private family letters, but it will show "Owen Meredith" in his more intimate moods; and a special interest is likely to attach to that portion of the volume which has reference to his earlier life.

Novel readers are promised new stories by Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Richard Whiteing and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler during the coming season.

Edward Fitzgerald's "Six Dramas of Calderon" have just been reissued in London. It was with reference to these that Fitzgerald wrote to F. Tennyson in 1850: "I have begun to nibble at Spanish." Whether Fitzgerald "nibbled" at Spanish or Persian he infused his own personality into his nibblings.

Readers who are acquainted with the contributions of the Rev. Samuel Crothers to *The Atlantic Monthly* will have pleasurable anticipations of the volume of essays from his pen, entitled "The Gentle Reader," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish this autumn.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of this year's "Bampton Lectures" which the Rev. W. H. Hut-ton of St. John's college has been delivering at Oxford. The full title of the lectures is "The Influence of Christianity upon National Character, as illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints."

The first four volumes of the Clarendon Press edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole" edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, will be ready next November. Mrs. Toynbee has obtained the use of over 400 letters which were not included in the latest edition of

the collected letters, and more than a hundred of which have never before been printed. She has also discovered many curious and interesting passages hitherto suppressed.

The question who invented the clever phrase "the kallyard school," to describe Scottish fiction of the present day is set at rest by Mr. J. H. Millar, in his "Literary History of Scotland." The title was given to an article by Mr. Millar, which was published in the "New Review" when that periodical was edited by Mr. Henley. Mr. Millar has therefore been generally supposed to have originated the phrase, but he explains that Mr. Henley himself, in his editorial revision of the article, invented it.

A correspondent of *The Spectator* calls attention to the excellent English spoken in Ireland. "There is nothing in Ireland," he says, "outside Ulster to resemble the English spoken by the lower classes in Yorkshire or Devonshire. This is a remarkable fact; all or most Irishmen speak with a rich mellifluous brogue, but they speak very pure, correct English." The Academy, assenting to the truth of this statement, adds: The ordinary Irish peasant certainly speaks better English than the ordinary English peasant, though it is by no means always very pure and correct.

The London literary journals tell a curious tale of the manuscript of a novel, which reached a London publisher recently without any mention of the author's name or address, or any clue to his personality. The novel turned out to be a surprisingly good one; and the publisher is advertising in distress of mind beseeching the unknown author to communicate with him regarding its publication. This seems to be taken seriously by the

journals which have commented upon it, but it reads amazingly like a new expedient in the modern methods of passionate advertising.

At the recent sale in London of the Gibson-Carmichael library, a copy of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" brought \$5000. It was a specimen of the first Landino edition and was published in Florence in 1481. At the same sale eighty-three autograph letters of Walter Scott, bound in a single volume, brought \$2425, and a set of seventy-four volumes representing first editions of Scott's novels published between 1814 and 1829, was sold for \$4000. This was nearly three times the price paid for the same set some years ago.

A volume which is likely to attract wide attention is that which Minnie Gresham Machen is publishing through the Macmillan Company, giving the results of her study of Browning's use of the Bible, under the title "*The Bible in Browning*." As most lovers of Browning know, the Scriptures exercised an important and continuous influence upon the poet's mind and were frequently quoted directly or indirectly. In the "*Ring and the Book*," for example, Miss Machen finds about five hundred Scriptural allusions.

In Mr. William Eleroy Curtis's account of the "*True Abraham Lincoln*" published by the Lippincotts, there is a pleasing story of the President's attitude toward Secretaries Seward and Chase. The two secretaries were at swords' points and each wished to drive out the other from the cabinet. Lincoln wanted to retain both, and finally he hit upon a plan to secure the written resignations of both, which he put away in a pigeon hole for indefinite consideration, remarking: "Now I can ride. I have got a pumpkin in each end of my bag."

The "*Fort Frayne*" of an earlier story is the scene of Gen. Charles King's novel, "*A Daughter of the Sioux*," which the Hobart Company publish. After a chapter or two the complacent reader feels that the title has betrayed the secret of the plot, but he finds later that his author is still too clever for him. The story is readable from cover to cover, full of stirring, outdoor incident, and in refreshing contrast to those annals of introspection which the presses are turning out so plentifully. General King does not write for the philanthropists, and not all of them will be pleased at his making his villain an Indian from the Carlisle School; but his views are those of a practical frontiersman and they are presented with great spirit.

An old friend of Iæo Tolstoy, writing in the *Novoye Vremya*, narrates an amusing incident which Tolstoy described to him as having occurred during his last stay in the Crimea. Here it is:

A rich American arrived in his yacht, accompanied by a party of friends, and asked permission to see the great Russian, promising that they would be content with a glimpse, and would not trouble him with talk. Leave was granted. Tolstoy sat upon his balcony, "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the whole party of Americans defiled slowly and silently before him, taking their gaze as they passed.

One lady, however, refused to be bound by the contract. She stood still for a minute, and shouted, "Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy, all your noble writings have had a profound influence upon my life, but the one which has taught me the most is your —." Here she forgot (it must have been awkward) the name of the work.

The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony and whispered, with a smile, "*The Dead Souls*?"

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"That book," said Tolstoy, "was written by Gogol, not by me."

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